

RADIO-TV MIRROR

October

N. Y. radio, TV listings

NEW SHOWS
•
NEW STARS
•
SPECIAL FALL ISSUE



Bert Parks



Margaret Draper

CITING STORIES ON:
g Arthur Godfrey
n Allison • Ruth Lyons
k Benny • Bob Crosby



Fran Carlon



Red Skelton



Lucille Ball



Art Linkletter



Claudia Morgan



Exciting Perfume Offer!

**20 VIALS OF PRECIOUS
PERFUMES IN YOUR
"TREASURES IN PERFUME"
..... PACKET**

Yours for only **50¢**
plus Modess box-tab

Just imagine! Here's your chance to try 10 of the world's finest perfumes ever created—in your "Treasures in Perfume" packet.

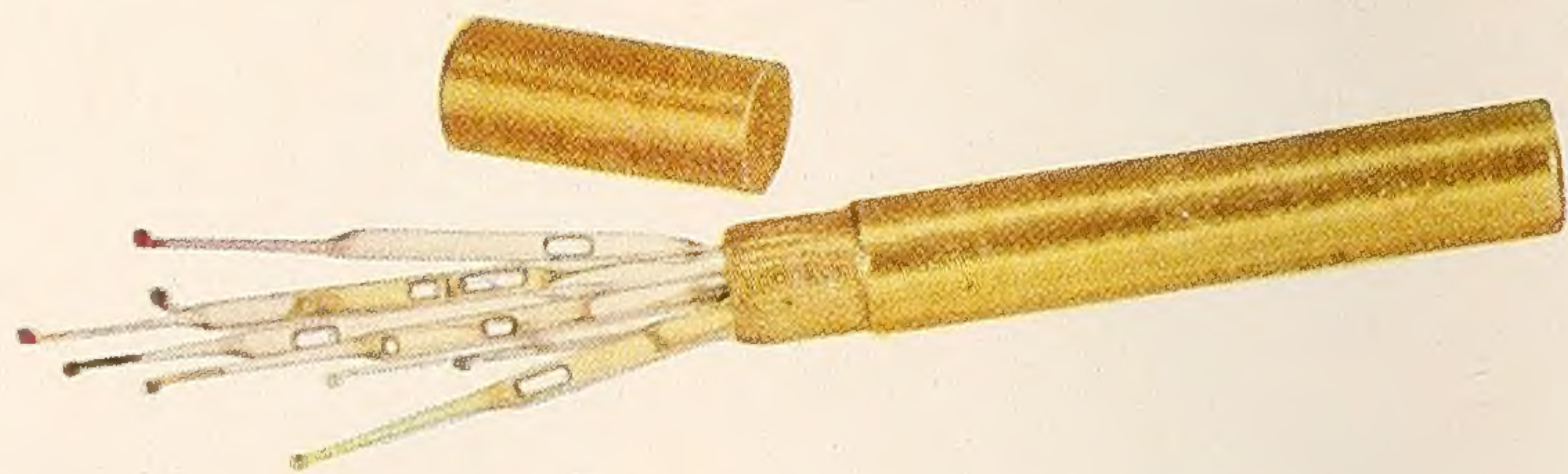
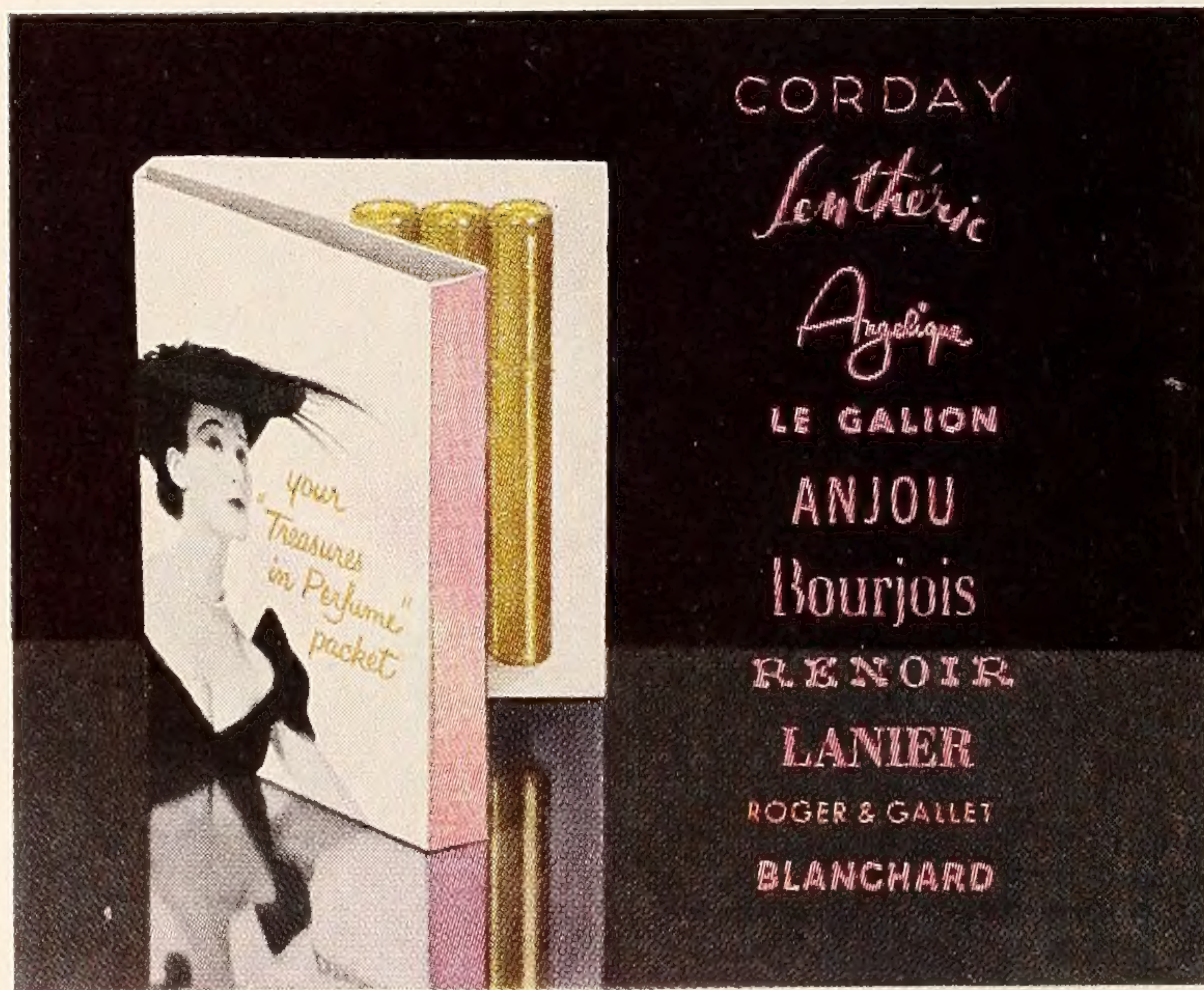
Each perfume was created by a leading perfumer, has a retail value of up to \$50 an ounce. Yet you can sample their magic—discover the fragrance that's just right for you—for only 50¢! This offer is limited. Mail your coupon now.

Here's what you get! Two vials each of 10 precious perfumes! Corday's "Fame"... Lenthéric's "Repartée"... Angelique's "Black Satin"... Le Galion's "Sortilège"... Anjou's "Devastating"... Bourjois' "Evening in Paris"... Renoir's "Futur"... Lanier's "Folie de Minuit"... Roger & Gallet's "Fleurs d'Amour"... Blanchard's "Jealousy."

Here's what you do! Buy a package of luxurious Modess (blissfully soft, wonderfully safe—and so smooth-fitting, too!). Tear off the perforated box-tab; mail it with coupon, plus 50¢ in cash or money order. This offer expires December 31, 1952.



This offer good in U.S.A. only. It is void in any state or locality where prohibited or otherwise restricted. Tax included. Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.



**Personal Products Corp., Box 1650
New York 46, New York**

Please send me () "Treasures in Perfume" packet(s).

I am enclosing one perforated box-tab from a package of Modess; and 50¢ in () cash, () money order for each packet.

Name _____
(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH FOUR TIMES BETTER...

**FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL
FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE**



Stops bad breath up to three — four times longer

Listerine Antiseptic was recently tested by a famous independent research laboratory against three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes. Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping breath odors than any of the products tested. By actual test, Listerine stopped bad breath up to three to four times longer than any of the chlorophyll or tooth paste products!

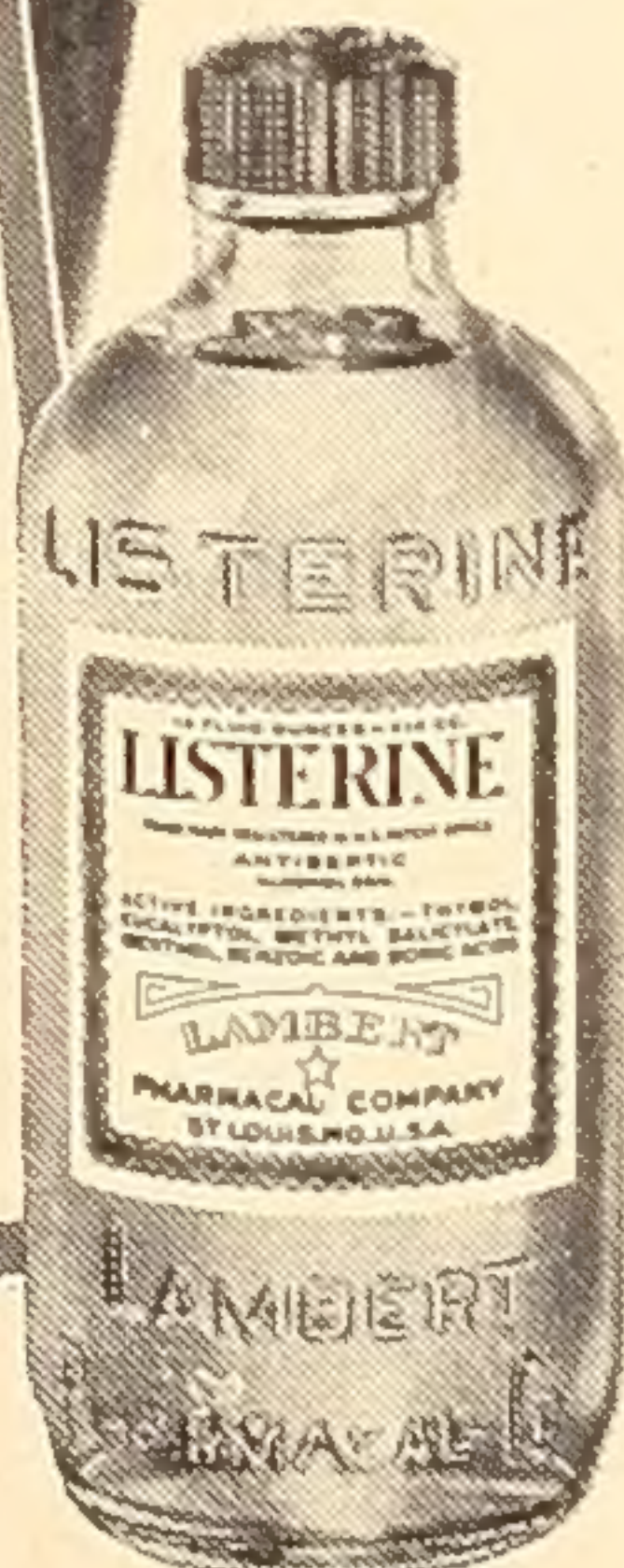
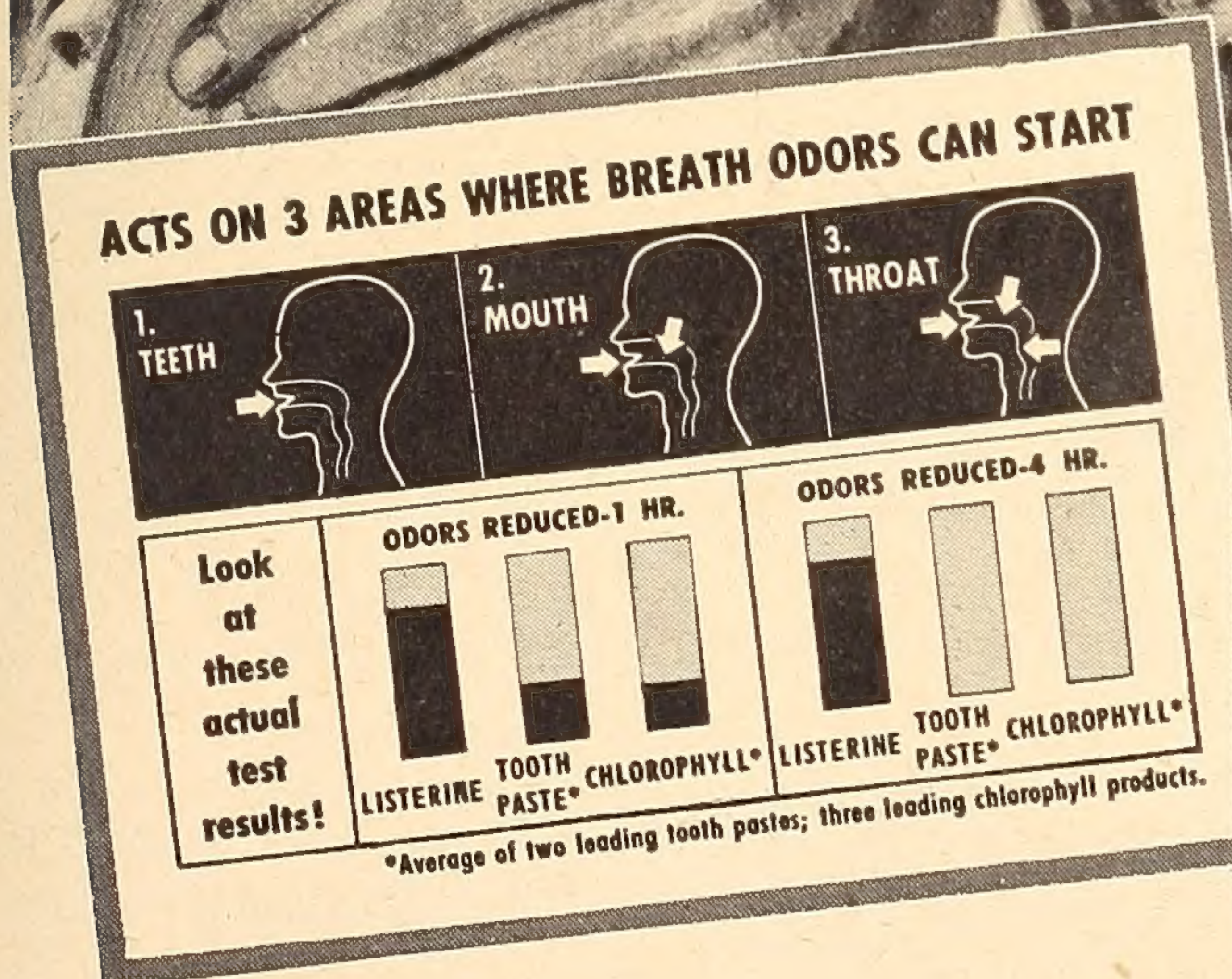
No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this... instantly

The reason why Listerine gets these better results is perfectly simple. While bad breath is sometimes systemic, by far the most common cause is oral fermentation of food particles caused by bacteria.

Listerine stops bad breath instantly . . . because it kills odor bacteria instantly. It kills millions of bacteria way back on throat surfaces as well as on tooth and mouth surfaces . . . protects you on these three areas where so much bad breath originates.

No chlorophyll, no tooth paste offers clinical proof like this of killing bacteria that cause bad breath.

So why experiment with unproven products? Get Listerine Antiseptic! It offers clinical proof . . . four times better than chlorophyll, four times better than tooth paste.



Use the extra-careful Precaution against Bad Breath . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH
AND
STOPS DECAY
BEST!

Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath
 In 7 Out of 10 Cases
 That Originate in the Mouth!



It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh* mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests prove in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!



Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!



PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S
WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

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Ann Daggett Higginbotham, *Editor* Jack Zasorin, *Art Director*
 Editorial Staff: Teresa Buxton, Betty Freedman, Helen Bolstad (Chicago)
 Art Staff: Frances Maly, Joan Clarke
 Fred R. Sammis, *Editor-in-Chief*

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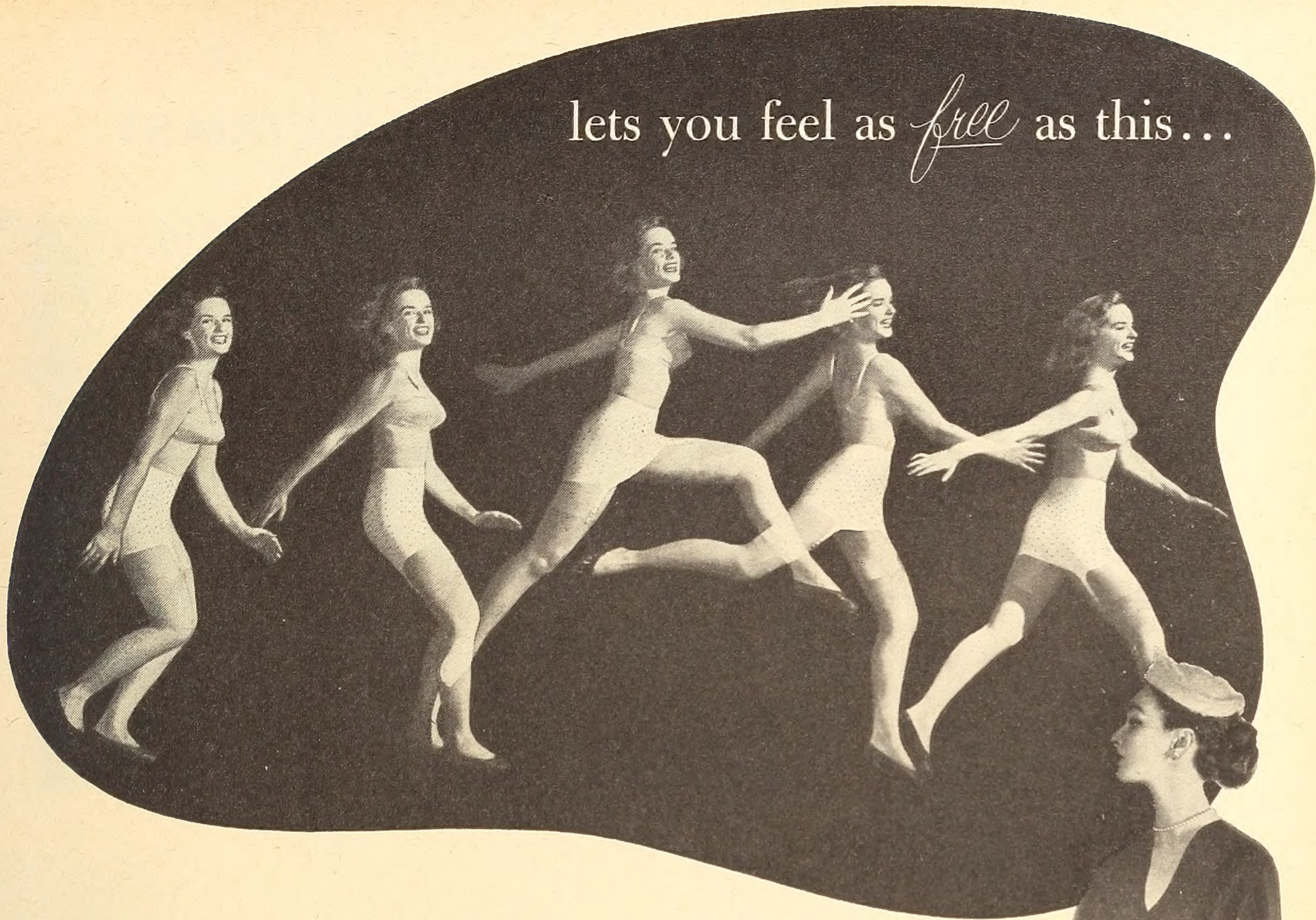
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lets you feel as *free* as this...



and look as SLIM as this...



ADELE SIMPSON, world-famous designer, says:

"Fashion features a slimmer figure for fall—accents it with supple, slender lines—a trim curve from waist to hips. You can create this figure for yourself—with the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!" Smooth latex, with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin, molds you—holds you so comfortably—gives you boundless freedom. And the 4 new Adjust-All garters quickly adjust to a perfect fit . . . help save stockings. Without a seam, stitch or bone, Playtex is invisible under sleekest clothes, washes in seconds, dries in a flash.

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the **SLIM** tube. Ask to see all three: Playtex Fab-Lined, Pink-Ice and Living® Girdles—from \$3.50 at department stores and specialty shops.

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Playtex **FAB-LINED** *Girdles*
Fabric-Next-to-Your-Skin

With 4 New *Adjust-All Garters





New finer MUM stops odor longer!

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INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
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- **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give under-arm odor a chance to start!
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- **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



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CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers

What's New

FROM COAST TO COAST



Sammy Kaye really knows his rhythms: He's just published his third book of verse—the first two sold like hot discs!

By JILL WARREN

AFTER LONG negotiations, Dinah Shore signed a fabulous five-year contract with NBC which will guarantee her \$1,500,000 during that period. Under the terms of her pact, she will appear on this network exclusively, both on radio and television. Incidentally, her twice-weekly video show, which was such a hit last season, has been renewed for two years, with the same sponsor.

Edwin C. Hill has returned to the ABC radio network, under new sponsorship. His *Human Side Of The News* will originate from New York City and will be heard each weekday evening, Monday through Friday.

The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air is also back on ABC radio. This show, long one of the most popular daytime programs, is set for fifty-two weeks over an expanded lineup of stations about the country. Formerly heard as a fifteen-minute broadcast, Betty Crocker will now be on in three five-minute features daily, Monday through Friday.

Sports fans should be happy with the Football Roundup, which will be back for its fifth season over CBS Radio, beginning Saturday, September 27. Twenty major contests will be covered via direct pickup, special wires and telephoned news reports. This multiple coverage technique

was conceived by Red Barber, who will be on hand again this year as co-ordinator of the three-hour broadcast. The Roundup set-up eliminates all extraneous material, such as time-outs, substitutions, etc., and features only the highlights of each game.

Nelson Eddy, who has concentrated on his career in the concert field the past few years, may be back on radio soon. There's a deal brewing for Eddy to return to the air on CBS as the star of his own hour-long musical program. The baritone has retained his tremendous fan following through the years, though he has not been actively engaged in radio or movie work. By the way, there are rumors that Eddy's former movie singing partner, Jeanette MacDonald, will sign for television this fall with her husband, actor Gene Raymond. If it goes through, the program would be another husband-and-wife show, with Mrs. Raymond handling most of the singing chores.

This 'n' That:

As if they didn't have enough to keep them busy, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are going into business on the side. The screwball comics are forming a company to manufacture a new stereo three-

(Continued on page 13)

NOW!

The Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company

ANNOUNCES

"NATURE'S CHLOROPHYLL"

in Every Cake of Palmolive Soap

**"NATURE'S
CHLOROPHYLL"***
is what makes
Palmolive Green!

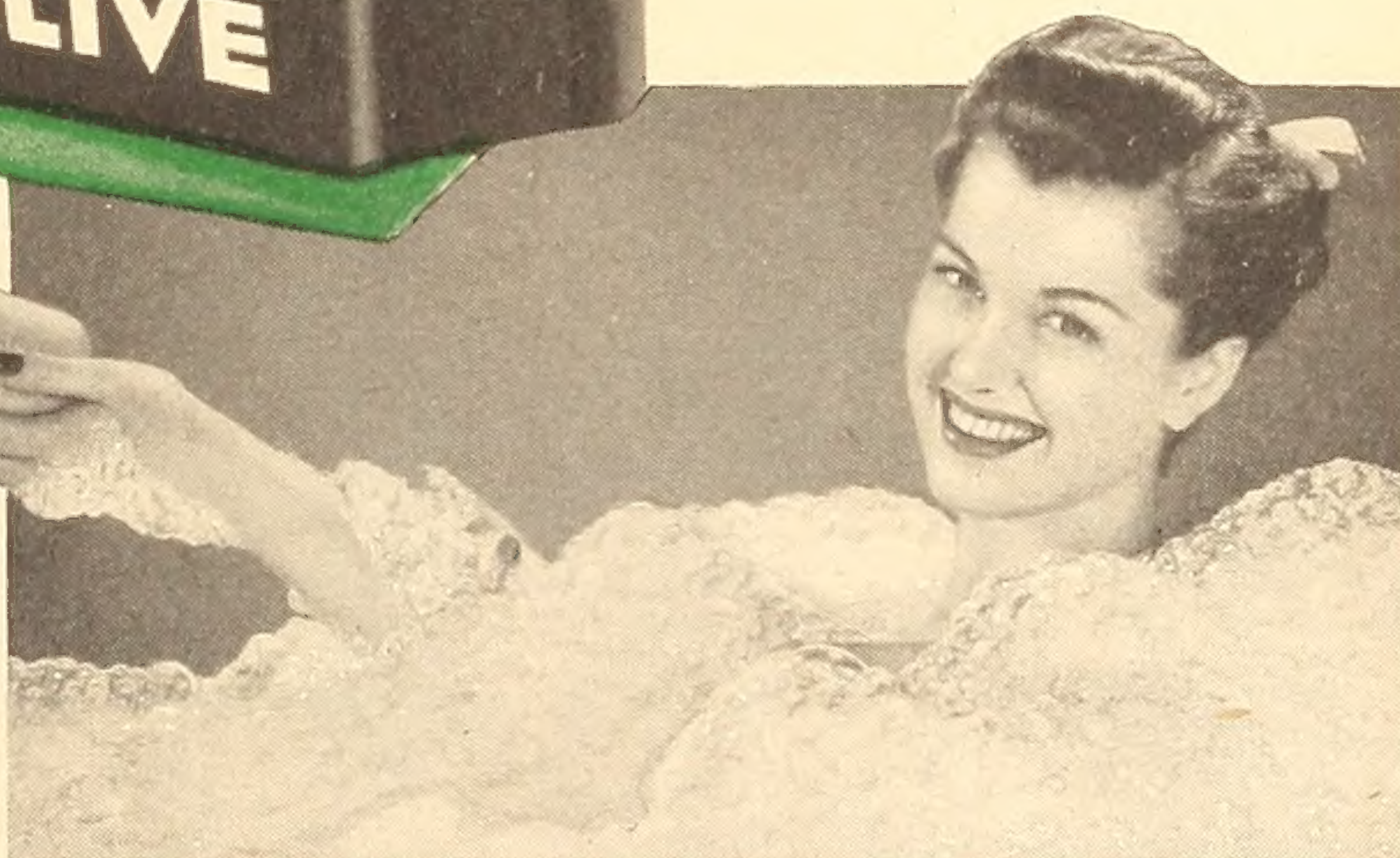
*No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.



**SAME WRAPPER
—SAME LOW PRICE!**

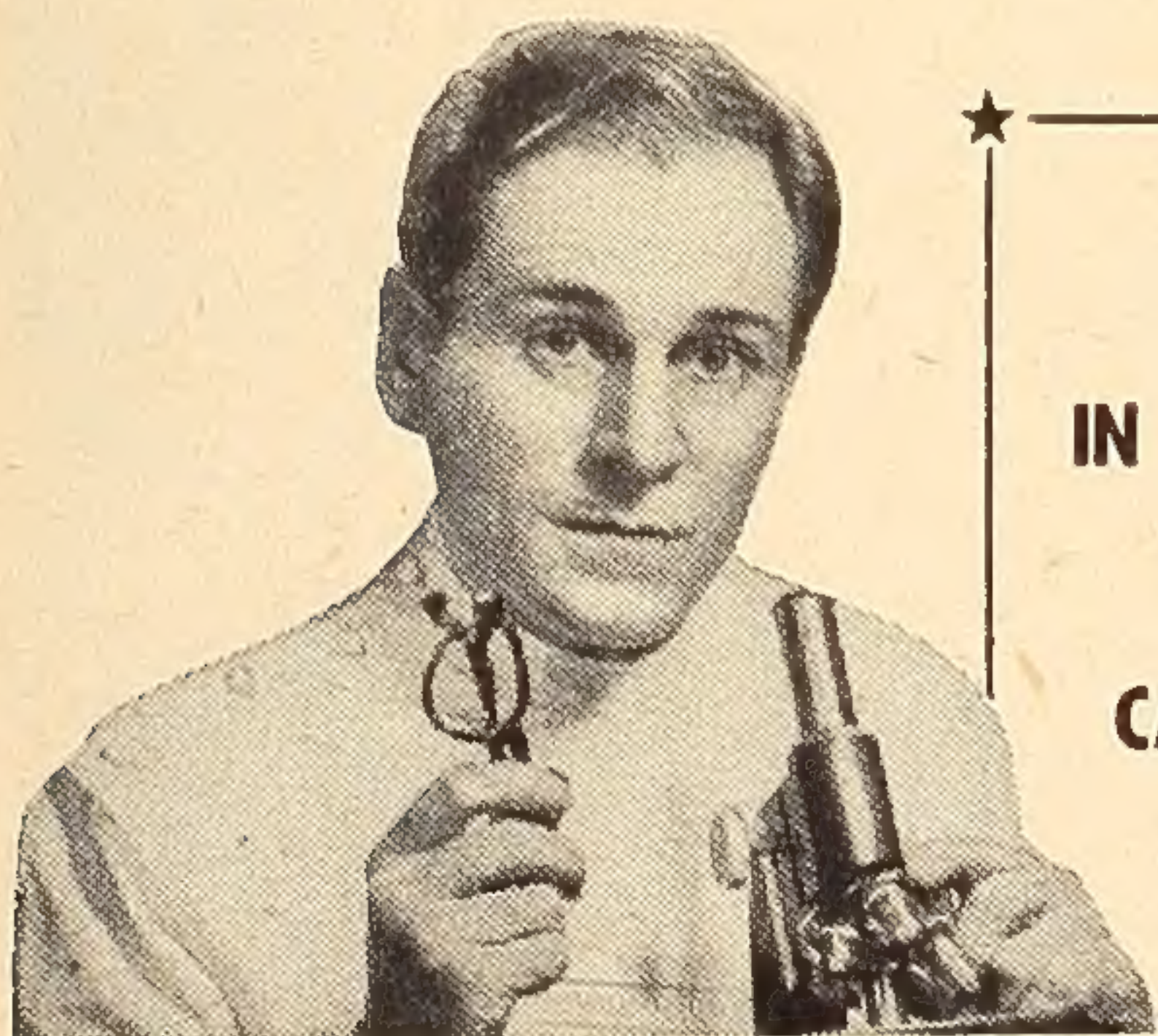


**NOW! FOR YOUR COMPLEXION . . . Palmolive Care
Brings Out Beauty While It Cleans Your Skin!**



**NOW! FOR YOUR BEAUTY BATH . . . Enjoy Palmolive's
Rich, Fragrant Lather . . . Delightful in Tub or Shower!**

**DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY PLAN BRINGS
MOST WOMEN LOVELIER COMPLEXIONS IN 14 DAYS OR LESS!**



**36 LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS
IN 1285 TESTS PROVED BEYOND A DOUBT
THAT THE PALMOLIVE BEAUTY PLAN
CAN BRING YOU A SOFTER, SMOOTHER,
YOUNGER LOOKING SKIN!**

The very first time you try the Palmolive Beauty Plan you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin. Palmolive is so mild . . . so pure . . . its rich, fragrant lather gives you everything you need for gentle beauty care.

Remember—36 doctors in 1285 impartial tests proved that Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings most women softer, smoother, younger looking skin. You can prove it to yourself in your own home within 14 days.

Massage Palmolive Soap's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, and pat dry. Do this 3 times a day. It feels just right . . . is just right for your skin.

Palmolive... The "Chlorophyll Green" Soap With The Pure White Lather!

TEN YEARS OF

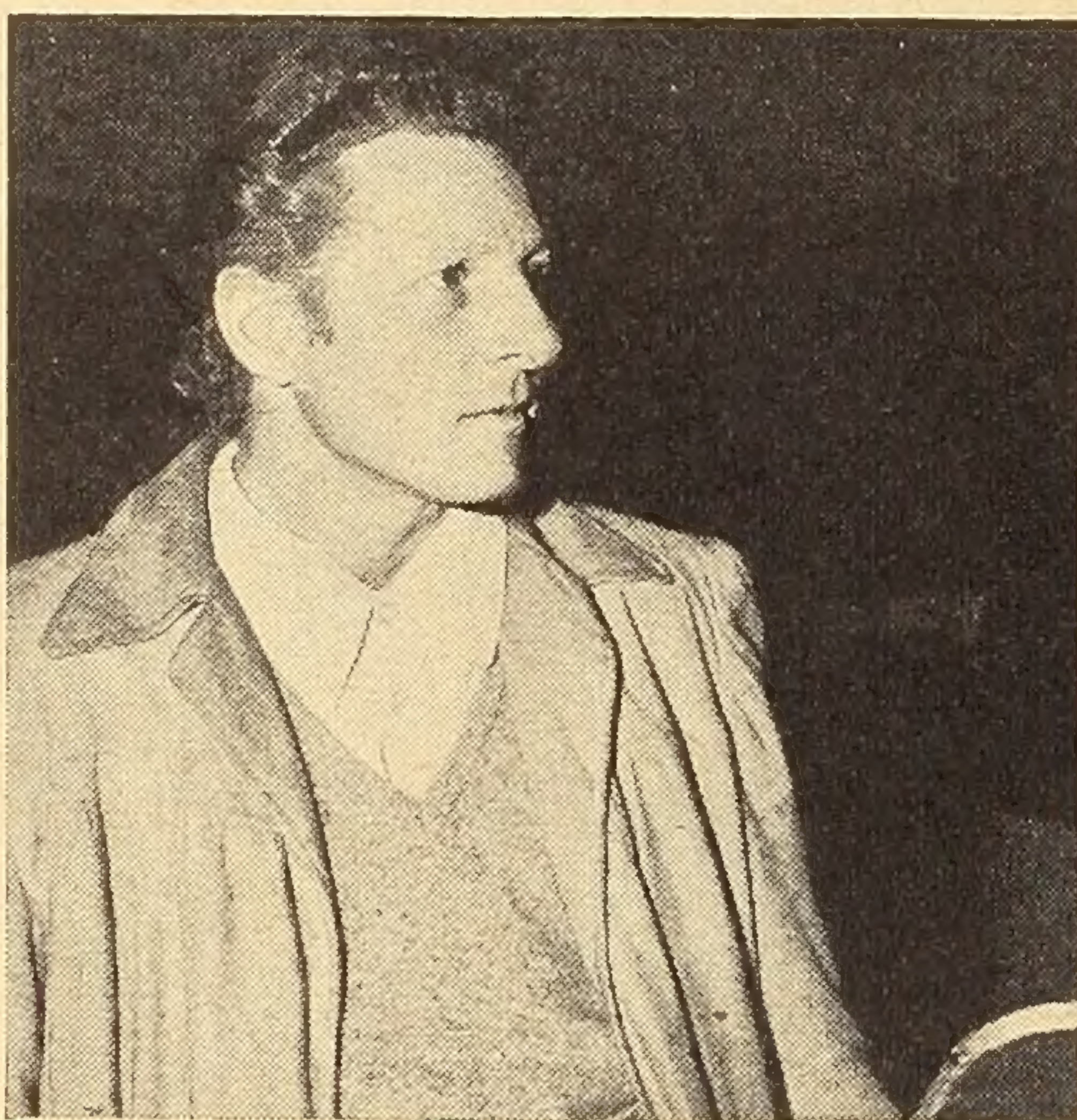
WHEN Agnes Moorehead steps to the CBS microphone in September it will mark the tenth anniversary of *Suspense*—radio's top mystery thriller—and the sixth anniversary of "Sorry, Wrong Number," the program's prize-winning play. . . . Aggie, who frightens millions of people half out of their wits each time she performs in "Sorry," claims that she even scares herself. "I can't bear to go home alone when it's over," she laughs, "and I find myself checking doors and windows before I go to bed." Many of her listeners become even more frantic. After each of the five previous "Sorry's" a number of people have been so carried away by her mounting terror and hysteria that they have grabbed telephones and tried to get the police to protect the poor invalid. . . . Miss Moorehead admits that, when she first read the script, she turned it down—"Because I thought it was morbid and people would turn it off." But a second reading made her change her mind. Now "Sorry," with Agnes Moorehead doing the honors, is recognized as one of the most famous plays to come out of radio, has been translated into nine languages.



Red Skelton scared himself when he did "The Search for Isabel."



James Mason, as a master detective in play, "Banquo's Chair."



Danny Kaye got goose-pimples when he starred on *Suspense*.



Bette Davis gets into the act in "Good Night, Mrs. Russell."

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER



Elliott Lewis greets First Lady of *Suspense*, Agnes Moorehead (see rt.).



EXPLAINING

Suspense



Ace Thriller Celebrates a Decade in Radio

WITH ten chill-packed, horror-filled years behind it, Suspense goes into its eleventh season in 1953, still the unchallenged champion of radio thrill-theatre. Since the first Suspense drama hit the airwaves the producers of the program have been providing top-flight psychological dramatic fare and featuring the most brilliant stars of stage and screen in its leading roles . . . The creators of Suspense make it quite clear that theirs is not just another whodunit show. It is in a class by itself. In the typical Suspense yarn there is usually a single dramatic situation in which suspense is built to an excruciating pitch before the sudden "twist" ending. In the past decade Hollywood's brightest stars have flocked to the Suspense microphones, because of the fine direction that has distinguished the show, and the prestige a Suspense appearance has come to mean. Not only dramatic actors but comedians, as well, have starred in the spine-tinglers. Red Skelton, Danny Kaye, Bob Hope, Lucille Ball, and many other funny-folk have taken their first crack at serious characterizations on Suspense, and have done very well, too. . . . The current producer-director of Suspense is Elliott Lewis, who is also known to radio listeners as Frankie Remley on the Phil Harris Show. He predicts at least another decade of Suspense. And no doubt when the show celebrates its twentieth anniversary, Agnes Moorehead will still be making millions tremble with Suspense's all-time prize play, "Sorry, Wrong Number."



FRUSTRATION



TERROR

Suspense is heard on CBS Radio, Mon. at 8 P.M. EDT, for Electric Auto-Lite Co.



CBS' Joan Edwards gives the photographer her best smile.

at home with Joan



Just thumbing through a magazine are Joan, Jules, Judy and David Schachter in their New York home.

LOTS of people remember Joan Edwards as the girl with the grand voice and grander personality, who used to warble on the old Hit Parade. Joan was with the Hit Parade for five years, to be exact, and most of her friends still associate her with that show. Before the Hit Parade, Joan sang with "Pops" Whiteman for three years, and, even before that, folks were looking forward to hearing her as a guest star on the Rudy Vallee show. It was Rudy, by the way, who gave Joan her first break. . . . Joan Edwards is now the star of her own show—At Home with Joan—over CBS Radio every weekday morning. Within a short time since the program's network bow, it has steadily climbed in popularity. Reason: Joan's just one of those lovable people who draw audiences like honey draws bees. Joan's ability is not so surprising when you consider that her uncle Gus (Gus Edwards, composer, star-maker, and producer) was one of the all-time, show-biz greats. . . . The Edwards talent extends far beyond the singing. The blonde with the million-dollar smile is a top-notch songwriter, writes special material for comedians, and does some snappy piano-playing, too. Her hit tune, "Darn It, Baby, That's Love," won her a membership in the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. . . . A supper-club favorite, Joan has appeared at such plush hangouts as the Waldorf-Astoria and Versailles in New York, the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, and at San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel, to mention a few. The versatile songstress proved her mettle as an actress-comedienne in the road company of "Annie Get Your Gun," and in the St. Louis Opera Company's production of "Too Many Girls." . . . In private life, Joan Edwards is Mrs. Jules Schachter. The couple met when they were both working for Paul Whiteman. Jules is a violinist and concert master for some of radio and TV's top shows. The Schachters and their two children, Judy, eight, and David, four, live in New York City—one of Joan's favorite places in this universe.

"I broke the rules at a football game!"

"My favorite way to spend a holiday," Diana Lynn says, "is at a game. But an actress should never break her 'training' rules as I did by exposing my skin to raw winds for hours—specially as it got colder towards the end.



DIANA LYNN
Glamorous Star
of Motion Pictures

"I was so excited, I even forgot to put on my gloves, and my hands got dreadfully chapped. You can guess how good it felt to smooth on soothing, pure, white Jergens Lotion.



"All the way home I looked forward to Jergens. It works so *fast*—doesn't leave a greasy film like ordinary lotions, but really penetrates the upper layer of skin. Try it and see: Smooth one hand with Jergens . . .



"Apply any lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't bead on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care!



"Back at the studio my hands were smooth—ready for close-ups." It's no wonder Jergens is preferred by screen stars 7 to 1. It's so *effective*!



So try Jergens yourself. See why more women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world. And Jergens is only 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.



HOLLYWOOD

Talented blonde wins chance at

IT COULDN'T be true. Mary Staver stared in amazement, and the telegram shook in her hands. CONGRATULATIONS, it began . . . she'd won! She, a young housewife in a neat Chicago suburb, had won the fabulous talent contest in RADIO-TV MIRROR, and now she was going to fly to New York and have her big chance in network television on Hollywood Screen Test. . . . Always—clear back to her baby days in Kentucky—Mary had wanted to be an actress. She'd done college plays at Indiana State University, acted in summer stock and—after her marriage to a rising young chemical engineer—gained valuable experience free-lancing in Chicago radio-TV. But she'd never had the "big" break yet, and this was it! . . . The dream became reality, as her American Airlines ticket arrived from the magazine and her script was forwarded from the

● **Arriving** in New York by plane, Mary Staver gets "visiting celebrity" treatment complete with pictures for the newspapers. But later, at rehearsal, she gets down to serious business, listening attentively to director Alton Alexander and host-emcee Neil Hamilton of Hollywood Screen Test.



SCREEN TEST

fame on contest co-sponsored by **RADIO-TV MIRROR**

Screen Test office. It became real-life drama, as Mary arrived in New York. Luncheon at Sardi's, surrounded by theatrical notables. Dinner, high among Manhattan's skyscrapers, with music by a "name" band. Front-row seats at the opening of a Broadway musical. Her pleasant room at the Hotel Astor, in the heart of Times Square, with waiters and bellboys vying to be first to show her the latest newspaper clippings about herself. . . . But, above all else, the rehearsals for her exciting role, the actual performance, and the final assurance from her sponsors—on both program and magazine—that she'd "done them proud." Slim, blonde Mary Staver, with the wide-set eyes and photogenic features, had passed Hollywood Screen Test with highest honors.

Hollywood Screen Test, Mon., 7:30 P.M. EDT, ABC-TV; Ironrite.



Make-up tricks: ABC-TV expert George Greenfield helps Mary create the exciting character she is going to play—a spy in the headquarters of a Nazi general.



Professional line-up: Left to right, Rudolph Justice as the Nazi general, Mary as his secretary, Hollywood Screen Test co-writer Mort Lewis, actor Winston Ross.



Financial reward: Producers Lester and Juliet Lewis hand a professional salary check to Mary, as well as Isobel Elsom, guest star from Broadway and Hollywood. R
M



Mac of all trades

WIP'S McGUIRE . . .

WHAT WITH six radio shows running neck-and-neck, plus song writing, and recording dates, you'd think Mac McGuire would be one of those fabled radio men that people write novels about—no time for laughter, love, and all the other things which are considered part of the good life. But that doesn't happen to be the case with WIP's Mac. He's one man whose good humor is consistent, whose life is filled with a great deal of love (spends loads of time with his

Skillet in hand, Mac is only too happy to impart tips to ladies.

beautiful wife and two kids), whose laugh rings out loud and long wherever he is.

Start the Day Right, Matinee McGuire, Kitchen Kapers, and the Mac McGuire Show (all running five days a week), the Mac McGuire Talent Hunt on Friday evenings, and the Mac McGuire Show for Mutual on Saturdays—these are the stints Mac manages on radio. In addition, many of his songs in the Western-ballad vein have been recorded by the Harmony Rangers—his latest release, "Ooh, Honey How I Love You," for Capitol. His office at WIP in downtown Philadelphia is lined with pictures of stars in the entertainment world, many of them personal friends of Mac's. He stretches his six-feet-three-inches to a degree of comfort among shelves lined with records and music. It isn't often, though, that Mac has the time to relax in his office—once he has outlined the work to his secretary, he is off to prepare for one of his shows.

Mac's cheerfulness and activity are more astounding when people know that he has had recurring difficulty with his eyes, and that at least six times in his thirty-three years Mac has waged a courageous battle to regain his sight. Once, he could not see for an entire year—but, during all that time, he missed only two broadcasts.

Happiest when he is with his family, Mac somehow finds time to work around the house in spare moments. Work around the house consists of anything from building an outdoor fireplace, or a swimming pool, to erecting a carport. McGuire is quite clearly a Mac of all trades, besides being a guy who lets plenty of love and laughter into his busy life.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 4)



Not the voice he wanted to hear—Dave Garroway is trying ever so hard to find a fan who recorded all his old programs.

dimensional attachment for both cameras and projectors. It will supposedly bring into three dimensions all film, whether professional or home movie. In addition to their back-breaking schedule of picture work, night-club and theatre appearances, their television and radio shows, making records and playing benefits, the boys also find time to concentrate seriously on their home movies, which they write, shoot and edit themselves. Those who have seen them say they are good enough to be released commercially. If this zany duo keep up their frantic pace, they'll probably have to find some way of avoiding sleep entirely.

Lu Ann Simms is the newest Cinderella of show business. Lu Ann, who is just twenty years old, was practically unknown except for a little singing in her home town of Rochester, New York, when she came to New York City in hopes of getting on the Talent Scouts program. She not only got on the show, but won first place, and wound up on Arthur Godfrey's daytime program. Now she has just been made a permanent member of the "Little Godfreys" and also has signed a long-term contract with Columbia Records. Three major movie studios wanted to sign Lu Ann but she turned them all down in favor of remaining with the Godfrey gang, and Arthur himself predicts she will be one of the biggest singing stars in time.

Julius La Rosa, another former Talent Scouts winner who got his big chance with Godfrey, is now averaging 1,000 fan letters a week. And Julius is a very popular young man around the CBS studios in New York, because his sudden popularity and success have not changed him a bit. He has saved his earnings and is now in the process of buying a home for his family in Long Island, which will be the first one they have ever owned.

Some of the members of the One Man's Family television cast kept busy acting during the hot months, though the show itself was on vacation. Marjorie Gateson (Mother Barbour), Jimmy Lee (Cliff), and Eva Marie Saint (Claudia) all went



Use new *WHITE RAIN* shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

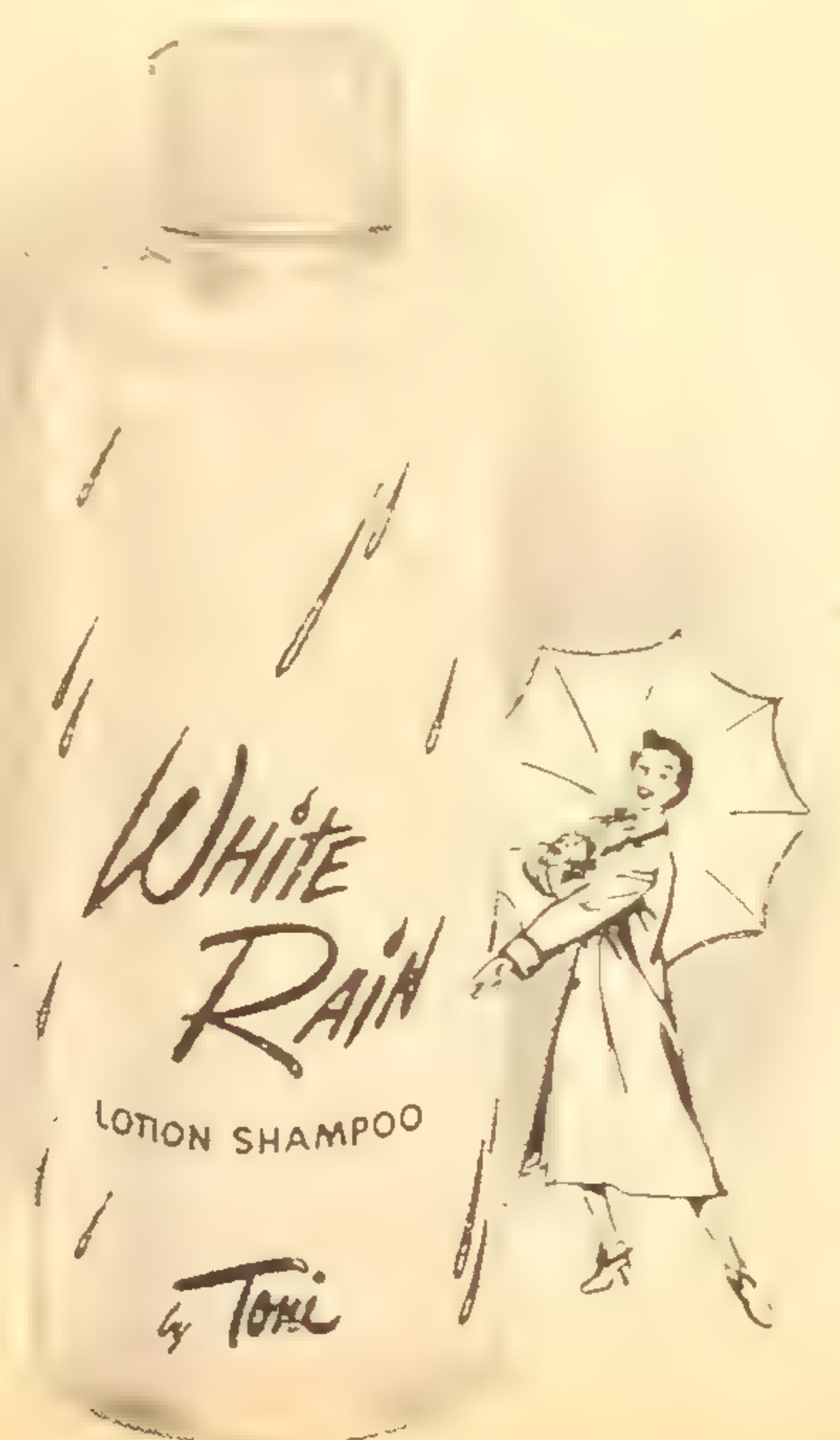


It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair... leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS

CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

WHITE RAIN



Fabulous New **Lotion Shampoo** by Toni

What's New from

touring in summer stock. Miss Gateson did two plays, "Kiss and Tell" and "Yes, My Darling Daughter"; Jimmy played the comedy lead in "Fig Leaf," and Eva Marie made her debut as a singer in the musical, "Down In The Valley."

Sammy Kaye reports that his third book of poetry will be published in November. Like his two previous volumes, which sold more than half a million copies, Kaye's book will be a compilation of favorite poems presented on his ABC Sunday Serenade radio program. On the musical side of things, Kaye has been having his troubles. He parted company with most of the members of his orchestra, who are starting their own organization. They are now awaiting approval from the American Federation of Musicians to call themselves the "Swing and Sway Band." Kaye, of course, is fighting this because he says it is an infringement and that that name belongs to him. Meanwhile, he has been busily auditioning new musicians so that he can form a new group for his fall radio and television shows.

Patsy Campbell, who plays Terry Burton, says she is the most frustrated new home-owner in the world. She and her husband, Al Reilly, bought a house in Brooklyn but they can't move in until the present occupants find a new place to live, which so far they haven't found. "I'm so anxious to get settled," Patsy says, "that I'm tempted to go out and help them look."

Bobby Benson, who is heard regularly on Mutual's Songs of the B-Bar-B, has been presented with his second award by the Loyal Order of Moose, in Mooseheart, Indiana, and will appear there on October 31 to lead the "Youth Honor Day." Bobby also has been working for the National Safety Council, travelling from city to city speaking to the younger set on the importance of safety in the home and on the streets.

Jerry Lawrence and Bob Lee, who script NBC's The Railroad Hour, are collaborating with novelist James Hilton on a musical version of Hilton's famous book, *Lost Horizon*. Titled "Shangri-La," the dramatic musical is destined for a Broadway production later this season.

Friends and fans have been extending sympathy to comedienne Pert Kelton, who has been seriously ill following a heart attack. Pert, who did such a wonderful job in the sketches on the Jackie Gleason television show last season, collapsed in Chicago, and was hospitalized immediately. She had been appearing with Gleason on his personal appearance tour, and was set to be with him again this fall on his new series for CBS-TV.

In between his multitudinous chores before the microphones and cameras, Dave Garraway is on a private little detective hunt all his own. It seems that, back in the days when Garraway's 1160 Club was broadcasting from Station WMAQ in Chicago, he had a fan club group in New York City who used to follow his show faithfully. In time, one of the club members decided to take the shows off the air on transcriptions, which he did—hours and hours of it. Since the entire program was ad-lib, Dave has no files of any of the material he used. Now he would give his eye teeth to locate the man with the transcriptions. He is somewhere in New York—so are the recordings—and so is Garraway. The bespectacled comedian



Are you in the know?

Should a greeny hesitate to date a—

☐ Redhead ☐ Varsity hero ☐ Frosh

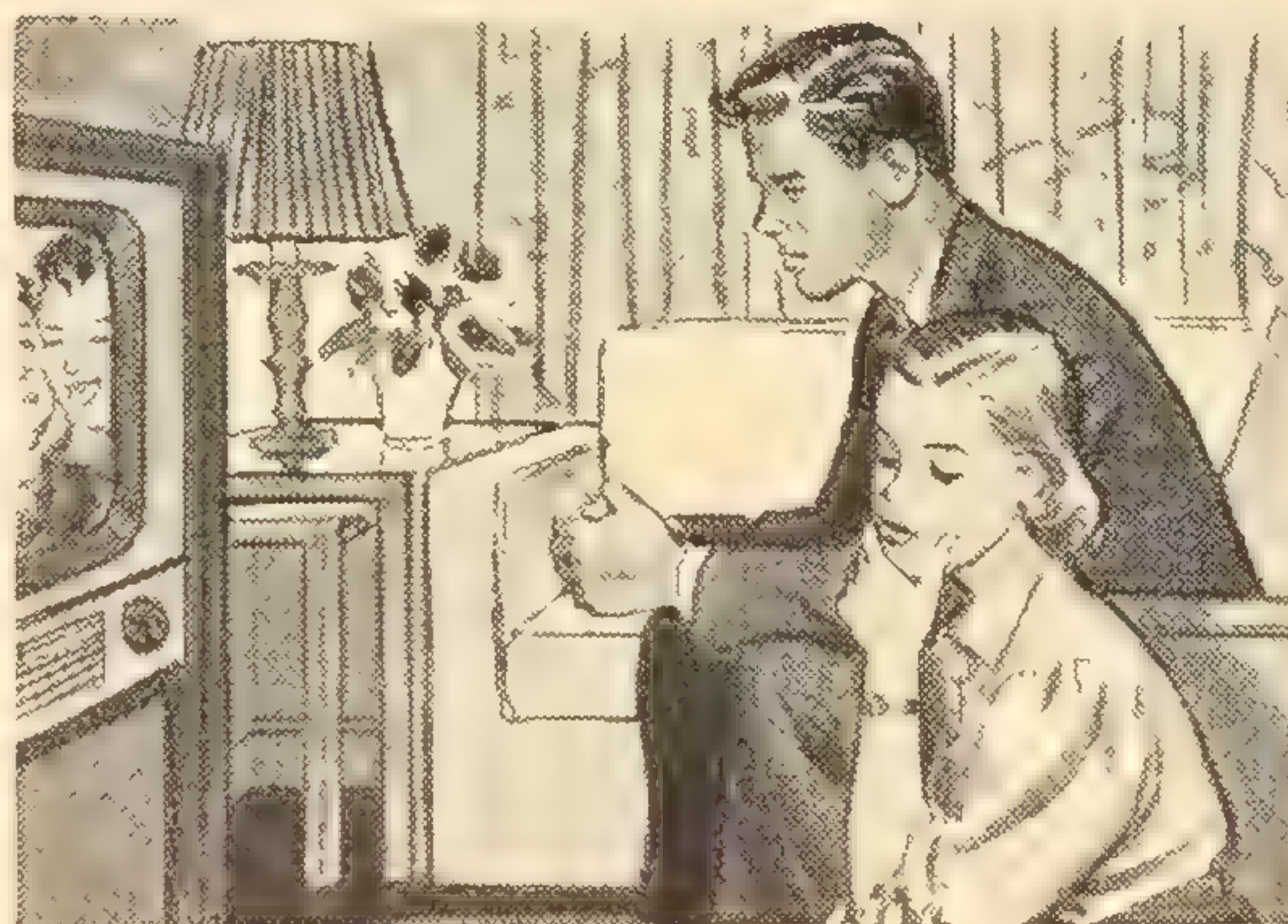
Every eye's peeled while you "set" your future rating: a Jezebel? Or doe in the know? Takes grit for a freshman to reject an upperclassman's bid, but it's *law*, date-wise; guards junior and senior gals' bookings. Stick to the frosh set. On certain days, don't hesitate to meet all eyes—unflinching. The *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. Further, you're extra *comfortable*: your new Kotex belt's made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling. Dries wink-quick!



When it's time to leave, do you—

☐ Linger longer ☐ Dash for the door

Ever insist you must be going—then tarry at the door 'til your hostess wilts? Even worse, do you sprint doorward almost without warning? Exit gracefully! After saying goodbye, *depart*—with poise. But poise at "problem" time often depends on comfort that *stays*! Choose Kotex; this softness holds its shape. Try all 3 sizes!



If you have "sandpaper" arms, better—

☐ Hug the TV set ☐ Start scrubbing

You'd turn down "dressy" dates because you've rough spots on your upper arms? Spark your circulation—by scrubbing arms with bath brush, soap, warm water. (Start now, so you can wear your new Fall formals—unembarrassed.) And for *extra* protection from *problem-day* embarrassment, count on Kotex (*so absorbent!*) and that special safety center.



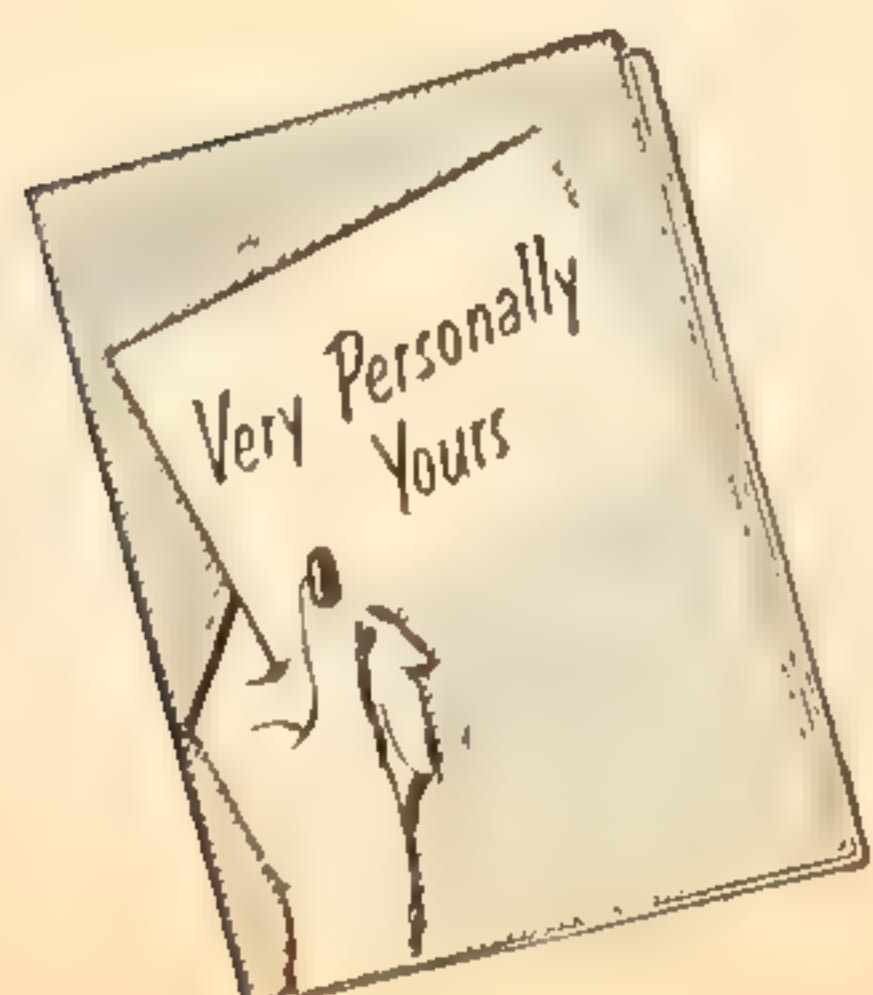
More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Want to get "certain" facts straight?

☐ Ask Sis ☐ See a librarian ☐ Read "V.P.Y."

Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the new, *free* booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations (by Walt Disney Productions). Hints on diet, exercise, grooming . . . do's and don't's a girl should *know*. Send for your copy today. FREE! Address Room 410, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.



Coast to Coast

keeps plotting to find a way to get all three together.

Songstress Jo Stafford and her composer-conductor husband, Paul Weston, are really in a lullaby mood these days, with their first baby due in December. Jo has had to postpone her movie for Warner Brothers, "My Fine Feathered Friend," in which she is to co-star with Dennis Morgan, and plans for her television show have been shelved until after the first of the year. While awaiting the long-legged bird, Jo will do only occasional radio appearances and make records.

Don McNeill is pleased as Punch over the success of his camp for underprivileged boys, which he opened this past summer. Don set up the camp on a forty-five acre site outside of Chicago and agreed to furnish all expenses for groups of city boys from ten to fourteen years old if the Boys' Clubs of America would take the responsibility of selecting the lads. During the summer, seventy boys from clubs around the Midwestern area spent time at the McNeill camp, which has a six-and-a-half acre lake. Thanks to the Breakfast Club maestro, they had a healthy helping of swimming, boating, fishing, woodcrafts, etc., supervised by counsellors.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Ramona, who was very popular several years back as a pianist and soloist with the Paul Whiteman orchestra? Ramona has more or less retired from show business in recent years, except for an occasional guest appearance. She is happily married to Al Helfer, whom you hear as a sports commentator on the Mutual Network. They have a daughter, Ramona, Jr.

Julia Sanderson, who, with her late husband, Frank Crumit, starred on radio many seasons ago with their highly successful Battle of the Sexes show? After Mr. Crumit passed away, Miss Sanderson continued working on the air for a short while, and then gave it up completely. She is now living quietly in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Bill Lawrence, the singer, who was with the Arthur Godfrey aggregation before he left to enter the Army? Still the letters keep coming in about Bill, though I told you a few months ago that he was not singing regularly on any radio or television show at the present time. When Bill was medically discharged from the Army, he returned to New York City to recuperate. Since that time, he has done a few guest appearances and also sung in theatres and clubs occasionally. In answer to many inquiries, Bill will not return to the Godfrey programs.

These are some of the personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what has become of one of your favorite people on radio or television, drop me a line and I'll do my best to find out for you and put the information in the column. Sorry, no personal answers. Write Jill Warren, RADIO-TELEVISION MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York.

(NOTE: On all shows, both radio and television, consult your local paper for time, station and channel.)



1 TAKE A GOOD LOOK. This fragrant liquid-saturated pad is called the 5-Day Deodorant Pad and it is fast revolutionizing America's deodorant habits.



2 YOU WIPE UNDERARM, then throw pad away. Liquid in pad applies itself as no cream or spray can. No trickle! No sticky feeling or messy fingers.

EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!

And... 8 times more effective!

Once in a blue moon something comes along that is so much better than anything yet invented for the purpose that it sweeps the nation overnight.

Like home permanents . . . shift-free driving . . . soapless detergents. And . . .

Like 5-Day Deodorant Pads. Actually 8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than the average of leading brands tested.

Women are literally raving about this new way of checking perspiration and odor. And they're deserting their old deodorants in droves.

An overwhelming percentage of women—and men too—who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll give you a month's supply absolutely free! That's how sure we are that you, too, will say . . . "At last! . . . this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.

5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.

*5-day
deodorant pads*



Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply . . . **FREE**

5-DAY LABORATORIES, Box #1001
DEPT. RA-10, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK

Enclosed find 10¢ to help cover cost of postage and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

OFFER EXPIRES IN 60 DAYS

Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% tax on other deodorants, pay only . . 2¢ on 25¢ size . . 4¢ on 59¢ size . . 5¢ on \$1.00 size

R
M

LIVE, LOVE and LAUGH

is the motto
of Nelson Bragg



Emcee extraordinary is Nelson Bragg, heard on WCOP.

THE LITTLE town of Milo, Maine, has a native son of whom they're mighty proud. So proud, in fact, that in 1949 the town fathers elected Nelson Bragg Honorary Mayor. Bragg left Milo for the lure of radio, and has done the home-folks proud by becoming one of Boston's top radio personalities—responsible for what goes over the mike on Station WCOP twenty-seven hours a week. Nelson has quite a few stints going—the Hayloft Jamboree, newscasts, and the Nelson Bragg Shows.

With a strictly homespun delivery full of Maine plain-talking, Nelson has been compared to men of the Will Rogers-Bob Burns stamp. His "live, love and laugh" philosophy has made his own life a happy one, and his listeners think it's a pretty good formula, too. His comments are laconic, but always filled with gentle whimsy and horse sense. One listener described the feeling people get when they listen to

Bragg, "He just makes you chuckle inwardly without quite knowing why, or caring, as long as you're listening to a friendly voice in a troubled world."

After four years of building good will for one of his sponsors, Nelson sold them an idea which has meant a lot to New Englanders in need of a pal. He asked them if he could help people who were featured on his sidewalk interview program. The sponsor went for the idea, and now Bragg gets people jobs, finds them apartments, sells their used cars. "It's wonderful," says Nelson, "to be able to use WCOP's facilities for a sponsor, and do people a service at the same time. I don't see why all commercial sponsors can't inject a little of the Golden Rule into their stuff on the air. Most of 'em think it's enough just to entertain people. We use our show to give life a little more meaning. That's good and it fits in with my idea of live, laugh and love."

COMPARE FATIMA

with any other KING-SIZE cigarette



1. FATIMA filters the smoke 85 millimeters for your protection.
2. FATIMA'S length cools the smoke for your protection.
3. FATIMA'S length gives you those extra puffs — 21% longer.

AND you get an *extra-mild*
and soothing smoke...*plus*
the added protection of

FATIMA
QUALITY

MORE FOR
YOUR MONEY



FATIMA — *The Difference is Quality.*

MORE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
USE WOODBURY FACE POWDER—
WHY DON'T YOU?



You'll never look lovelier—than ,
the day you try Woodbury Powder!
Your skin—satin-smooth!
Your color—*naturally* lovely
all day! Thank Woodbury's
special color-blending . . . and
foundation-cream ingredient
for your pretty new complexion!

ELIZABETH TAYLOR,
co-star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"IVANHOE" (color by Technicolor)
wears Woodbury Fiesta
to intensify the tone of her skin.
(Hollywood Stars chose
Woodbury Powder
6 to 1)

new big 50c size
also 15c, 30c, \$1.00, plus tax.

new woodbury liquid make-up . . .
tints, smooths, glorifies! Devastating alone,
doubly so with matching shade of Woodbury Powder. 59c, plus tax



INVEST IN THE



Pauline Frederick

A MAN IS president for four years, and in four years a great deal can happen to affect the future of these United States. During the past four years, for example, in my job as correspondent for the American Broadcasting Company, I have covered the Berlin Airlift and lifting of the blockade; followed the reports of the Korean conflict at United Nations Headquarters; watched on ABC wires the development of the Japanese Peace Treaty; kept up with the establishment of NATO—uniting the Western nations in fighting strength; reported the dramatic seizure of the nation's steel industry, and the events which precipitated one of the biggest steel shutdowns in U.S. history.

Yes, these past four years have been crowded with big headlines—headlines which have reached out to all parts of the globe in their effects.

The President of the United States, as the chief executive of this nation, is one of the world's key figures. His daily activities make news from Texas to Singapore.

Whether his policies be domestic or foreign, they are of vital concern to every man and woman in the free world.

And the exciting thing about this key figure is that a man becomes president because the American voter chooses him. Thus, it is the American voter who is really the power behind the President of the United States

NEXT FOUR YEARS

by
Pauline Frederick

ABC News Analyst
and Commentator

I have heard American citizens say they did not vote in the last presidential election and I was shocked. When these people were women, I was more than shocked, I came right out and told them exactly what they lost by not voting.

They lost the right to have a say in the important business of whether their sons should go to war, whether the fathers of their children should be called back into service, whether food should be permitted to become so expensive that they could not afford to feed their families properly, whether they should pay more taxes, and the many other decisions which are of *special* and *vital* concern to all Americans, women as well as men.

As one of the reporters at the national conventions this summer, I saw many women in the delegations from the states.

For many of them it was the first convention they had ever attended.

Not every woman in the United States has the time or the experience to become an active member of a political party—but every woman over twenty-one years of age, can take the ten or fifteen minutes' time required to register, and an additional five minutes to vote on November 4.

That twenty minutes' worth of time off from household duties is an investment in four years of this country's history—and a lot can happen in four years.



BETTY HUTTON . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars. Like the majority of top Hollywood stars, Miss Hutton uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her beautiful hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest . . . with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Betty Hutton says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo" . . . you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

You, too, like Betty Hutton, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

“ah-h!
my Ivory Bath
it's a pleasure...
pure pleasure!”



Yes, there's more
lather . . . faster lather .
in an Ivory bath!

It's so *relaxing* to sink into an Ivory bath! You don't grope for soap—Ivory floats right into your hand. You don't wait for lather—that husky cake of Ivory fairly *bursts* into rich, foamy suds! For Ivory makes *more* lather, *faster*, than any other leading bath soap!

There's Ivory's famous
mildness . . . and such a clean,
fresh odor!

It's pure delight—the gentle caress of silky Ivory suds. For Ivory is 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure . . . mild as mild. Why, more doctors advise Ivory Soap for skin care than any other soap. And that clean, fresh-smelling Ivory lather leaves you *so* refreshed! All aglow and ready to go!

You get more for your
money, too!

Yes, mild Ivory . . . pure Ivory . . . floating Ivory . . . actually costs you less! Gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!



99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure...it Floats



“The whole family agrees on Ivory!”

America's Favorite Bath Soap!



Washington zany, Gene Klavan.

Sweet potato man

ARTHUR GODFREY has his ukulele, Bob Burns has his bazooka, Phil Baker has his accordion, but Gene Klavan of Station WTOP radio and television has announced to all who will listen (quite a few Washingtonians do) that he is "the Heifetz of the ocarina." Gene Klavan—a hot man on the sweet potato, and a hot talent on screen or mike—is one of the few disc jockeys in the country with fans from Nova Scotia to the Virgin Islands. He even received a letter from a listener in Sheffield, England, who admitted, "The signal is a wee bit weak, but I listen to you every night I can get your show."

Although he refuses to admit that he hogs WTOP's facilities, Klavan can't deny that his two shows—one from 12:30 to 2 A.M. every night except Sunday, and the other from 5:05 to 5:45 five evenings a week—do monopolize things a bit. Actually, though, Gene is best known for his late show, which is simulcast. It seems all you have to do is give the madcap Klavan ninety minutes of air time, and you come out with some of the zaniest shenanigans going. There is no script for the show—Gene completely ad libs the whole thing except for the last five minutes of the first hour, which is skit time. The skit sets something of a record in itself, when you consider that there are twenty characters or more in each one, with Gene playing all the parts.

Gene Klavan was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on May 4, 1924. He attended public schools in Baltimore and tortured a few professors at Johns Hopkins University, too.



Ross Eliot, Phyllis and Gene Klavan reading "literature."

A veteran of the Air Corps, Gene was discharged in 1946. Married to the former Phyllis C. Helfant of New York City, Klavan is a poppa of one year. Ross Eliot, the Klavan offspring, gave Gene the proudest moment of his life as he toddled up to the TV screen, when his Daddy was on it, and said (with typical Klavan wit and personality) "Dada."

A lot of people have called Klavan another Godfrey. In fact, a national magazine recently did a story on the possibility, but Gene's fans consider him incomparable: A uke's one thing, but an ocarina—now, there's a sweet potato of a different color.

Only
Stardust
gives you this
DOUBLE GUARANTEE*



the
bra
with

ooh! la! la!

* Exclusive Stardust beauty-control inner Uplift Lining guarantees protection from irritation!

* Unconditionally guaranteed for a full year's wear satisfaction!

In your favorite fabrics... A, B & C Cups

\$100

Stardust
Life-Insured Bra

GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR

Ask for Stardust Slips in
nylon tricot, multi-crepe or cotton!

STARDUST, INC., Empire State Bldg., New York 1



What's

by
Chris Wilson

LUCKY is the home with room enough for teenagers to have separate entertainment quarters, with the fall season coming on. As the bubble gum and soda pop set settle down to school lessons and radios are once more tuned to deejay programs or phonograph turntables grind out their favorite melodies (whatever, at full volume, natch!), the parents settle in easy chairs for what they hope may be a few hours of peaceful home entertainment. "Longhair," scoffs the younger generation, quickly flipping off one of Columbia's new precious Walter Gieseking piano selections to substitute the antics of Jerry Lewis' Capitol recording of "I Can't Carry a Tune"—and the fight is on. Before Dad drowns his opinions in a dose of newspaper he gives vent to some well-chosen phrases about the insensitivity, the inane behavior, of the younger generation. Mother, a little more realistically, grins and bears it, mentally making a note that tomorrow, and not a moment later, she'll use those precious pennies she's collected from the grocery money to invest in family peace. And tomorrow she does, by buying one of those new three-speed victrolas which she installs beside the miniature radio in her daughter's room. You can't blame either generation for wanting their own particular type of home entertainment—this fall's pop list is fun, rhythmical, and good listening for the deejay set. The classical recordings are some of the greatest that have ever been released and to

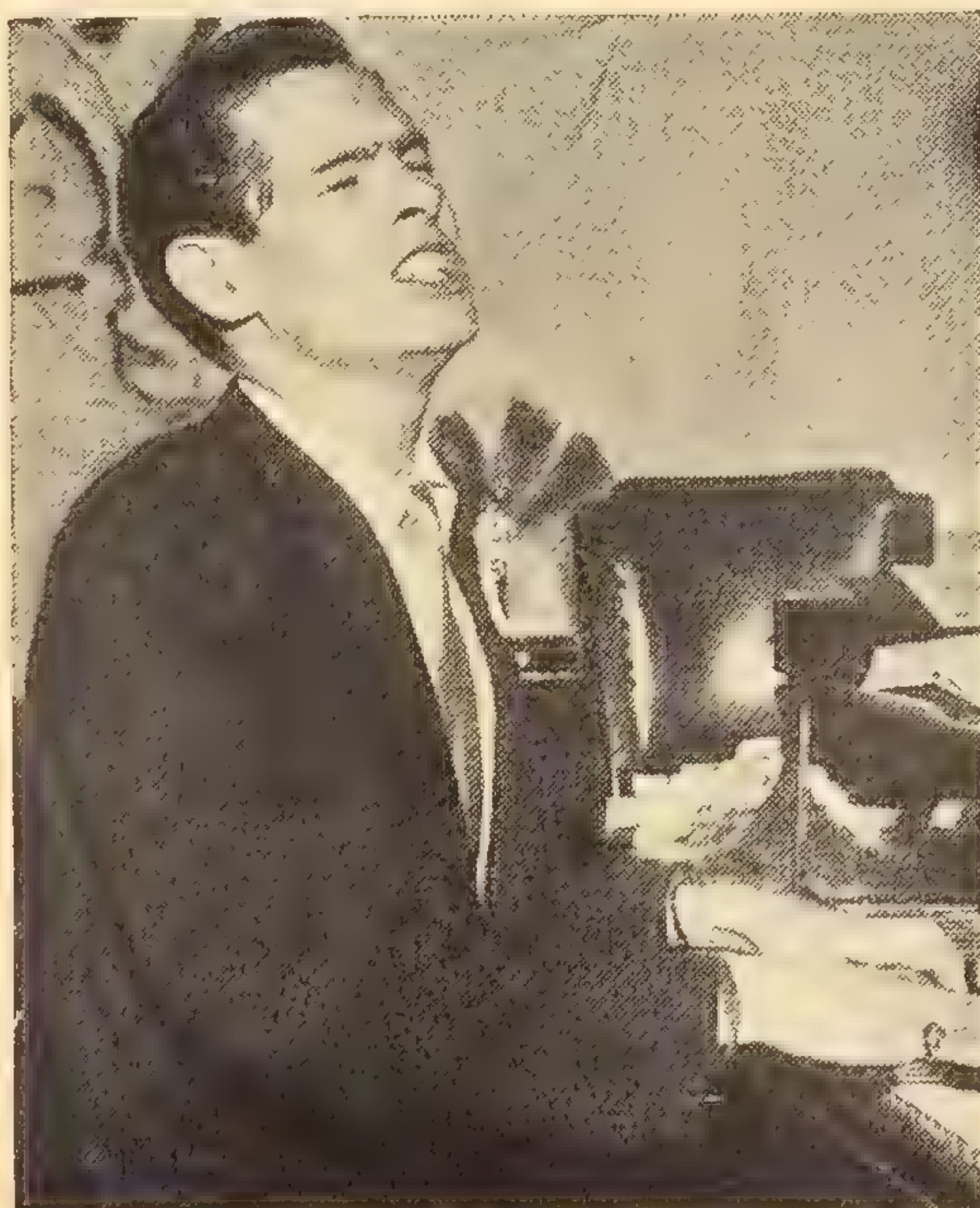
each his own (Dad labels his daughter's taste "poison" and daughter has an adjective known as "murder" to describe his).

Junior Generation News:

Following the popularity of Johnnie Ray's "Walkin' My Baby Back Home," Columbia released "All of Me" from his album as a single record. Back of the record is "A Sinner Am I" in which Johnnie, who wrote the lyrics himself, sings of unreturned affections and, of course, his love for the wrong girl. Right now, Johnnie is preparing for his junket to Hawaii for his scheduled appearances there, following Tony Martin's captivating the islanders. Also out this month is his biography, prepared by his longtime friend, Bill Randle, a disc jockey for Station WERE in Cleveland. No other singer has as yet appeared to challenge Johnnie's top spot on the singers' hit parade. Did you know that "Cry" and "The Little White Cloud That Cried" hit the two million mark last month? Whew, and business is supposed to be bad among the record companies!

We can't make up our minds which we like better, Helen O'Connell's "Zing a Little Zong" for Capitol or Robert Q. Lewis' rendition of the same number for MGM. They are both so gay! Of course, Helen has that old favorite "Body and Soul" on the back of her number while Robert the Q. goes right on being zany with "On a Sunday by the Sea" from "High Button Shoes." Speaking of Robert Q. reminds us that he did a magnificent job as Godfrey's replacement while Godfrey took a well-deserved rest. And speaking of Godfrey reminds us that Godfrey's "I Love Girls" for Columbia (it was written by a Talent Scouts winner) is as delightful as his oldie "Can You Whistle, Johanna?" His reasons are not exactly unique when he says girls have such "Luscious faces and they're angled here and rounded there, in just the proper places!" but the reasons are fun the way Godfrey sings 'em. "Honey, Vintage 1928," is on the other side. That young man with the horn Ray Anthony's latest for Capitol is "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" from the mid-Thirties and the musical "On Your Toes." Originally this was a ballet danced by Ray Bolger and Vera Zorina but it's lost the last vestige of a ballet under Ray's raucous and brilliant interpretation.

While Fran Warren's "What Is This Thing Called Love" continues on the best seller list (despite some critical brickbats) we like her "One for the Wonder" and "Former Members of the 106th Division" which she recorded with Woody Herman for MGM. They're natural, informal and good listening.



Johnnie Ray's still riding the crest—flood hasn't subsided yet!

Spinning?

The crowds go wild at Billy Eckstine's singing of "Hold Me Close" in the motion picture theatres where they see the Esther Williams picture "Skirts Ahoy"—and they'll probably go wilder at the record counters buying up his MGM release of "Strange Sensation" and "Have a Good Time."

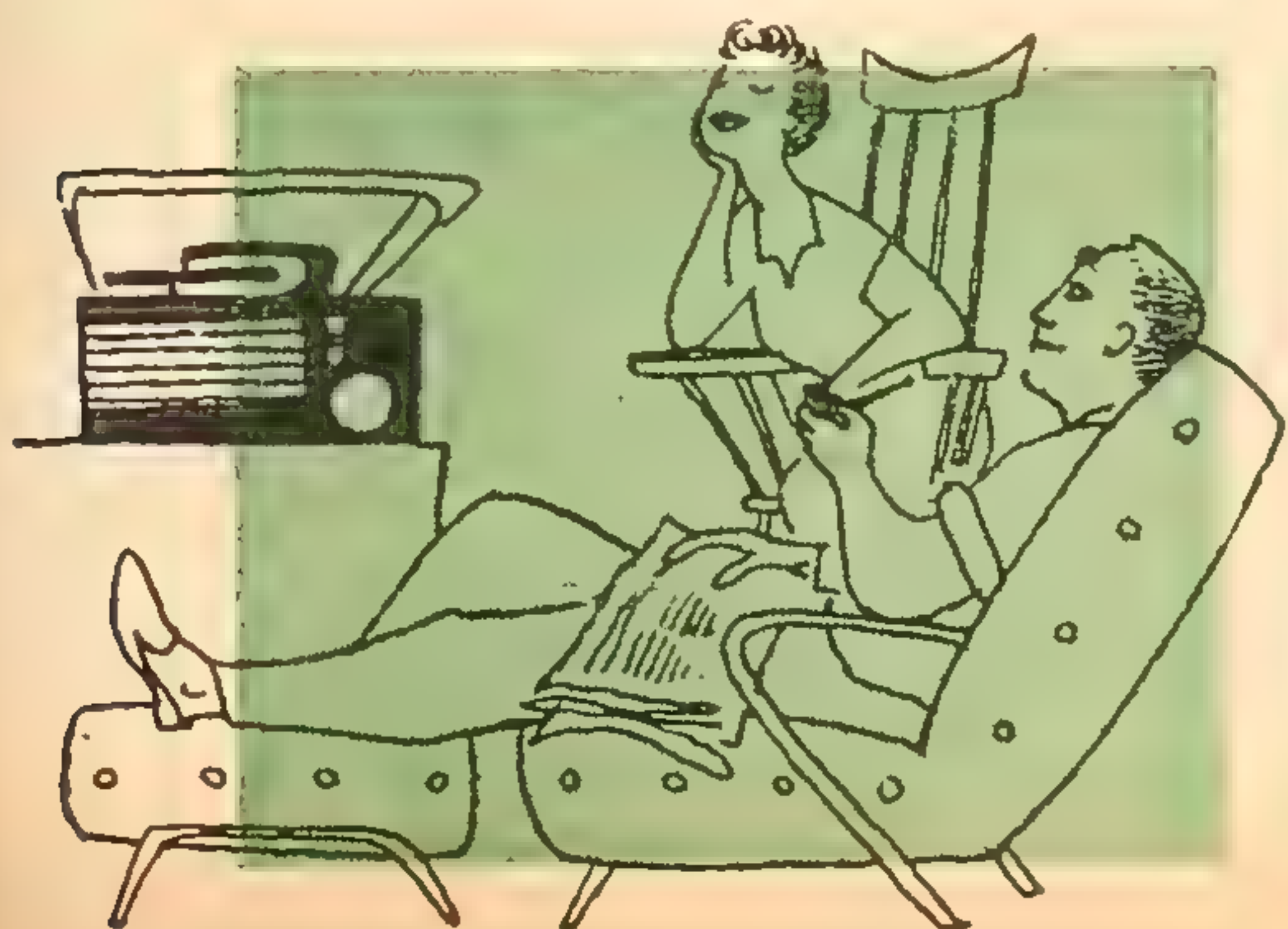
Waxed in the great tradition of jazz blues, Lionel Hampton chalks up another hit with "Cryin'" and "Oh, Lady Be Good." We like everything we know about this jazz musician who reads his Bible, which he carries with him, for a few minutes every day, who once learned drums from a Dominican nun, and who once jerked sodas for pharmacists Leon and Otis Tene who wrote "Sleepy-Time Down South" and "When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano." He's hard-working—and talented.

For those who collect strictly from the corn belt, there's a novelty called "I'm No Communist," backed by "Will Someone Please Tell Me Who to Vote For" on an MGM label sung by Carson Robinson and same song backed by "Pickin' on Me" sung by young Grandpa Jones for Victor. The patriotic sentiment of the top side has also been picked up by the youngsters who've added a few verses of their own.

Columbia's "The Benny Goodman Trio Plays for the Fletcher Henderson Fund" recorded as played on disc jockey Martin Block's Make-Believe Ballroom program which paid tribute to arranger Fletcher Henderson, when Henderson was critically ill. It's the combo of Goodman, Gene Krupa and Teddy Wilson, with "China Boy," "Body and Soul," "Runnin' Wild," "Rose Room"—and "I Found a New Baby," plus other selections with talented soloists improvising with the trio. The album's one of the best in the jazz field.

Okeh label for Columbia has re-issued Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith, Jimmie Lunceford, Count Basie and Cab Calloway, all in recordings which each made famous.

(Continued on page 27)



New! COLGATE Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth.



Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts *quickly* . . . acts *thoroughly* . . . and the purifying action lasts for hours! Keeps your breath sweet and fresh longer!

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive **Colgate** Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For real help against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the *finest chlorophyll toothpaste* the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

— Colgate's Guarantee:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you *double your money back, plus postage!* Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

Fights Tooth Decay!

Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!



Checks Common Gum Disorders!



Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.



*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

GIANT SIZE 69¢
LARGE SIZE 43¢

Tested And
Guaranteed by

COLGATE!

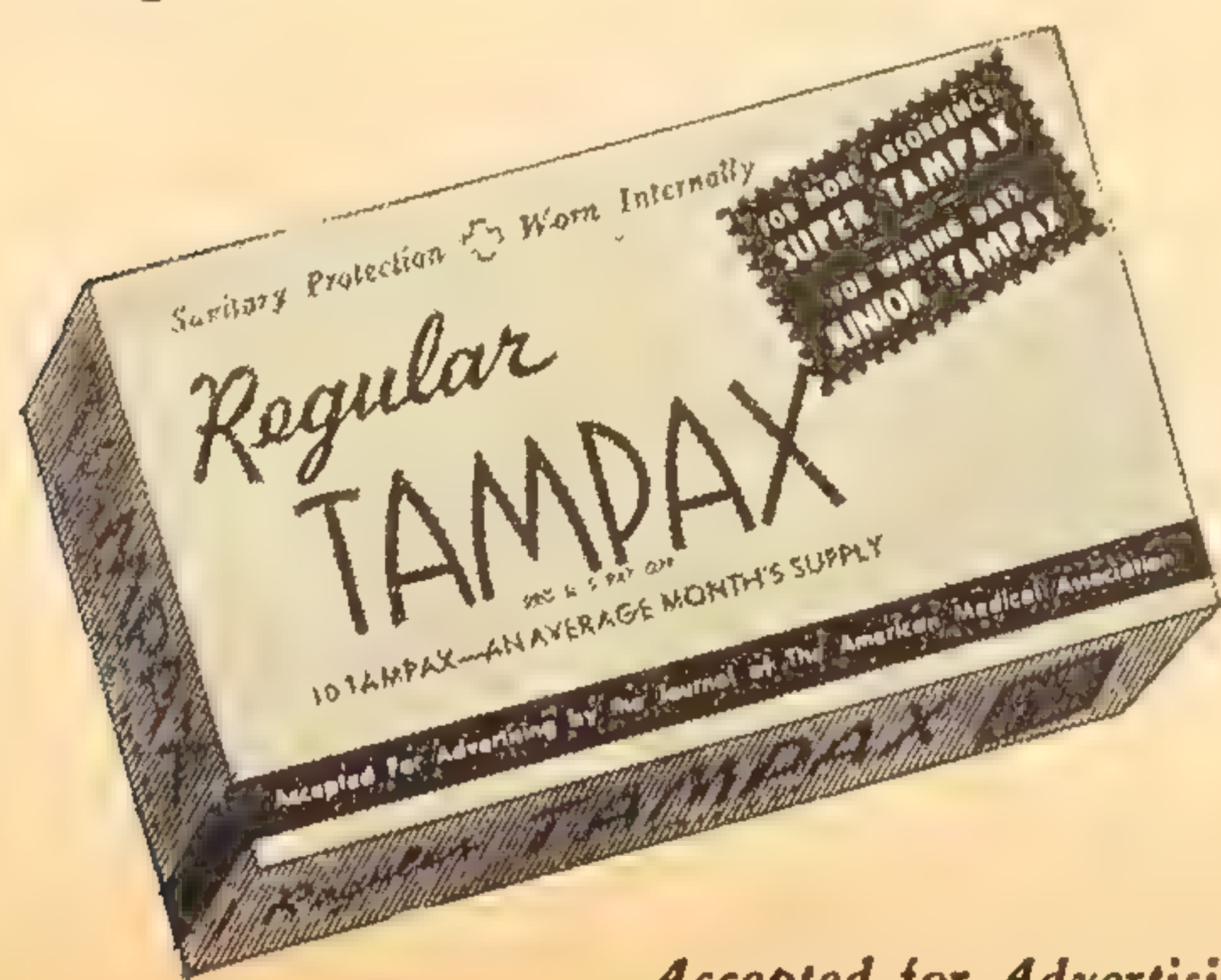
count the blessings of Tampax



The perfecting of Tampax has simplified the whole subject of monthly sanitary protection for women. Read the summing-up that follows and judge for yourself on each of the counts.

- 1 No belts or pins are necessary with Tampax—and no outside pads. Because Tampax is *worn internally*.
- 2 Each Tampax comes in its own applicator for dainty insertion. Hands need not touch the Tampax.
- 3 No odor or chafing—and Tampax is only a fraction of the size of the external kind. (Disposal very easy.)
- 4 No bulges or "edge-lines" to show through your clothing. It's really good for your social confidence on "those days"!
- 5 The wearer cannot feel the Tampax when it is in place—and she need not remove it while in shower or tub, or in swimming.
- 6 Tampax is based on modern scientific principles. Invented by a doctor and made of pure surgical cotton throughout.

Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) to meet individual needs. A month's supply will slip into purse. . . . Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Daytime diary



AUNT JENNY What is happening in the house next door, the house across the street, the house around the corner? All the doors of Littleton are open to Aunt Jenny, who every week or ten days begins a new story about what goes on in the lives of her neighbors. Love and hate, frustration, success wind through Aunt Jenny's stories just as they wind through the life of Littleton and a thousand other towns just like it throughout the country. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Though Mary and Larry Noble will not be divorced, Mary has not yet recovered from the strain of their recent serious misunderstanding, which was engineered by wealthy Rupert Barlow. When Barlow's henchman, Victor, was arrested for narcotics traffic, his sensational confession has far-reaching effects. Will it help clear up the trouble between Mary and her matinee-idol husband? M-F, 4:00 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BIG SISTER When Ruth Wayne's friend Selina died and left a fortune to Ruth's brother Neddie, was she doing him good or harm? The money doesn't actually force a crisis in Neddie's life, but it does complicate one that arises. Both Ruth and her husband, Dr. John Wayne, are so much involved with Neddie's affairs that Ruth hopes John's own psychological problems are being relieved by his desire to help someone else. M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Althea Dennis' one hope for recovery from the paralysis following her injury lies in a series of operations to be performed in a New York hospital by a celebrated surgeon. With this crisis in Althea's life, the whole Dennis family enters upon a new chapter. Is it wise for them all to accompany Althea to New York? And how will Dr. Robert Cunningham figure in Althea's future? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 9:45 A.M. EDT, NBC.

DOCTOR'S WIFE Some people appear to be generous givers, but actually attach strings to their gifts. Such a one is Mrs. Irwin, who wants to provide a new wing for the hospital but open only to certain selected citizens. Dr. Dan Palmer, violently opposed to Mrs. Irwin's proposition, runs into trouble he didn't foresee. Is this one time Julie can't help? M-F, 5:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL "The Summer Theater Murder Case" presents reporter David Farrell with one of the most glamorous and explosive cases of his career. When wealthy Thomas Rutledge is poisoned, the suspects are numerous, and the strong personalities of the theatrical folk involved make it unusually difficult for David to find the weak spots in their stories. He goes up many blind alleys to get at the truth. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Many girls of eighteen manage to prove to their reluctant families that they are able to run their own lives. But Cathy Roberts is not so successful. Defying her father and repudiating his affection and help, she finds herself involved in more trouble than she can handle. Will Cathy's problem be a decisive factor in the fate of her father's marriage to Meta White—the marriage so bitterly opposed by Cathy? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Sooner or later every orphanage runs into the problem of the parent who offers a child for adoption at birth and resigns all claim to him, only to turn up years later regretting the earlier renunciation and pleading for the return of his child. Julie Paterno, supervisor of Hilltop, is fearful that this tragedy will disrupt the family of her dear friend, Judge Lennox, who adores his adopted grandson. Can Julie help avert heartbreak? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL What is behind the stubborn opposition of Hannah Brooks to the love affair between her daughter Amy and wealthy Ralph Chadwick? Despite Hannah's furious threats, Bill Davidson advises the young couple to run off and get married. How can Bill be sure he is not encouraging tragedy? What secret has he learned about Amy, about the Chadwicks, and about Hannah herself? M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL The friendship that Chichi began some time ago with wealthy Victoria Vandembush has borne all kinds of strange fruit—some happy and some disturbing. The great love of Chichi's life has resulted from it, indirectly, for Martin Walker would not have met Chichi if he weren't establishing his claim to the Vandembush name. But what about Paul Vandembush, who was supposed to be Victoria's only heir? M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LORENZO JONES Belle always warned Lorenzo, and now it has happened—real tragedy has come because of his too-active imagination. Kidnapped and wounded in reprisal by friends of the jewel thieves he helped to capture, Lorenzo wakes in a New York hospital with no memory of his past—or of Belle. Escaping from the hospital, he starts wandering around as an odd-job man. Will the distracted Belle ever catch up with him? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

MA PERKINS The whole town of Rushville Center is torn apart by the divorce case of Pendleton vs. Pendleton. Will it ever be the same? No matter how the verdict runs, will half the town ever forgive Ma for taking the part of the 'other woman' in the case? And how will it affect the future of the cynical Pendleton daughter, Gladys, who would like to believe in love and simple happiness, but feels that her background makes it hopeless? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Sunday is depressed and worried over the family troubles of her friend, Judge Horace Reeves, whose foster-son Douglas Clarke has confessed to a hit-and-run killing. The Judge has resigned from the bench, Douglas' wife has renounced him, and Margo, the Judge's daughter, appears hard-heartedly indifferent toward the whole tragedy. How can Sunday bring peace to this disrupted family? M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Mother and Father Young are a model of marital happiness, but that doesn't guarantee smooth sailing for their children's marriages. Peggy Young, married to Carter Trent, believed her troubles with her dy-

(Continued on page 90)



Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland *beauty-cream* lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more! Here's the important difference: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

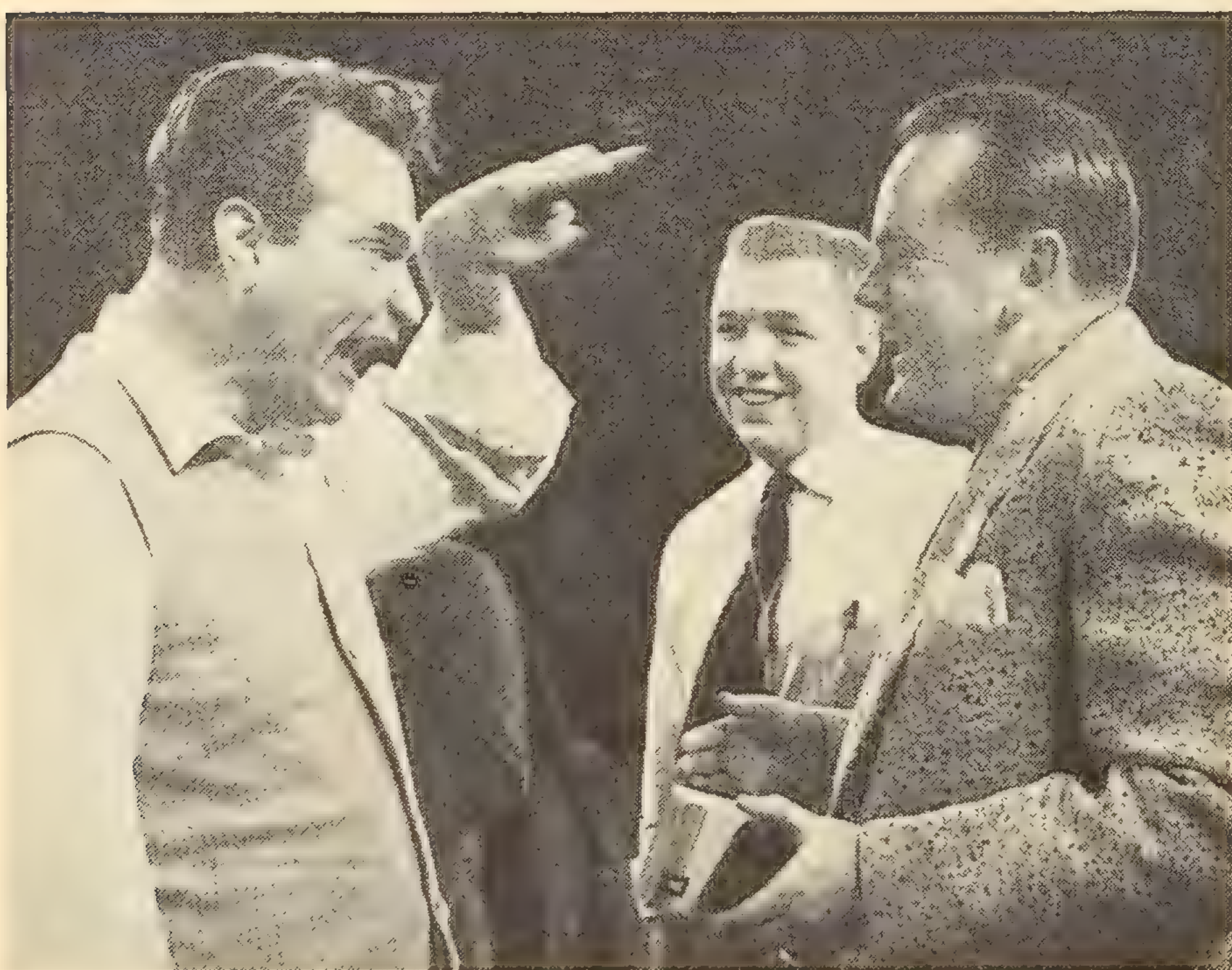


DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

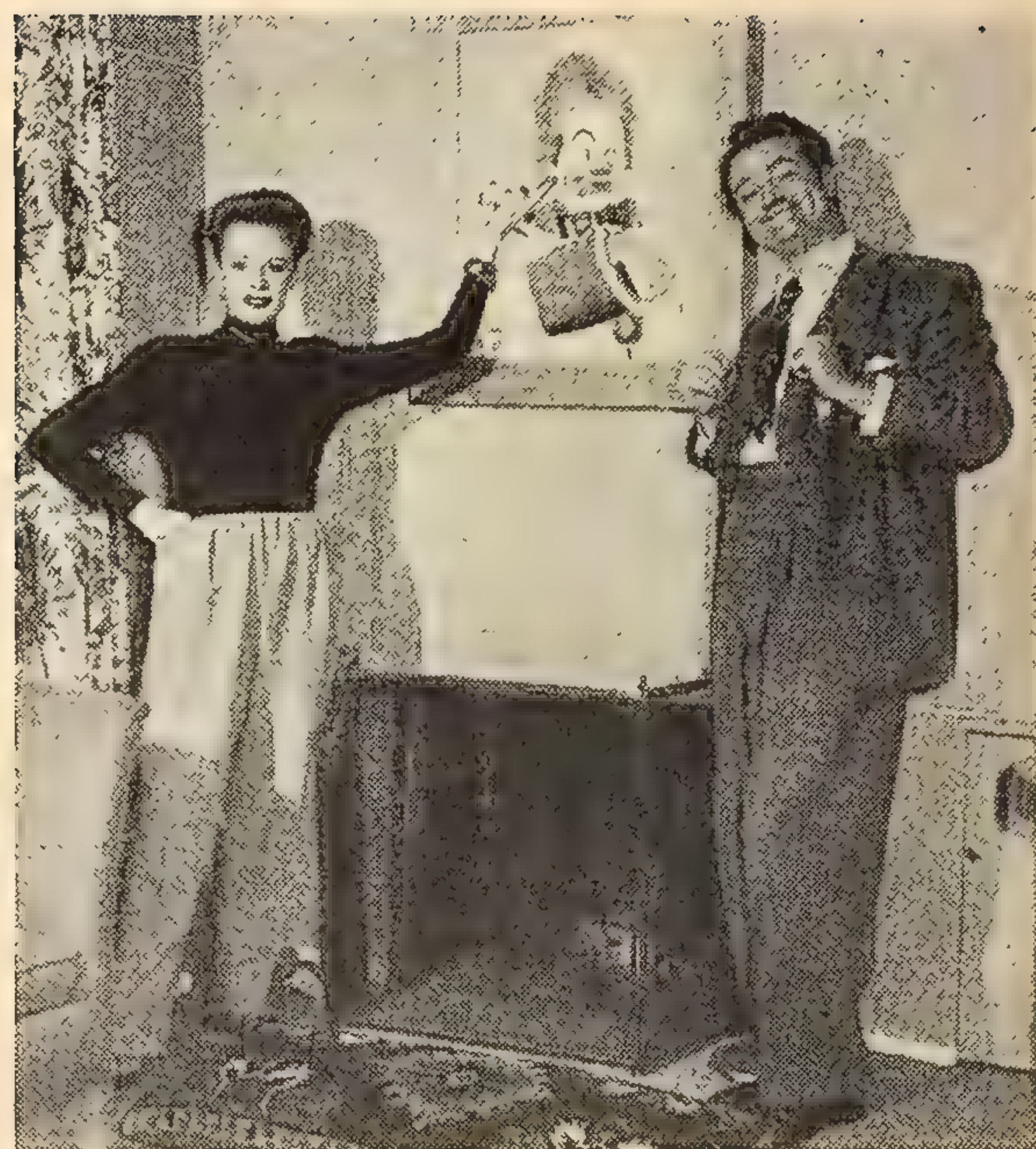
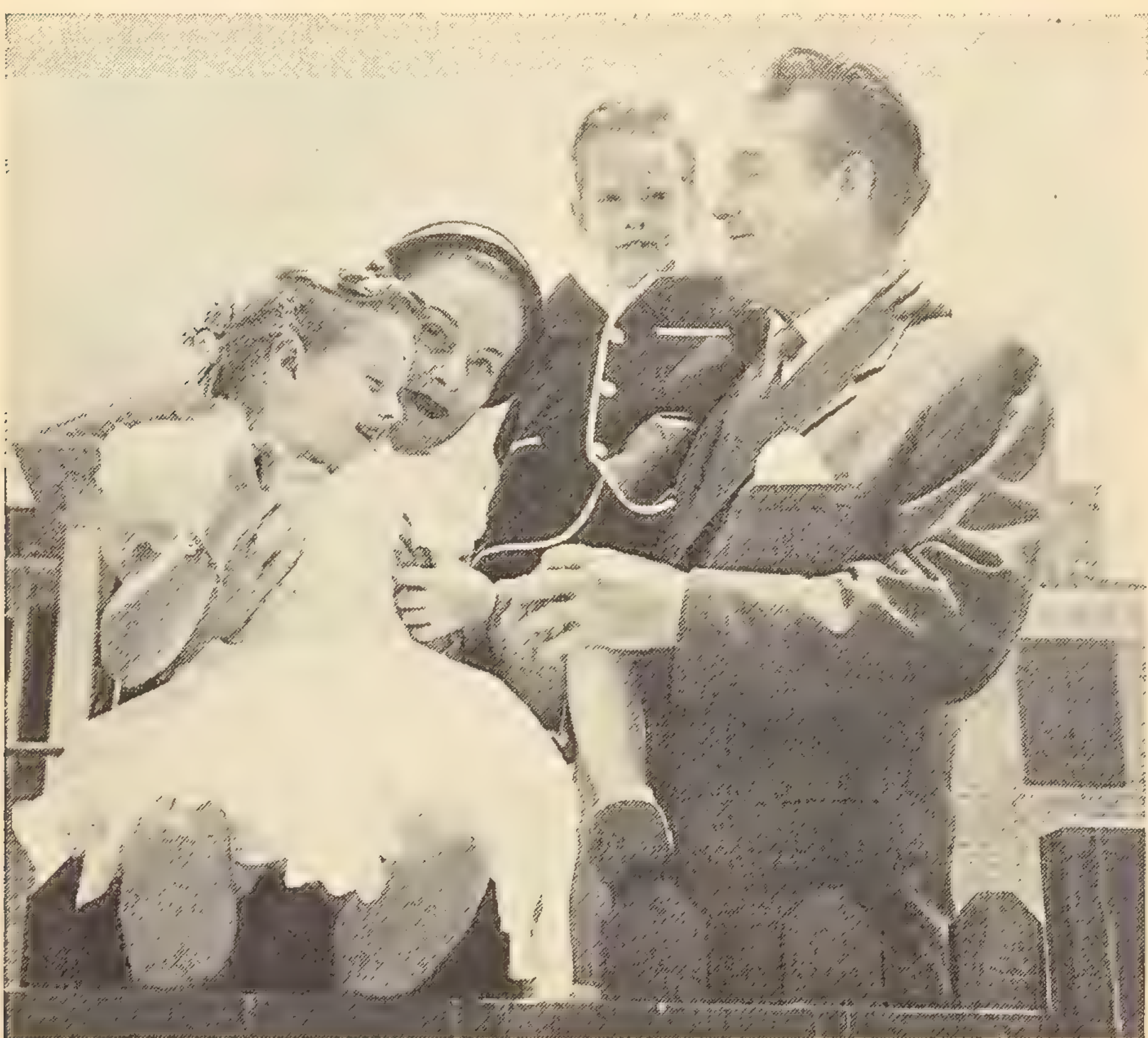
Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

Hey Red!

Skelton, that is . . .



Red cuts up in his usual wacky manner for staff members. He's one guy for whom the show never ends—on or off the stage. Below, four red-headed Skeltons pose for the camera—Valentina, age six; Georgia; Richard, age five; Pop himself.



Beautiful Georgia Skelton points with pride to one of Red's oil paintings of a clown.

THAT FRIENDLY red-headed clown with his suitcase full of lame-brained characters will return to the TV screen this fall, much to the delight of audiences throughout the country—and very much to the delight of Red Skelton himself. The man who started his show-biz career as a singing midget (he was ten years old at the time) has come a long way since vaudeville days. But, during the long climb up, his basic qualities as a comedian haven't changed. He's been polished off—no longer the diamond-in-the-rough who first wowed New York audiences with his doughnut-dunking act—but he's still getting laughs by trading on his extremely mobile face and cast of weird men such as Willie Lump Lump, Clem Kadiddlehoffer, et al. . . . Red has grown taller since he passed for a midget—six-feet-three, to be exact. And he has become a family man—wife, Georgia, and two little red-heads, Valentina and Richard. . . . No one would deny that Red is a pretty active guy, what with his radio, TV, and movie work—but he still leaves himself plenty of time to enjoy his home and family, and to do every benefit performance he's asked to participate in. Georgia claims that Red's whole life is a show—he's always entertaining. On a cross-country trip, he just clowns for everyone they run into, from gas station attendants to folks in neighboring cars. And all along the way people shout out "Hey, Red," as if he were an old friend. . . . And an old friend he is. NBC said, "Hey, Red, come and give the folks a laugh this fall," and that's exactly what Red will be doing starting Sunday, September 28, on NBC-TV for Procter & Gamble's Tide.

What's Spinning?

(Continued from page 23)

Come only in single ten-inch records or four sides on seven-inch records. They're the first of a series planned to include some of the greatest instrumentalists and vocal performers of the jazz era.

Quieter Type Music:

Liberace, who went national briefly with his TV show, has an unusual album out which includes Beethoven and Hoagy Carmichael numbers. From "Stardust" to "Moonlight Sonata," all are quiet, pleasant-type entertainment. Columbia album. For the same company, Marlene Dietrich Overseas album, originally recorded as propaganda songs in German to be played on OSS underground broadcasts, is a honey. Besides her famous "Lilli Marlene" she also sings "Miss Otis Regrets," "Time on My Hands" and "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More," all in German. Her throaty, sexy voice is at its best in her native tongue.

Perhaps the greatest living pianist in the world today is Walter Gieseking. Columbia's Masterworks recordings have captured his playing on six twelve-inchers, in piano works of Debussy, Mozart, Franck, Schumann, Brahms and Beethoven.

Victor Recording Company is making available all the Gramophone Company recordings (which have only been issued on old style 78's up until now) on 33 $\frac{1}{3}$'s and 45's. They include wonderful recordings by Artur Schnabel, pianist, Wilhelm Furtwangler conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra in five symphonies, and Edwin Fischer, pianist, to mention just a few.

One of the most interesting albums out for sheer nostalgic listening quality is Helen Traubel's "The Gay Nineties" in which the famous soprano sings such songs as "A Bird in a Gilded Cage" and "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." Never have these songs been sung so beautifully.

Record Check List:

If you own ten, you're solid; eight, you better study up on your record caper; six, what are you doing with your allowance?

1. "Father Time" with "I Laughed at Love" by Sunny Gale, who started "Wheel of Fortune" to the top of the heap not long ago. A Victor recording.

2. "Love Me" and "Come Rain or Shine" with Marlene Dietrich's husky, sexy, torchy voice. For Columbia.

3. The Tennessee Plowboy, Eddy Arnold's two albums, "Country Classics" and "All Time Hits from the Hills"—and these both really are as recorded for Victor.

4. "Wise Little Echo" and "Hang Out the Stars" with those darling Bell Sisters who coin money for Victor and make your phonograph socially acceptable.

5. "So Madly in Love" and "Strange Sensation" as only June Valli can zip through a number for Victor.

6. Alan Dean's "I'll Forget You" and "Luna Rossa" (Blushing Moon). You won't be forgetting him after you hear it. For MGM.

7. "Oh, Marie" and "Come Back to Sorrento," Dean Martin's current Capitol contribution to teen-age heart stimulation.

8. "Zing a Little Zong," either Helen O'Connell's version for Capitol or Robert Q. Lewis' for MGM.

9. "Make Me Love You" with "Kiss of Fire's" Georgia Gibbs. Mercury's recording artist makes the Mercury rise with this.

10. "All of Me" and "A Sinner Am I" with Johnnie Ray for Columbia. Rivals in your affection toward "Cry."

"Come clean...and
show your true colors!"
says Joan Crawford



clean deeper
with Woodbury
Cold Cream

"Does your make-up accent your true color, or is your lovely natural coloring buried under stale make-up? Come clean, then," says Joan Crawford. While ordinary cleansing doesn't get to the bottom of yesterday's make-up and grime, Woodbury Cold Cream, with *Penaten*, does!



Penaten works
the magic

Penaten, a marvelous new ingredient in Woodbury Cold Cream, carries the rich cleansing and softening oils in Woodbury deeper into pore openings. Your cleansing tissue will prove how much more dirt you remove. Feel your skin; it's softer!

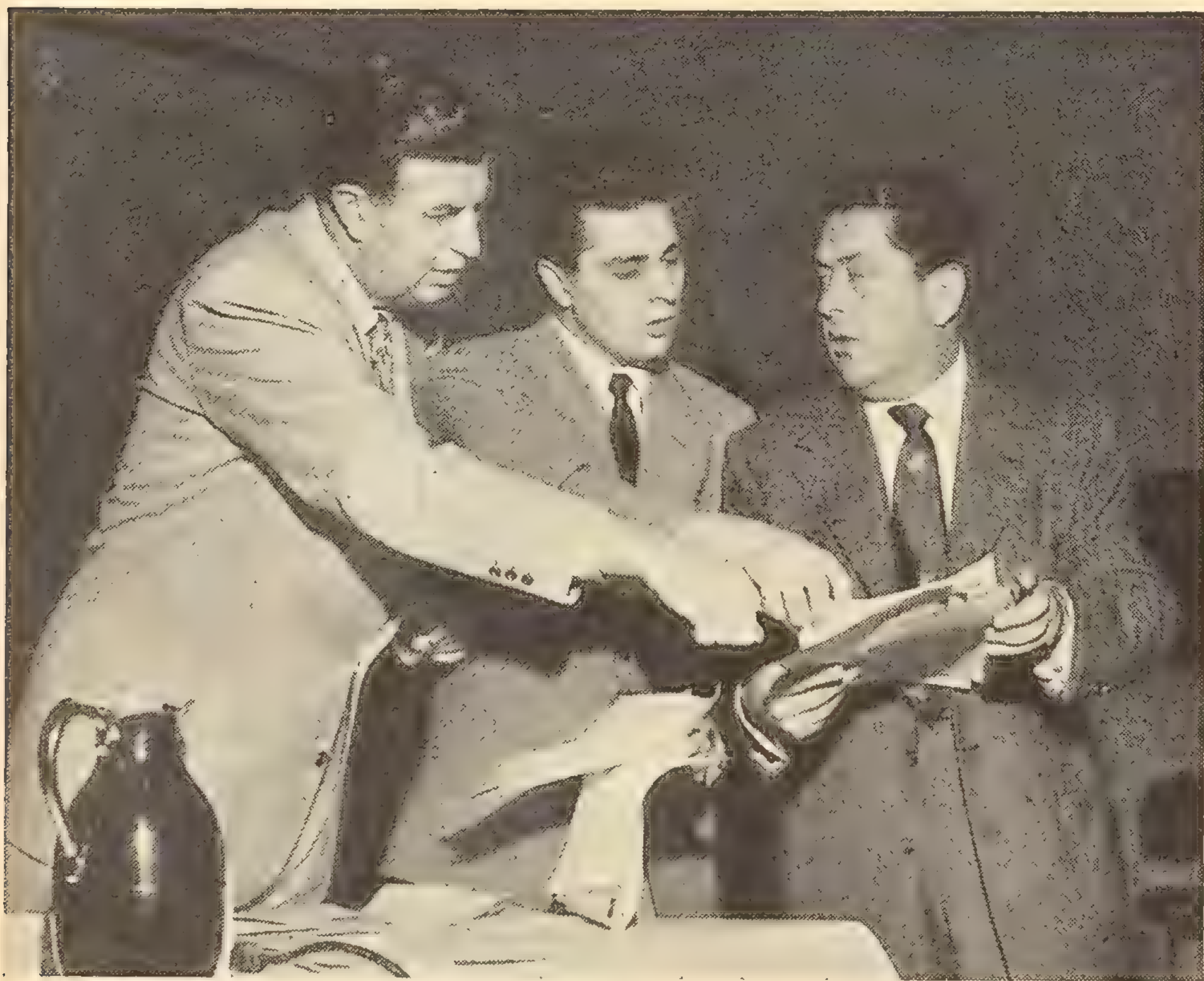


you'll look
your loveliest

"You'll look fresher...younger," says Joan Crawford, star of Joseph Kaufman's Production, "SUDDEN FEAR", released by RKO Radio Pictures. Try Woodbury Cold Cream with *Penaten*, 25¢ to 97¢ plus tax.

radio-TV

BOTH LISTENERS AND TELEVIEWERS ARE IN FOR A TREAT THIS FALL, FEATURING OLD FAVORITES, NEW PROGRAMS—AND RADIO-TV SURPRISES



ABC's Breakfast Club: A daily special for almost twenty years (above—Don McNeill, Johnny Desmond, Sam Cowling).



Grand Ole Opry (with Minnie Pearl and Rod Brasfield): Saturday-night favorite on the NBC network since 1939.

PREDICTIONS in politics may contradict each other fiercely . . . the ardent promises of summer sweethearts may chill and wither away . . . but there's one happy prophecy bound to come true this fall: Home entertainment is going to be brighter, more varied, more exciting than ever. Thanks to a new era of good-neighborliness between radio and television, TV-set owners will be able now to channel right in on some of the microphone's most popular programs and performers, long reserved for the air alone. A number of shows, new and old, will be available to both televiewers and listeners—either simulcast at the same hour, or presented at slightly different times in a format specially adapted to each medium.

But, no matter the form, there are always old favorites whose return is a traditional part of autumn, as welcome as the cool breezes after Indian summer, or the multi-colored leaves aflame on the countryside. It's homecoming time. The whole world seems to smile again, "as the days grow shorter when you reach September"—and Jack Benny returns to the airwaves.

For twenty years now, Americans have looked upon Benny and his merry troupe as members of the family. It was in 1932 that Jack, a headliner in the then-dying two-a-day vaudeville circuit, made a reluctant entrance into radio. Ed Sullivan, the newspaper columnist—now a Sunday-night star himself on CBS-TV's *Toast of the Town*—invited him to guest-star on a new airshow. "Radio?" Jack protested. "I don't know anything about radio."

"That's all right," Sullivan soothed, "nobody does." Benny was

TOP SHOW round-up



Garry Moore grew up in radio, is now a video "must-see" on weekday afternoons over CBS-TV.



Stop the Music! Bert Parks calls America's radio audiences each Sunday night on ABC—pops up 'most everywhere else between times.

Art Linkletter's another top emcee with many programs—and now his Monday-to-Friday House Party is on CBS-TV, as well as CBS.





Vacationing since July 4, CBS-TV's beloved Mama (Peggy Wood) returns to her Friday television life with Papa (Judson Laire).



Saturday nights on NBC-TV, it's Your Show of Shows again, with Imogene Coca's and Sid Caesar's own inimitable brand of comedy.

hardly bolstered by Ed's reassurance, but he consented to go on, introducing himself with those memorable first words: "This is Jack Benny talking . . . there will now be a brief pause while you all say, 'Who cares?'" Of course, everybody knows the answer to that one, today. We all cared so much that, not only is the Benny show a permanent fixture in the fall-winter lineup, but Jack himself will make more frequent TV appearances this year.

Through the years, Benny's endeared himself to audiences with his impersonation of "the fall guy" in every conceivable situation, and his aging Maxwell, his perennial toupee, proverbial stinginess, squeaky fiddling, and never-changing age of thirty-nine have become symbols as familiar to Americans as Uncle Sam's striped pants. But perhaps the best-remembered comedy of Jack's two decades of mirth-making was his famous running duel with his rival comic, Fred Allen.

The battle started when Allen cited the unique talents of a child prodigy who had guested on his show and had zipped through "The Flight of the Bumblebee" rather masterfully on the violin. "Only eight years old, and you can play like that?" Fred gasped. "Why, Benny ought to be ashamed of himself."

The frolicsome feud lasted for years but simmered out after Allen's show left the airwaves in 1948. Now, however, fans are rubbing their hands with glee in anticipation of a revival of the quip-lashing, for Fred is coming back this fall. He's being launched in the role of quizmaster, for the first time, in *Two for the Money*—a decision undoubtedly inspired by the success of the Groucho Marx show, *You Bet Your Life*. And, like Groucho's opus, Allen's own expert ad-libs will be available on both (*Continued on page 101*)

TOP SHOW round-up



The perennially popular Amos 'n' Andy is almost 25 years old, now comes in two versions: That's the CBS-TV cast above, as seen every other Thursday (the radio originals, of course, will be back Sunday nights on CBS).



Good news by phone: Jack Benny's back Sundays on CBS, Dinah Shore continues singing, Tuesdays and Thursdays, on NBC-TV.

Eve Arden will be Our Miss Brooks two ways—heard Sundays on CBS, seen Fridays on CBS-TV.



the house that

Ruth Lyons carried on a heritage, borrowing from the past to build for the future.



Like her personality, her home combines the modern and the Victorian—the practical and the sentimental.

Grew a little

when she made her fateful decision

by Joan Nelson

WHEN should a family undertake the exciting but upsetting project of building a new house or remodelling an old one?

NBC-TV's Ruth Lyons, her professorial husband, Herman Newman, and their elfin blonde daughter, Candy, had the momentous question catch up with them one rainy Sunday afternoon last fall.

It was not an exciting rain. No torrents slashed the transparent barrier of window glass, no gale tossed the spreading branches of the ancient elms and oaks.

It was, instead, merely a steady, boring drizzle squeezing unceasingly from the sponge of cloud which hung low over their personal hilltop at



Program guests are part of Ruth's family, too, precious links to the land she knows and loves.

the edge of Cincinnati. It was just wet enough to keep Ruth and Herman from their usual stroll around their acres; just sloppy enough to make Ruth call to Candy, "Put on your rubbers before you go out to feed the dogs."

It was also just sufficiently dismal to make a person feel shut in, Ruth conceded, as she finished storing dinner leftovers and wandered on into the little room adjoining the kitchen.

Of all the rooms in their hundred-year-old farmhouse, this was the one which had no name, no clear definition of purpose, yet the entire family gravitated toward (Continued on page 84)

Ruth Lyons' Fifty 'Club, seen on NBC-TV, M-F, 12 noon EDT, for a variety of sponsors, including A-1 Sauce.

Ruth, Herman and daughter Candy . . . three busy persons with different interests and hobbies, but all eager to be together. So Ruth "opened the windows" . . . and their lives were changed as if by magic.





Lucille Ball HAS SO MUCH WARMTH TO OFFER SHE MAKES LIFE EXCITING



It isn't always "smooth sailing" for Lucille and husband Desi Arnaz, but they enjoy every moment!

RED-HEADED WONDER WOMAN

By BETTY MILLS

DESI ARNAZ stood on the train platform in Pasadena, watching wide eyed after the two automobiles had arrived. In the first, impatiently directing the driver, sat his wife, Lucille Ball, whom Desi calls affectionately his "Red-headed Wonder." Behind them sat the baby's nurse and the baby, Lucie Desiree. Besides directing the driver, Lucille was giving instructions to the nurse. Meanwhile, Desi's and Lucy's press agent was trying to say something about "This is a vacation?" but Lucy was talking to him, too. In fact, Lucy was talking to the agent with one hand, the driver with her other hand, and to the nurse directly.

But Desi, on the train platform, was unimpressed. This sort of thing was not new. It was the second car that claimed his attention. (Continued on page 69)

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are seen in I Love Lucy, Monday at 9 P.M. EDT, over CBS-TV, for Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.

They have a lovely secret—to share with the world.



AND COLORFUL FOR THOSE AROUND HER



GODFREY WASN'T BORN WITH AN

It took a heap of Living to make

Arthur Godfrey KING

By FRANCES KISH

EDITOR'S NOTE: Each month our readers write us requesting details of Arthur Godfrey's life. Here RADIO-TV MIRROR in one complete round-up presents highlights of the life of America's most fabulous home entertainer.

EVERY DAY—sometimes twice a day—an impish grin, a shock of red hair and an impudent tongue coax gentle laughter, and a mood of relaxation is engendered in millions of people across the nation. It took a heap of living to make that person into the man so many know so well—and so few know intimately. It took a heap of living to make that man into the beloved Arthur Godfrey, king of entertainers on both radio and television.

Actually, Godfrey is many persons rolled into one. He is a fabulously successful entertainer. He is Commander Godfrey of the United States Naval Reserve. He is gentleman Godfrey, farmer and cattle-breeder on a 1,700-acre Virginia estate. He is a sophisticated city guy with a penthouse at the top of a Lexington Avenue hotel, high above one of New York's busiest

Arthur Godfrey Time, 10 A.M., M-F, CBS (part simulcast, M-Th, CBS-TV); under multiple sponsorship. King Arthur Godfrey and His Round Table, CBS, Sun., 5 P.M.; Holland Furnace. Godfrey and His Friends, CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M.; Chesterfield, Pillsbury, Toni. Talent Scouts, CBS and CBS-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M.; Thos. J. Lipton. All EDT.



American boy: Arthur was born in Manhattan, moved to suburban Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., went to school there. Later—crowned with success beyond all dreams—he made a sentimental journey to see Miss Mary B. Quigg (below), favorite teacher.



INFECTIOUS SMILE AND A TWINKLE IN HIS EYE—HE GREW THEM HIMSELF!



Serviceman: Young Arthur joined the Navy, got valuable technical training.



Odd-jobber: He felt the pulsebeat of America in coal mines, forests, farms.



Stout heart: Accident or illness can never keep him from the work he loves.

Arthur Godfrey KING



Entertainer: Best-loved of all the "Arthur Godfreys" is the man with the music, the chatter, the chuckle and grin.

sections. He's a man who owns boats and private planes and commands the maximum of attention from a tremendous cast and network crew. He's also the man who can sell anything.

Yes, he is all these things and more, too. He's a man with a fabulous present—and a past crammed, packed full of robust living. He is the end-product of a life which is truly as common and yet as unique as America itself.

Arthur Godfrey is a man who has worked in a coal mine, washed dishes in a restaurant, driven a taxicab, clerked in a shabby hotel. And he's a man who hobnobs with statesmen and generals, with business executives and scientists, with the greats of Hollywood and Broadway . . . the man who likes people for what they are and for what they can be, not alone for what they have already done . . . and never for what they possess.

Then, too, there is a Godfrey who can understand pain and suffering, perhaps better than anyone, for he himself has lain helpless—and, at times, hopeless—in a hospital. There is strength, too. For Arthur Godfrey, injured in an automobile accident, with several dozen fractures and





Public figure: Godfrey shares the platform—and a light—with such VIP's as the Secretary of State, Dean Acheson.



Family man and far-traveler: Here's Arthur, after a gay Hawaiian holiday, with son Richard, wife Mary—and uke.

serious lacerations, was able to make a complete mental and physical conquest of what might have been to others a permanent disability. Yes, this is a man who has lived—and almost died.

There is a beginning of all these Godfrey stories, which is a warm August 31, 1903, the day a red-haired boy was born to the Godfreys in New York City. They named him Arthur after his father, and he was the first of the three boys and two girls who later filled the house with their laughter and shrieking and fighting and fun. By the time Arthur was two, the family moved from crowded upper Amsterdam Avenue to the quiet community of Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, across the Hudson River from New York.

Like his English father, who loved horses and wrote about them, Arthur loved all animals, and he early began to climb on the back of any horse whose owner would let him. Like his Irish mother, he had auburn hair and a feeling for music and the other arts, and a desire to express himself through them.

His musical debut at the Franklin School kindergarten in Hasbrouck (*Continued on page 98*)



High-flyer: Now a Commander in the Naval Air Reserve, he also pilots his own planes (at left).

Country squire (right): He really farms his big Virginia estate, raises cattle, pigs and poultry.



laughter for a LIFETIME



It was a gala evening for Joan and Mary when Benny triumphed at the Palladium.



London sidelight: Daughter Joan gets an 18th-birthday kiss from Jack.

The touching story of love shared by
Jack and Mary Benny—a love which
makes all things possible

by Maxine Arnold

LIKE A prince, "Stradivarius" in arm, he strolled out on the stage of London's Palladium. Stood there, suave and seemingly sure. Surveyed the packed house with his bland and Benny-blue eyes.

But, for one so long crowned king of comedy by fellow-Americans, Jack Benny was doing some fancy and royal worrying. The Palladium was filled with such famous personages as the Duchess of Kent, attending her first entertainment function since mourning the death of the King; Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands; Claudette Colbert, who'd flown over from France; William Goetz, film executive, and his wife, Edith; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Vivien Leigh, Sir Laurence Olivier, Errol Flynn, and Danny Kaye—who'd made sure his plane would reach London in time for Jack's opening.

Tomorrow morning, English reviews would rave—as they always raved—"Jack Benny Scored His Familiar Success." But this was tonight. . . .

And tonight—sitting out front, her dark hair fashionably coiffed, and looking (as usual) ultra chic and *tres elegante*—was the one person who knew what Jack Benny was going through. Who shared the freeze inside him that would melt with the magic of that first laugh. That familiar first laugh. She'd made a career out of doing what many wives would occasionally welcome—heckling her own husband. Their love had been in bloom for twenty-five years—and was still blooming. (Continued on page 80)

Jack Benny—regularly on CBS Radio, Sun., 7 P.M. EDT, and often on CBS-TV, Sun., 7:30 P.M.; for Lucky Strike.

Secret of a Joyous Life

Fortunate is the child
who has Love's warmth.
Money can't buy it—
nor substitute for it!

by Art Linkletter

I THINK most people know that I was a foundling, adopted by the wonderful parents who brought me up. Financially, they had nothing, but they believed they could give me the one item of riches no child owns in an institution: the sense of being loved for himself as an individual, and the conviction of being a member of a family with a right to share its fortunes.

Mostly, our fortunes were lean. My dad was a traveling revivalist, a dedicated man of God who accepted, literally, the Biblical admonition to go into the world and teach the gospel. He and my mother preached on street corners, in bus and railroad stations, anywhere there were people who might need the help of faith.

I passed the tambourine. The collections were pitifully small; they had to support the three of us as well as anyone else who came to my father in hunger or need of any kind, and those supplicants were uncounted.

We lived from one meal to the next, and sometimes they were widely spaced. I used to stand near the doorway of a bakery to sniff the warm, sweetish fragrance of fresh bread, or beside a popcorn wagon to inhale the salty, buttered aroma of the hot popcorn, or beside a candy shop and roll the scent of chocolate around with my wet tongue.

All those growing years (Continued on page 105)

Art Linkletter's House Party, M-F, on CBS-TV at 2:45 P.M., on CBS Radio at 3:15, for Pillsbury Mills, Lever Bros., Green Giant Co. Art emcees People Are Funny, on CBS, Tues., 8 P.M., for Mars Candy Co. All times EDT.



There's a reason—far beyond "discipline"—for the way Lois and I are bringing up our children (that's Jack with me, above, and Diane and Bob with Lois).



I danced

MY WAY TO HAPPINESS

Arthur Murray's Party gave
me a new lease on life—
gave me Jerry, the man I love

By IDA GEFFIN

Now, in our own home, we often drop everything
to whirl around the room in each other's arms.



I LIKE to believe that even if Jerry and I had never learned to dance and had not met on a certain evening at an Arthur Murray Party, still our paths were fated to cross somewhere, somehow. I like to believe this is so, because not knowing Jerry and not loving him is unthinkable to me now.

Everything good began for me when I decided I was missing out on most of the fun a young girl should be having, because I didn't know how to dance and was shy about trying. Like all girls, I was looking for more social contacts, as well as for ways to improve myself. In school I had been more of a bookworm than anything else. I had worked in the school library and had gone in for sports like tennis and horseback riding for recreation, but when it came to the parties and proms I always managed to find some excuse for staying away. I never felt at my best with large groups of people. I was too shy. I refused to dance. I said I didn't like dancing, but I realize now it was because I didn't dance well.

Jerry, too, was self-conscious and shy. Yet he, too, wanted to meet young people and have a good time. Completely unknown to each other, we were both (Continued on page 74)



Watching Kathryn Murray dance so gracefully on the TV screen helped me make an all-important decision.



Beautiful Ruth Wayne knows that loneliness is hard for a woman, but it's not the worst thing that can happen—with courage, tomorrow can always bring a better day.

BIG SISTER—the story

Ruth Wayne

ONCE KNEW FEAR AS
SHE FACED LONELINESS AND A
NEW WAY OF LIFE



Dr. John Wayne, confined to Green Acres Sanitarium, refuses to be a patient. Mistakenly, he tries to help others.

THE ONLY sound in the modest living room of Ruth Wayne's apartment was the scratch of Ruth's pen as she made out check after check, catching up on the monthly bills which were mounting ever higher. There was the check for her son Richard's schooling, a check for the latest doctor who had been brought in on Dr. John Wayne's case, and the usual check for gas and electricity. It was with a sort of detached calm that Ruth stuffed the checks and the bills in their clean, white envelopes and prepared to seal them. She smiled to herself as she remembered the first days of fear and panic when she had faced the world alone, the day when she had found that her husband would



Ruth Wayne smiled to herself as she remembered the days of fear and panic when she first faced the world alone. Now she felt self-sufficient.

See Next Page_____

of a woman's courage

BIG SISTER—the story



Neddie and Hope had been estranged but when Hope fell ill with an incurable disease, Neddie effected a reconciliation. He had more than done his duty.



Hope's body mended as her mind was set to rest by Neddie's kindness. Miraculously, she recovered and now, would Neddie be able to carry on this marriage?

be confined to Green Acres Sanitarium to get over his nervous breakdown, confined to the very sanitarium where he had worked to help others. The panic was gone now and Ruth felt almost self-sufficient. Funny how you can rise to almost any of life's situations, if you're forced to, she thought. . . . For instance, there was the problem that now confronted Neddie. Neddie and Hope had been estranged for ages, when Hope fell ill with what was thought to be an incurable and fatal disease. Faced with this fact, Neddie had risen to the occasion and effected a reconciliation with Hope, knowing that this would make her last months more secure, happier than they could have been otherwise. Given only a few more weeks to live, Hope's whole attitude toward life seemed to change and, to the doctor's astonishment, Hope's body began to mend. Now, Neddie, who out of kindness and sympathy had set a pattern of life with Hope, was faced with the problem of following through with his deathbed promise, to try and make a go of their marriage. . . . Ruth sighed lightly. You never know what odd twists fate would put to life. She thought about her own problems, about John, about the whole pattern of living which had changed so radically for her during these past months. Perhaps the most difficult part for her was standing by, waiting, unable to do much more for John, who was in an intolerable position. At the sanitarium, Dr. Seabrook, who was handling John's case, was continually confronted with the fact that John refused to be treated as just another patient. Things had reached a horrible impasse when John had undertaken to advise Stephen

Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Ruth Wayne.....	Grace Matthews
John Wayne.....	Paul McGrath
Neddie.....	Michael O'Day
Hope.....	Teri Keane
Dr. Marlowe.....	Mason Adams
Dr. Seabrook.....	Everett Sloane

Big Sister is heard over the CBS network, Monday through Friday, at 1 P.M. EDT. Sponsored by Procter & Gamble.

of a woman's courage



One more step toward independence for Ruth Wayne. Dr. Marlowe had offered and she accepted a job at the Health Center. It was seeing her through a bad time.

Wallace, a deeply disturbed, morose young man who was refusing to communicate with any members of the staff of Green Acres. Dr. Seabrook had to call upon all his inner strength, tact and wisdom in dealing with this problem. He'd warned John not to interest himself in young Stephen's case—not just for Stephen's sake, but for the sake of John's own mental health, which was so precarious. But now Dr. Seabrook was proving to John that by concentrating on the young man's problems, he was actually evading solving his own. Perhaps John might now be persuaded to help in curing himself, Ruth thought. . . . Richard, too, was a problem. He didn't like boarding school, didn't like the idea of his roots being torn away from home, but Ruth could only hope that time would heal his wounds and help him get used to his new way of life, his new school situation. Ruth finished sealing the last envelope. As she got up from the desk and moved around the living room, straightening the magazines on the table, emptying the ash tray where she'd had her after-dinner cigarette, she thought about the emptiness of her life. During the days, now, it wasn't so bad because she had her job at the Health Center, working with Doctor Robert Marlowe, which gave her a chance to keep occupied. Nighttime was the worst for it was in these hours between dinner and bedtime that all her problems had to be faced and, whenever possible, solved. Loneliness is hard for a woman, Ruth thought, but it's not the worst thing that can happen—with courage and determination, perhaps tomorrow might be a better day.



Dr. Seabrook at the Sanitarium warns John Wayne he is only refusing to solve his own mental problems by concerning himself with others. John must change!



John Wayne resents Ruth's working, resents her independence, and she tries to comfort him by telling him all problems can be solved by courage—and time.

the song that touched BING'S heart

Bing Crosby wanted
happiness for one
disappointed little boy.
His reward was a memory
he'll cherish always

By JOAN MAXWELL



With all outdoors calling, there was a promise Bing had to keep—even if it meant "going back to school."

THE BOY stared longingly out the window of the little country schoolhouse into the winter sunshine. He could work up no enthusiasm for his classroom work. Not this morning. School was all right, usually. School was okay. But the boy hadn't meant to attend today. He was going pheasant-hunting instead. For days, he'd been telling everyone how he was going hunting. What, he worried, would the other kids think?

Even as he worried, unknown to him, his two would-be hunting companions, Senator Herman Welker, of Idaho, and Bing Crosby, were in a caucus as to the ways and means of liberating him. The two older men had been friends since boyhood, "Herm" (as Crosby called him) and Bing. They were on a hunting trip together now as the guests of Chet Thorsen, an Idaho cattleman, and they'd faithfully promised Chet's twelve-year-old son, Freeland, he could go hunting with them. But, the night before, the boy had indulged in some boyish breach of conduct and the

"top command"—his mother—disciplined Freeland by saying he couldn't go.

Now, by some odd coincidence, the Senator and Bing turned up hunting near the little white country schoolhouse—which numbered twenty students, one a very reluctant and heartbroken little boy. When the two men were almost at the schoolhouse, they stopped and leaned their hunting gear against a tree. This was a matter which called for careful deliberation. Freeland's mother had said he must go to school. Well, Freeland had gone to school. On the other hand—Bing couldn't forget that look in the kid's eyes.

Putting Bing's thoughts into words, the Senator took the floor. "Think how Freeland must be feeling. We invited him to come with us, and there he sits in that schoolhouse. Why don't you and I walk on over there and see if I can get (Continued on page 87)

Bing Crosby's programs on CBS Radio and CBS-TV are sponsored by General Electric. Consult local papers for time and day.

NO ROOM FOR FEAR

Fran Carlon has
played many a daring
heroine, confident
and unafraid. In
real life, she waged
her biggest battle
against panic

By MARIE HALLER



With husband Casey Allen, Fran now teaches daughter Kerry and son Kim self-reliance, as she herself learned it—through love.

“WHEN I was a youngster,” explains Fran Carlon, “I was a tomboy . . . could skin-the-cat, pitch a ball, or climb a tree with the best of the neighborhood boys. But I was haunted by well-meaning adults. All I had to do, it seemed, was get into a particularly precarious position, then a solicitous adult would come along and sing out, ‘Look out—careful!’ Startled, I’d look in the direction of the voice, and voom—a perfect three-point landing, with one point broken! Broken bones, ye Gods, we finally stopped counting!”

Surprising as it may seem, it was not the broken bones that left the real marks on Fran Carlon, popular radio and television star—the girl who has played Irene Galway and so many other exciting heroines. It was that constricting phrase, “Look out—careful!” A phrase, an idea so often used by adults in an effort to protect children.

“Actually,” continues Fran, “I never fully realized how affected I was by this negative approach until I met my husband, Casey Allen. To Casey, I must have acted like

one of those dogs you read about—the ones that have been trained by scientists to drool at the sound of a bell. My ‘bell’ was a word of caution. I’d be going along great guns until somebody would offer a word of caution. Immediately I’d tighten up and become a sure bet to lose. Casey sensed my trouble. Patiently, and at great length, he proceeded to undo the inner damage these very well-intentioned adults had inflicted. You see, his philosophy was, and still is, quite the opposite from that hammered into me. He believes that to instill confidence is to assure success. And I, Fran Carlon Allen, am here to say he’s right. I’ve seen it work on me. I’ve seen it work on my children.”

Even though Fran is now a (Continued on page 81)

Fran Carlon is Irene Galway on *Our Gal Sunday*, CBS, M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT; sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. for Anacin. Fran and Casey Allen are also heard frequently on *Armstrong’s Theatre of Today*, CBS, Sat., 12:00 noon EDT.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL

It takes a real detective to know when a woman's heart
is broken, and it takes a real man to know how to mend it!

SILENTLY, Sally Farrell sat beside David as he drove through the Black River Valley on their way back to the Ludlow Inn. Her usually vivacious eyes lacked the sparkle which revealed her natural high spirits and satisfaction with the sheer joy of living. The bare trees that hovered close to the narrow dirt road seemed to stretch out their branches in unfriendly fashion as the car wound by. The wind through the barren tree tops, so recently aflame with red and gold leaves, made an eerie whistle, high, shrill, unnatural. The whole valley in the fall grayness seemed raw, naked, stripped, as if waiting to receive the winter garment of snow which must come soon to cover its ugliness. The whole place reminded Sally of the gray, weather-beaten house they had just left and she shivered at the recollection. Crime is never pleasant, but ordinarily David's cases involved tangled lives which could—with a dose of humor, some real detecting and David's alertness—be straightened out. But this last one had few elements that made it pleasant. A man's insanity had led to murder and the wrecking of the lives of three young, innocent children. There was nothing funny, nothing even hopeful, when the record of David's detecting which brought the man to justice was added up—human wreckage is never pleasant to see. Sally sighed deeply and David, as if sensing her discouraged thoughts, quickly put out his hand to cover hers. But, at that moment, even David (with his strange ability to get in and out of situations in which crime is involved) seemed a part of all the horror that had gone on during the last three days. Sally withdrew her hand and huddled close in the corner. During the next hour, her thoughts were so concentrated inward that she didn't observe anything until David abruptly halted the car. "Thought you might like to get a small thrill from being with your husband," he grinned down at her, before sliding out of the car to open the door on her side. No bright retort rose to Sally's lips as she stepped wearily out. She stood looking up at David, her thoughts too recently dragged back from crime to comprehend what he was saying as he took her hand and looked deep into her eyes. "Look, I want you to see something—a sort of phenomenon of nature which I discovered a long while ago when I came here on a camping trip," he said softly

to her, as if gently but firmly he would remove the spell of despair that seemed like a mantle, enveloping her. Sally allowed herself to be led through the trees. The rustling of the fallen leaves and the occasional scratch of one bare limb against another were the only sounds that broke the silence as they climbed steadily upward. Suddenly, a small green bush stood in the path and, as Sally looked about her, she realized that they were in a tiny glen by a lake, the rocks towering high along one side. The air had lost its sharpness and there was a soft, warm quality to it. Overhead a tree, still wearing its autumn mantle, blazed with red leaves and beside it grew another bush, its garment startlingly green. The water in the tiny lake lapped the shore and here indeed was a peace Sally could almost smell and touch, it seemed so real. "This is what I wanted to show you," David said, his voice taking on a slightly husky quality. "You see, coming back in the car, I sensed that you were looking at the ugly side of life—and Lord knows, from what you've seen these last few days, I can't say I blame you." Sally nodded. "I don't very often go feminine on you," she said, smiling reflectively. David's sober face looked down at her. "No, you don't often turn feminine on me as you call it," he said solemnly. He took her chin and tilted it so her eyes looked directly into his. "There is ugliness, Sally, lots of ugliness in the world—like the people we encountered this week, like the hillsides on the road through the valley. But, with us, life is like this glen. Because we have built a fine life together, because we share—well, we share ugliness, too—but mostly we share laughter and love. I don't very often say things from the heart but I have to tell you, that for the years of our married life, you have made our time together like this place—a haven in a world that is sometimes not all we'd like it to be, a place where beauty is always present." Sally's eyes were moist as she put her arms around David's neck and rested her head on his shoulder. All the weariness and the heartache of the last few days passed from her and her heart once again felt light and gay. Yes, David with his wonderful instinct for detecting had known how to find her heart and salve its soreness. Truly, she was a lucky woman to have a man who could solve *her* problems, too!

Front Page Farrell is heard on NBC, M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Whitehall Pharmacal Co. and Boyle-Midway, Inc. Staats Cotsworth and Florence Williams are pictured here in their starring roles as David and Sally Farrell.

Sally felt she'd never forget
the secret David had shared
from the depths of his heart.





If she loves,
that love will never dim
and the object
of her love
will never fade or
change in her eyes

Kukla-creator Burr Tillstrom . . . Fran . . . and husband Archie Levington.

FRAN ALLISON—the woman who sees with her HEART

by Helen Bolstad

FAMILY secrets have a way of turning into the Kuklapolitans' best production numbers. Sometimes they are confided to television friends in their original form; sometimes they reach the screen as Burr Tillstrom's gently satiric comment on a characteristic trait of some member of his Kukla, Fran and Ollie cast.

Many viewers sensed that such a secret inspired the show in which Fran, about to leave for Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where her alumni association at Coe College had named her guest of honor, was beset by Ollie bearing gifts.

Though lovingly be- (Continued on page 86)

Kukla, Fran and Ollie is seen on NBC-TV, Sun., 6 P.M. EDT; Breakfast Club is heard on ABC, M-F, 9 A.M. EDT.



Wearing odd costumes on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club doesn't bother Fran—but a party dress embarrassed her!

BERT PARKS—Every day's a Holiday

"It takes work, but a man and wife
have only themselves to blame if they're
failures at building a life together."

By GREGORY MERWIN

"SOMEONE comes along every day and says you've got to work at a marriage to make it successful, but that's only half the story. Maybe ants and eager beavers get happiness merely by plodding, but not human beings. People have to think, give of themselves, to build surroundings for happiness." Dynamic Bert Parks, known as one of the most contented family men in radio and video, well knows from experience, and wouldn't jeopardize or neglect any aspect of his family's welfare for the sake of his career or for anything else. Home comes first and for that reason it's always a holiday at the Parks house. Of course, there is work to be done daily, but it is work—and play—in an atmosphere that is relaxed and tension-free.

"Every married couple starts out with love, and then sometimes things go berserk." Bert grins a little self-consciously at the philosophizing, but continues, "The way it goes, they take each other for granted. Actually, they've stopped respecting each other as individuals. With respect comes understanding and dignity, and finally the true sharing of a life together."

In the Parks home everyone has a vote. Bert is neither considered the lord and master of the manor nor is Annette crowned the queen. Petty, just about three years old, has inherited her mother's beauty, but there the similarity ends and (Continued on page 103)



Bert's so devoted to his family that his wife swears he's developed a "sixth sense" where they're concerned.

Bert Parks is heard and seen on Break the Bank, Sun., 9:30 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV; sponsored by Bristol-Myers.

Search for tomorrow

Joanne Barron finds the value of today
in successfully living for tomorrow

EVENTS in the life of Joanne Barron are proving over and over again that, in any human being's search for tomorrow, complete love and understanding must be built on a firm foundation of faith in today. Joanne is the widow of Keith Barron, only son of Irene Barron, a self-centered woman who has always claimed and gotten the attentions of her children. When Keith died, Irene was determined that she would take Joanne and Keith's daughter, Pati, from Joanne. The same selfish determination underlies all Irene's actions, and again and again she fights for custody of Pati without ever realizing the harm she's inflicting on her daughter-in-law or on her grandchild by insisting that scandal is present in Joanne's life. Mrs. Mitchell was Joanne's next-door neighbor, and it was to Mrs. Mitchell that Irene turned for confirmation of gossip about Joanne. . . . On this particular day of the hearing for custody of Pati, Mrs. Mitchell came to testify in Irene's behalf. As she made her way to the witness stand, it was apparent that she was a motherly type of woman, honest and yet obviously inquisitive. Certainly nothing in her opening sentences about Joanne indicated the bomb she was about to drop on the courtroom scene. Her voice was calm as she told about the excellence of Joanne's care for Pati. Then, suddenly, it took on a scornful note as she pictured the scene in Joanne's house when she came to borrow a cup of sugar, during the time when Keith was dying in the hospital. Mrs. Mitchell had yoo-hooed her approach and then wandered through the house in search of Joanne. Abruptly, without warning, she had come upon Joanne in the living room—in the arms of another man, a man not Joanne's husband, but one Dr. Hilton. . . . Her testimony was unshakable as she described the scene of Joanne enfolded in Dr. Hilton's arms. It wasn't until there was a cry of protest from Joanne's sister-in-law, Louise, that the judge decided to question Mrs. Mitchell further. Louise had not only witnessed the scene but denied that Dr. Hilton was doing anything except giving Joanne a friend's consoling shoulder. Louise explained that Dr. Hilton and Joanne had been friends for a long time, and it was the greeting of two who shared each other's grief. The judge, seeking the truth, turned to Mrs. Mitchell. "Well," admitted Mrs. Mitchell finally, "I didn't see them kiss, although I thought that was what they had been doing, and perhaps . . . perhaps it could have been that kind of greeting." After the judge had dismissed Mrs. Mitchell, he turned to the court and observed, "I am puzzled about what I've heard this morning. How can a woman commit a perjury in good faith? She has taken an incident and blown it up into a damning piece of evidence. Idle gossip has no place in anyone's mind at any time!" To which Joanne silently added, "In our search for tomorrow we are often disappointed in what we find, for we have built today on the quicksand of trouble."

Search for Tomorrow is seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M., for Procter & Gamble. Pictured here in their original roles (left to right): Sara Anderson as Louise, Mary Stuart as Joanne, Coe Norton as Dr. Hilton.



Peering from the doorway, Mrs. Mitchell saw Joanne in Dr. Hilton's arms — and believed the worst!



Claudia Morgan's found her



**GOLDEN CHARMS MARK HER SHINING HOURS,
TINY MEMENTOS ADDING UP
TO NINE GLORIOUS, GOLDEN YEARS**

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

By GLADYS HALL

LIKE the legendary sundial that "only marks the shining hours," the golden charms on Claudia Morgan's bracelet are the symbols of her heart's happiness. One by one, they tell the story, mark the shining hours of her romance with radio director and commentator Ernest Chappell, and of their marriage, now almost ten years old—and still a romance.

Golden Claudia, heroine of *The Right to Happiness* radio drama. Golden Claudia—golden hair, wide-set hazel eyes, golden-gleaming skin—jingled the profusion of golden charms: A tiny car, a miniature hansom cab, a boat, discs engraved with names and dates, hearts engraved with names and dates, a tiny pig, a book no bigger than your littlest fingernail, were among those that could be identified at a glance.

"The bracelet itself came first, of course," Claudia said. "Chappie gave me the bracelet the Christmas after we (Continued on page 82)

Claudia is heard as Carolyn on *The Right to Happiness* over NBC, M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, for Procter & Gamble.

Two "charms" too big for Claudia's bracelet—but still among her treasures—a Colonial church bell (left) and "Mr. P.," their dog.



From the start, Claudia knew she and "Chappie" had so much to share, with their radio-TV careers



But she never dreamed that one day she'd learn to love farming as he did—and even drive a tractor!

Garry Moore— UNFUNNY MAN

The accident of laughter made Garry
the man he is today. But he'd
rather be right than funny

By MARTIN COHEN

TO BEGIN at the end," says Garry Moore, CBS-TV's comedy star, "I do not consider myself a comedian again."

The *again* is ungrammatical but accurate. Garry, for eighteen years, has been fighting a quixotic battle. Periodically, he declares that he is no comic. He asserts he doesn't want to tell jokes, can't tell jokes, isn't funny and no one laughs at him. Each time, just as sure as the rising sun, fans, sponsors, critics and assorted veepees come back with, "Garry, you're a very funny man. Keep us laughing."

The merry but maddening mix-up began eighteen years ago when Garry went to work for a radio station in his hometown, Baltimore. He had a burning ambition to be a writer and received tremendous encouragement from the great American novelist, F. Scott Fitzgerald. Garry had collaborated with Fitzgerald while he was still a senior in high school. Nothing came of the play, but Garry at the age of eighteen found himself launched as a professional and earned a job as a radio writer.

"I wrote everything for a while—spot announcements, mood stuff to go with organ music, skits and, in particular, an afternoon comedy show. The last was my undoing."

One day the star of the comedy show took ill at the last minute. The station manager asked Garry to go on.

"I'm not a comedian," he said.

The boss coaxed. Garry (Continued on page 72)



Garry's wife, Eleanor, "got into the act" on his evening show, *I've Got a Secret*, but they had another secret they've never told—till now!

Garry Moore Show, seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, for Best Foods Corp., Stokely-Van Camp, Inc., and others.



“Others can never know
the depth of determination
in your heart—only
time and courage can reveal it”

Margaret Draper— STUBBORN LASSIE

By JOE JENSEN

THE CLUE to the character of Margaret Draper, star of CBS' *Brighter Day*, is not in her gentle voice or her gracious manner. It's in those serious, deep blue eyes which reveal the intelligent determination that led to her success as an actress.

“Not all of it was intelligent,” she says quickly, “some of it was ordinary stubbornness.”

Of course, all little boys want to be airplane pilots and all little girls want to be actresses. Margaret caught the bug while she was still in kindergarten. She was chosen for a play presented by the University of Utah at the Salt Lake City Opera House. Her desire was so intense that at the ripe old age of eleven she first displayed the determination which was to be her greatest asset.

“My French class was putting on the ‘Three Bears’ and I was to be the little bear—but only if I could get a costume. I told the teacher I could.”

She asked her mother to make a bear suit. Mother, a little bewildered by the request and the short notice, had to refuse. The day of the play, Margaret had no costume. She fibbed, telling the teacher she had forgotten her costume.

“Lying was misplaced determination. However, I learned my lesson through embarrassment,” Margaret says. “You can see, even at that age, how intent I was on being an actress.”

Margaret took advantage (Continued on page 72)

Love and skill count, too—particularly when she sketches husband Joe and son Christopher.



Margaret can be heard on *The Brighter Day*, M-F, on CBS, 2:45 P.M. EDT—on NBC, 9:45 A.M.—for Procter & Gamble.



My husband, John, is one of the nicest—and most unexpected—silver linings I ever found for myself.

Early struggles grow dim, even the work I love seems far away, at our summer place on Lake Tonetta with two of my daughters, both my grandchildren—and John.

OPTIMISM AND



I believe in Silver linings

by
Ethel
Owen

CALL ME a Pollyanna, if you wish, but I believe in silver linings. More than that, I *know*—I've had to find a few for myself.

And therein lies the one catch—finding your own silver lining *yourself*! No one can give it to you, and it seldom comes tailor-made, cut to fit. You have to do your own cutting, basting and seaming. After all, your silver lining is a personal thing—what one individual considers compensation might very easily be spurned by another. A sort of “one man’s meat. . .” If you’re lucky, you may have an occasional helping hand along the way, but you have to be prepared and willing to do the finding—the achieving—*yourself*.

Needless to say, a liberal dash of optimism and courage will stand you in good stead . . . not the kind of optimism that refuses to look an unpleasant fact in the face, but the kind that leads you to make something worthwhile out of a seemingly bad state of affairs . . . and, when a method of improvement presents itself, have the courage to follow it through.

This is one subject I feel I know about. I know all about the dark clouds that make the search for silver linings so important. Years ago, (*Continued on page 88*)

Ethel Owen is heard frequently on Armstrong's Theatre of Today, over CBS, Sat., 12 noon EDT. She is also Mother Burton on The Second Mrs. Burton, CBS, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, for General Foods.

A HELPING HAND REAFFIRMED ETHEL OWEN'S FAITH IN HUMAN BEINGS



Only my busy actress-daughter, Pamela Britton, is missing from this family reunion—that's her child, Kathy, in the back seat with John and me—in the front seat are Mary, Virginia's little girl Heidi and Virginia herself.

Luigi and

LUIGI BASCO is one of the many characters whom J. Carrol Naish has brought to life over the years. Though quite a few of these foreign-accented people played by Naish were not all as lovable as the Luigi who delights radio listeners, they all had the benefit of being portrayed by one of the ablest character actors in the American theatre. . . . An Irishman born in New York City, Naish is usually taken for anything but a native citizen, since his career has been packed full of roles which required him to imitate every conceivable type of foreign accent—not an O'Reilly in the lot. He made his theatrical debut in Paris with a French musical-comedy company, toured Russia, Egypt and India with the troupe; trained for the legitimate stage with a Yiddish theatre group; and played the role of a Japanese prince in his first movie, "The Shanghai Gesture." This portrayal led to a series of villains-of-all-nations movie parts—a step which found him an Academy Award nominee three times. In 1947, the Foreign Correspondents of the World gave him their "Oscar" for the finest character acting of the year. . . . Although Luigi is a bachelor "by choice," J. Carrol is married to an actress, Gladys Heaney, and has a nineteen-year-old daughter, Elaine. . . . Hobby-wise, Carrol is a student of Irish history—he owns a two-hundred-year-old ancestral castle at Bally Cullen in Ireland, one of the few spots in the world where folks know he's an Irishman.

DESPITE Pasquale's machinations, it looks as if Luigi will never make good his contract to marry patient Rosa, his willing but "slightly plump" daughter. But Jody Gilbert, the gal who brings Rosa to life, isn't taking it hard—after all, it's only Rosa who has to worry. Her part on the Luigi show is the first radio work Jody has done since her teen-age days. At that time, she specialized in singing and had her own musical shows on Fort Worth and Dallas stations. When she finished high school, Jody went on tour through the South in musical comedies, then did some summer theatre work and finally ended up in New York. . . . Broadway producers were cold to Jody's Southern accent, so she attended a school to lose her drawl. She studied dialects, and became an expert on European voice characterizations. In 1932, Jody came to California for a few years and joined the Pasadena Playhouse. A return to New York in 1935 found Jody appearing in what she dubs a "series of sensationally quick flops." Three years later, she went back to Hollywood to begin a long career as a motion-picture character actress. To date, Jody has appeared in some 128 movies—making good use of her flair for dialect. . . . When she lost out in the tryouts for the My Friend Irma-Mrs. O'Reilly part, Jody immediately brushed up on her Italian accent, and tried for the role as Luigi's Rosa. She got it, and has been the foil for Pasquale's marriage plots ever since.



Luigi



Rosa

who's who in RADIO-TV

Friends

FROM her photo, it's pretty easy to see why Luigi and the other pupils love to go to school and take English lessons from Miss Spalding—Mary Shipp, off the radio. Mary began her radio career as one of fiction's most famous little schoolgirls, Tom Sawyer's own true love, Becky Thatcher. She got the role just after she was graduated from Los Angeles City College, where she majored in dramatic arts. . . . A native of Los Angeles, Mary studied ballet as a child, and her dancing ability brought her into the child-actress field when she was eight years old. While a student at the Immaculate Heart Convent, the little girl's extra-curricular activities included a tour of Southern California in "The Little Princess," and other stock-company roles at the Old Egan Theatre. . . . Some of the radio parts Mary has handled were Henry Aldrich's girl friend, Kathleen, and "Mrs. Milton Berle" on the Milton Berle show. In 1938, the actress signed for a five-week show called The Phantom Pilot, with Howard Duff. While working on the program, she met Harry Ackerman, the program's producer. She became Mrs. Ackerman on August 16, 1939. Mary, Harry, their two children, Susan and Stephen, a Scottie dog—name of Gramps—and a mongrel called Dorothy reside in Beverly Hills. Mary says her only hobbies are home-making and studying French. "Harry's the one with all the hobbies, and he has enough enthusiasm for the whole family," she explains.

ANOTHER native New Yorker who is a master of the fine art of imitating foreign accents, Alan Reed, portrays that tireless matchmaker and haunter of poor Luigi, Pasquale. Reed has been heard on almost every prominent radio program—he's Mr. Clyde, Irma's boss, on My Friend Irma; he was Falstaff Openshaw on the Fred Allen show; and Clancy the Cop on Duffy's Tavern. At one time, Alan was doing thirty-five shows a week, which he cut down to fifteen when he started to do character roles in the movies. His latest film appearance was as Pancho Villa in "Viva Zapata." . . . Reed attended Columbia University when he was a lad, where he became the college's broad-jumping champion, took a letter in wrestling, and distinguished himself as a college playwright of some note. After school, he worked successively as an actor in an Oklahoma City stock company; as manager and production chief of the Playwrights' Theatre; as a vaudevillian; as a candy manufacturer; and at one point, to make ends meet, as a physical director of a Manhattan gymnasium. . . . Then came radio, and Reed went right into it with his usual enthusiasm. The Reed family—Alan, his wife (former actress Finette Walker) and their brood of three sons moved to Hollywood in 1943.

Life With Luigi is heard over CBS radio at 9 P.M. EDT, Tuesday, sponsored by Wrigley's Chewing Gum; and viewed over CBS-TV, at 9:30 P.M. EDT, Monday, sponsored by General Foods.



Miss Spalding



Pasquale



Dad wrote the song, "Cathy," for me—but he usually calls me "Matilda," and sometimes even "Chub-Chub"!

I'M A VERY

When I was little I used to think my dad, Bob Crosby, was the most wonderful man in the world. I still do!

by Cathy Crosby

NOW THAT I'm thirteen years old (and practically a grown woman) Mother and Daddy let me go to a movie with the boy next door. When I got home from that first date, Daddy asked, with a smile, if I went to see "Two Tickets To Broadway"—because he's in it.

"Gosh, no," I answered, "who wants to sit in the balcony with a boy and have your Dad watch you from the screen!"

Of course Daddy laughed hardest. Because he knows I'd really be lost without his guidance and companionship. When I was a little girl I used to think my dad, Bob Crosby, was just about the most wonderful man in the world. Now that I'm grown, I see no reason for changing my mind. I still think so. In fact, the older I get the nicer he gets . . . and smarter, too. Look at the way he handles his job on the Jack Benny Show, as well as his own Club 15!

Until my little sister Junie Malia was born in 1951, I was the only girl in pretty much of a masculine household. There was Mother, of course, but we were sort of outnumbered by my three brothers and Dad. Three younger brothers and a father who sings can be pretty noisy at times. Now that we have Junie Malia (that's Mary in Hawaiian) I feel the girls are coming into their own around here.

Since Mother is (Continued on page 104)

Bob Crosby is heard on Club 15, M-W-F, 7:30 P.M., for Campbell's Soups, and the Jack Benny Program, Sun., 7 P.M., for Lucky Strike; both EDT on CBS.



I'd love to be a singer some day, but can't help getting a little nervous when I duet with Dad on one of his shows.



We're a good-sized family—from left to right, Bob, Jr., Steve, Mother and baby Junie, then Dad and Chris and me.

LUCKY GIRL

Can a child be DISCIPLINED with Love?

PRETTY little dark-haired Marsha, Julie Paterno's latest problem charge at Hilltop House, was frankly one of the most undisciplined children Miss Julie had ever been called upon to handle. Julie believed to the very depth of her being that any child must learn to love herself before she can love others. Concretely, Julie felt that Marsha should be urged to be part of her age group and to learn to respect herself by experiencing the rewards that come from having others of her own age respect her. This was a little difficult to accomplish, especially since Marsha was determined to do everything in her power to bring punishment down upon her head. . . . Gradually, however, Julie began to see a small change in Marsha. She found that, every once in a while, Marsha would do a kind act for someone her own age and then bask in the sunshine of the approval. As this was being accomplished, Julie's next step was to urge Marsha not only to participate in the fun the teenagers were having, but also in the responsibilities they were to assume around the orphanage. Julie's job here was almost as difficult as her project with the teenagers . . . for Hannah, the cook, was set in her ways and believed that children should just automatically be helpful, no matter how they had been trained beforehand. Julie was prepared for tension when she walked into Hannah's kitchen the day Marsha was scheduled to work there, but the scene that met her eye was a little more than she'd bargained for. Belligerently, Marsha stood in front of Hannah, daring her, taunting Hannah to strike her. One look and Julie knew what had happened. Marsha had deliberately left Hannah's favorite pot holder edged over the stove burner so that it had caught fire. . . . As Marsha's voice

rose to a shrill, excited pitch, Hannah reached out to strike Marsha and Julie stayed her hand just in time. Sternly, Julie ordered Marsha out of the kitchen and into her office and calmed Hannah. It took tactful handling, but Julie was finally able to bring Hannah around, by once more enlisting her aid in helping the unruly child. In her office, Julie confronted Marsha, not with criticism but with understanding. "I understand why you act as you do," Julie said sympathetically. "We all want attention and there are two ways of getting it, a right and a wrong way. Hannah likes you and wants you to learn to cook as well as she does. . . ." "Learn to cook?" said Marsha, the sullenness leaving her face and her eyes lighting up, "but I thought she just wanted me to clean up the kitchen and scrub out the pans." "I guess Hannah was wrong too," Julie said, smiling. "She should have explained that this is the worst part of cooking—we all have to do it—but the best part is to come. Why don't you replace the pot holder out of your allowance and give it to Hannah with an apology? I think then she might be willing to let you try a hand at the next birthday cake that's going to be baked." Marsha grinned. "I'd like that," she said simply. . . . A week later when Marsha placed "her" birthday cake on the table for one of the other orphans, Julie knew she'd won another victory. The praise which the other girls gave Marsha warmed her heart . . . but, more than that, it showed Marsha how to gain attention the right way—with love.

Hilltop House is heard on CBS, M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Miles Laboratories (Alka-Seltzer). Pictured here in their radio roles, left to right: Lili Darvas as Hannah, Joan Lazar as Marsha, Jan Miner as Julie Paterno.



It was an explosive situation between angry cook and willful child—and both were wrong. What could Julie do?

Here they are for TV—just as millions of listeners envisioned them: Seated, the Kingfish and Andy; behind them, Henry Van Porter, Amos, Lightnin', Lawyer Calhoun.



Amos 'n' Andy in search of themselves

Gentle Amos,
blustering Andy
and the lovable rogue, Kingfish,
had to come alive for America.
Two years' effort made it possible

By MARY TEMPLE

NOW THE story can be told. The story of how Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll, creators of radio's famed Amos 'n' Andy, searched two years for their television counterparts, whom you enjoy every other Thursday night over CBS. The search covered the entire country, involved more than eight hundred personal interviews, some fifty screen tests and more than two thousand voice recordings.

"White actors didn't seem believable to portray these beloved Negro characters," Gosden says, "so our search began to center on talented Negroes. We had definite ideas about what we were looking for and we knew that, after more than twenty years of listening, the public had the same ideas. We had to find exactly the right types." How well they succeeded, everyone now knows, but how tough a job it was is only now being told. And some of the amusing stories concerning the search are just now coming to light.

There was the time, for instance, (Continued on page 106)

Amos 'n' Andy is seen on alternate Thursdays, over CBS-TV, at 8:30 P.M. EDT; telecast sponsored by Blatz Brewing Co. for Blatz Beer.

Red-Headed Wonder Woman

(Continued from page 35)

Suitcases, all small, singly and in pairs, were jam-packed into it. Fishing rods poked out of every window and suitcases hung from every door handle. Even the baby's playpen (on top of the car) was set up to hold more suitcases.

Actually, there really wasn't quite as much luggage as there seemed. One large trunk, at the most two, would have held it all. But the small cases, packed into the car in haste and partially awry, took up a great deal of room.

The railway station porter took off his red cap and scratched his head. "Man," he muttered, "that's the mostest baggage Ah ever saw!"

Desi began counting under his breath as the bags came out of the car. "Uno, dos, tres, my trout rods, cuatro, cinco, seis, my box fishing tackle, siete, ocho, nueve, diez. Good Lord!"

"Lu . . . cy," he said in a butter-sweet fashion.

Lucy alighted from the car still talking. "Yes, dear."

"You going 'round the world?"

Lucy's eyes narrowed. "What do you mean?"

"I mean you got enough luggage for a lifetime. What happened to the big trunk?"

"It's not 'proctical'," said Lucy. "I couldn't find a thing in it. This way, at least, I know where everything is."

"But you've got too much stuff."

"It's not stuff. You never know when you'll need something for an emergency."

"Well, you can't take it all."

"Don't be silly. You'll just have to leave some of your fishing stuff."

"Wh . . . at?"

"You heard me. You've got at least five rods. You'll just have to leave some of them. I don't see why you need them all anyhow."

"I see you know a lot about fishing. Those are all for different purpose. And I can't leave any of them."

"And I can't leave any of my things or the baby's things." They stood and looked at one another in mounting silence, as the mountain of luggage began moving into their compartments, safari fashion.

Not long after the luggage was loaded and the train had started on its way, Lucy and Desi (cramped in their compartment with the fishing tackle and the playpen) looked at each other and laughed. They laughed so hard and loud they fell back exhausted on their seats. As they adjusted themselves to fitting in with their luggage, anger vanished and once more their sense of humor came to the rescue.

Life for Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz is like that. They pride themselves on being so average—"just boringly normal," they'll say with pride—but nothing about Lucille and Desi is "normal," let alone—"boring." They're really exciting and colorful and, because they have so much warmth to offer, they share it with the nation in their television adventures on I Love Lucy, which are not too unlike things that might happen at home—or on boarding a train.

When Lucille and Desi first stepped out of their usual evening clothes—after years of night-club work—nobody was sure they could stand life on a quiet five-acre home in Chatsworth, a lovely suburb in the San Fernando Valley. Even Desi and Lucille didn't know for certain. But because they wanted so to live an average, normal life like other people,

(Continued on page 71)



**Only one soap
gives your skin this**

Exciting Bouquet

**And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild . . .
leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger-looking!**

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild! So amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for all types of skin—dry, oily or normal! Daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, delicate smoothness, exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly . . . for the finest complexion care . . . for a fragrant invitation to romance!

**Complexion and
big Bath Sizes**

Now at lowest price!
**Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap**

**THRILLING
OFFER!**
LIMITED TIME ONLY

Only 25¢

**With 3
Cashmere Bouquet
Soap Wrappers
(Any Size)**

Nylon Bristle Hair Brush

Order Several While Supply Lasts!

Cashmere Bouquet, P. O. Box 4
Brooklyn 1, New York

I enclose . . . in coin and . . . Cashmere Bouquet Soap wrappers (any size). Please send me . . . Nylon Bristle Hair Brushes as described in this advertisement.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

Order 1 brush or as many as you wish. For each brush ordered, enclose 25¢ in coin and 3 Cashmere Bouquet Soap wrappers. Offer good in Continental U. S. (excepting Montana). Closes April 1, 1953.

New creamy-soft make-up covers so lightly

Looks so naturally lovely
Feels like your very own skin

Your Pan-Stik® Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh
it looks and feels like your very own skin.

Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer
—with never a trace of “made-up” look. Try Pan-Stik
today. See how Max Factor’s exclusive blend of
ingredients in a stick form gives you a new,
more alluring, *natural* loveliness.

ALICE KELLY

as she looks when away from the studio.

Now appearing in

“SON OF ALI BABA”

A Universal-International Picture
Color by Technicolor

Shows Max Factor’s Pan-Stik because
it looks so natural, even compared with
most cosmetics. And it lasts longer.
Given by Nellie DeGree • Bracelet by
Furber • Earrings by Napier

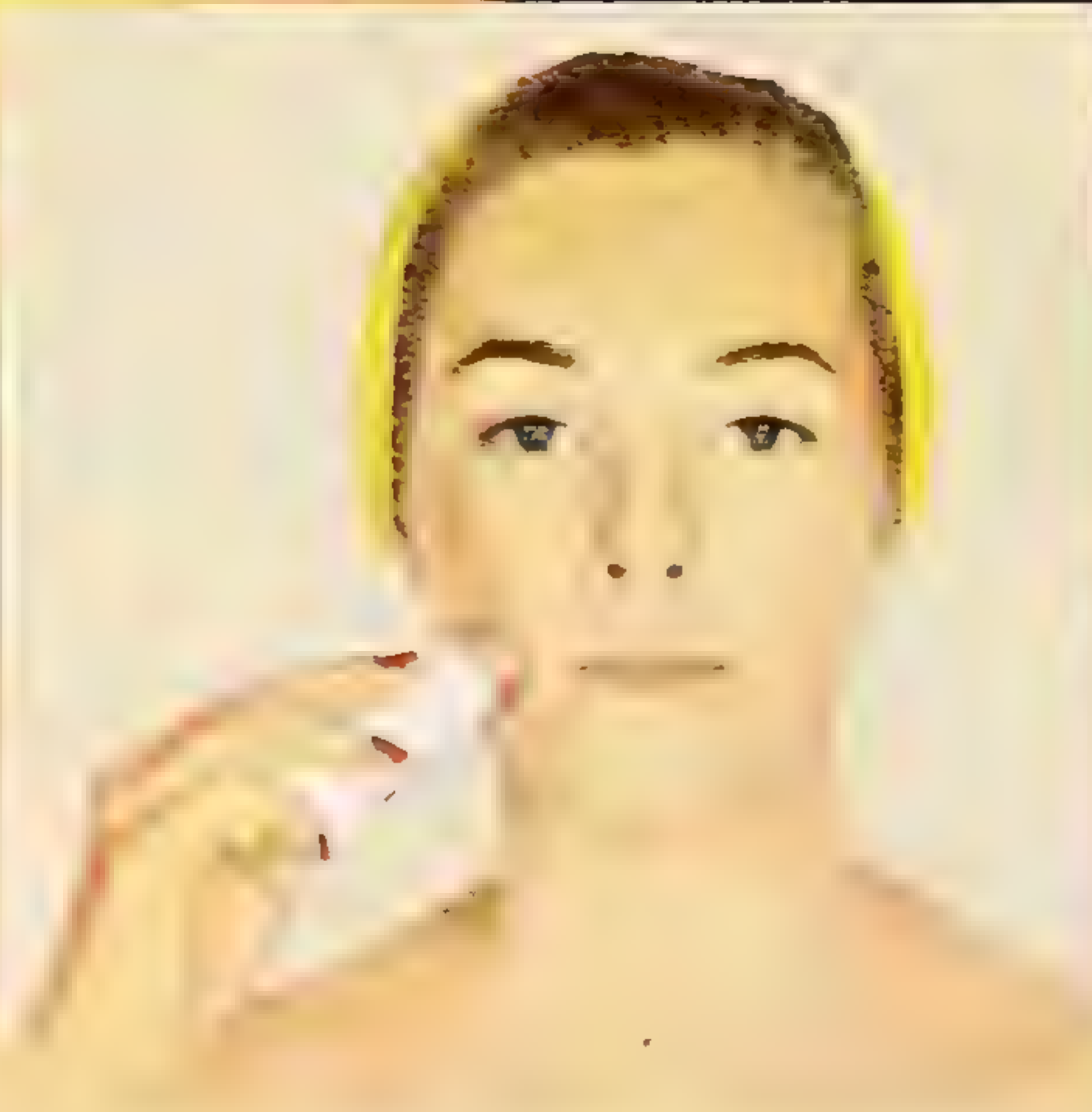
Pan-Stik

by
MAX Factor

Your beauty makeup is still free.

\$1.50 plus tax. In 7-centime countries—
a bargain with no comparison.

Available in Canada at
slightly different prices.



So quick! So convenient! Easy to use as lipstick

1 Max Factor’s Pan-Stik is creamy make-up
in new convenient stick form. No puff, no
sponge, can’t spill or leak into your purse.

2 Swirl up Pan-Stik as you do your lipstick.
Apply light strokes to nose, forehead, chin,
lips. No messy fingernail deposits, as with
ordinary cream. No dripping as with liquid.

3 Now, with fingertips spread Pan-Stik gently
over face. Notice how smoothly it blends, how
perfectly it covers. And how fresh and natu-
rally lovely it makes your skin look and feel.

Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-stick make-up

(Continued from page 69)

Desi and Lucille made their house into a dream home.

Desi loves to build! Not only did he build the three-room nursery wing onto the main house, for Lucie Desiree, but he's still building. There is the little house which stands apart from the main building and baffles everybody. Because no one is quite sure of its purpose, it's called "the lathe house." But if you were to ask Desi what the little house is for, he'd smile vaguely and say, "Oh, sure!"

You might reply questioningly, "What do you mean?"

"Oh, you know," Desi would say, airily waving his hand.

Then, of course, you would have to reply, "Oh, sure!"

This has become the standing gag around the Arnaz household. Any question that can't be answered gets the same answer, "Oh, sure." But there aren't too many questions that can't be answered. For Lucille and Desi know where they are going. Following the tremendous success of the TV show, life has become pretty smooth and happy. And now the most exciting news has topped it—they are going to be parents again in late winter!

To Lucille, who wants a family more than being an average housewife, this is the greatest thing that could ever happen to her. "Of course, we'd like a boy," she said. But, looking at chubby, happy little Lucie Desiree, her eyes said: Another girl would be wonderful, too.

That's Lucille, kind of practical. Another girl undoubtedly could share little Lucie Desiree's nursery, clothes and toys. But a boy would be wonderful, and every family's entitled to a son!

Lucille's practicality and her wonderful sense of loyalty are the keynotes to her personality. Because a more loyal person than Lucille never existed. She's loyal to old friends, such as cameraman Karl Freund, who now mans the camera for Lucy's TV escapades. They have known each other since the early days of Lucille's movie career, when she made "Du Barry was A Lady." Lucille meant it when she said, "I always want you to work with me."

She's intensely loyal to old friend Ed Sedgwick. Big, jovial Ed is now the director of the feature-length movie being made from the Lucy series, which will find its way into the motion picture theatres for the entertainment of millions who don't see Lucy on TV.

It was Sedgwick who first recognized in Lucille a rare talent for comedy. Sedgwick saw it first when Lucille came to Hollywood to appear as a showgirl in the Goldwyn comedy, "Roman Scandals" ("Don't look up the date," smiles Lucille), when a girl was needed to do a specialty number in blackface. Lucille volunteered immediately. Lucille quickly proved she wasn't afraid of anything—blackface, custard pies or pratfalls. Under the guidance of Sedgwick at MGM, Lucille's comedy talent was brought forth. "Not developed," quickly points out Sedgwick, "because Lucille always had the wonderful combination of looks and appearance, plus being able to play real comedy believably."

But it wasn't until radio that Lucille's own brand of comedy—often compared to the Chaplin school of comedy—came forth. With My Favorite Husband, Lucille was established in the public's mind as a pretty funny comedienne. The next step to the adventures of television's Lucy was a natural.

But Lucille's loyalty is best illustrated in her belief and faith in Desi. She always knew her handsome husband had great talent. Not only as a comedian and busi-

nessman (Desi's president of the Desilu Company), but as a new kind of bobby-soxer-nylon-soxer idol! The girls of all ages are wild about him!

"Well, of course," smiles Lucille with wifely pride. "He's terrific!"

As wise in the ways of show business as Lucille is, and as well as she knows her business, she has a wonderfully loyal way of deferring to Desi's wishes. Lucille wants the world to know he's the brains behind the whole thing. Lucille's greatest pride in the success of I Love Lucy is the emergence of Desi into the limelight... a spot she's always felt he's deserved.

Lucille's humor and zest for life are always present. And, because she can't tell a story "straight," everything that happens to Lucille is expanded a bit in the telling. For instance, one quiet Sunday afternoon, the Sedgwicks and Lucille and Desi's family had gathered at the Arnaz valley home for a swim in the pool and a barbecue. Life was peaceful until a stray dog wandered in and snapped at the Arnaz pooch. More barks than bites rent the air, but it took Lucille and Ed to separate the scrapping animals. "Most excitement we had all day," commented Sedgwick.

But Lucille in telling the story to her friends had enlarged upon it. When it got back to Sedgwick, he had to accept the story Lucille had told. "Couldn't contradict Lucy, you know. But people looked at me strangely, I'm sure, and with reason. No one could be as brave as Lucy had painted me. The two dogs had become a wolf pack and I think she threw in some battling bulls. Yet I hadn't a scratch to show for my heroism."

"She's wonderful," laughed Sedgwick. "A real ham. In fact, when we gather at the house for a quiet afternoon, the gang always ends up trying to top one another's stories. We used to play The Game, as we called it, but we've taken to eating so much—because both Lucy and Desi are such great cooks—that, after dinner, we've become a little dull."

In spite of the fact that Lucille and Desi are supposed to be enjoying that "normal life" now that they are working together, a closer investigation would reveal this is somewhat of a myth, too. True, they only work on their TV show four days a week, but weekends are not devoted to rest, just diversion! Lucille never rests, and she rarely runs down. Show business is almost always the constant topic of conversation. If it isn't a show that's finished, it's the next one.

Even when Lucille accompanies Desi on

his new thirty-five-foot cabin cruiser to Balboa, they are still talking show business. Their close friends and associates are naturally people they deal with in the entertainment business, although not necessarily actors. Lucille is fond of supporting actress Vivian Vance, who plays in I Love Lucy.

Vivian recalls their first meeting with some amazement. She was hired by Desi, producer-writer Jess Oppenheimer and director Marc Daniels before Lucille had even seen her. When time came to rehearse for the first video film, Lucille and Vivian met—"and within fifteen minutes we were talking mile-a-minute, like we'd known each other all our lives. It's never changed."

An air of informality and first-name basis dominates the Lucy crew and cast. Desi occupies a canvas-backed chair marked Prez, Lucille's says Vee-Pee, and Vivian's marks her as Girl Actress. One day, for a gag, the crew brought individual chairs on the set. Each one was stencilled with an appropriate title, all the way from Boy Cameraman down to Third Assistant Script Girl. "But it had to go," said Vivian. "Everybody was sitting down and we couldn't get any work done."

Each show is filmed before a live audience of around 300 persons and the unrehearsed happenings during a performance often make it funnier than the written script and are always left in. Such was the case when Desi cooked four pounds of rice on the set! Naturally the entire Ricardo household was full of the fluffy white stuff. There weren't enough pans to hold it and it finally flowed inches deep onto the floor of the set. "It looked like we had snow in Cuba," said Lucy, "and Desi, having never seen snow, didn't know what to do. He slipped and skidded about like a berserk ice skater. Of course we left it in, the audience was just screaming."

Desi's mother quietly commented, "Desi is vary fonny, but the rice it is danger-us and I hope he don't get hurt!"

Lucille and Desi are so serious about their work, a few slides and falls don't matter, if it makes for a funnier film. They have a tremendous respect for each other's talent and will work hours on end for a certain effect, if they think it has merit. But when the question is finally asked—"When will you two take a real vacation so that you can both relax?"—they both answer, "Oh, sure." And everyone laughs 'cause we all know what "Oh, sure" means. Speaking of laughs—like Lucille's suitcases, there will always be plenty of them for Lucy and Desi.

"I learned
the secret
of being happy"

Thanks to radio's "My True Story," thousands of listeners have found the key to

true happiness. Taken directly from the files of "True Story Magazine," the heartfelt situations are experienced by real people—people like you, your friends or the folks across the street.



Tune In "MY TRUE STORY"

American Broadcasting Stations

"I DAMNED A MAN"—the story of a teen-age girl who branded a man to hide her sin. Don't miss it—in October TRUE STORY.

Margaret Draper—Stubborn Lassie

(Continued from page 59)

of every opportunity she got to act in school, and at the University of Utah she majored in dramatics.

"Nevertheless, my family thought I would end up teaching," she recalls. "The theatre was out of their experience, and they believed my head was just wagging with fanciful dreams."

Margaret's father was a lawyer; her mother, a teacher. Although they questioned Margaret's ambition, their attitude was strictly neutral. Her father said, "If you can be a professional actress, fine."

The summer Margaret was graduated from the University she worked in her father's office as a typist to earn and save up money for transportation to New York, the jumping-off place for every young actress.

She had exactly thirty-eight dollars when some friends of the family drove into Utah from California. They were on their way to New York and casually mentioned they could take another passenger.

"Once I had announced my decision to go along, I was trembling," Margaret remembers. "You can imagine—leaving my family to go all the way across the country into New York City, where I knew absolutely no one."

Her father—who believes in everyone finding his own way—didn't protest, although he joked that she would probably wire for fare home within a week. Margaret knew better. "I guess even parents sometimes can't realize the depth of the convictions in your heart."

Margaret's friends dropped her in Manhattan and went on. She was truly all alone and downright terrified. While the thirty-eight dollars lasted, she tried for a full scholarship in a drama school but with no luck.

"I was down to my last dollar and I knew that if I wired home for money it would be a personal defeat." Instead, Margaret walked into Schirmer's music store and, when a saleswoman asked if she could help, Margaret said, "Yes, you can give me a job." Just like that. She got one.

Margaret worked every night writing letters, letters to all of the summer theatres in the country. She listed all of her education and experience and asked simply for an apprentice job. Within a month the Provincetown Theatre told her she could have a job acting in return for translating a French play.

During the next five years she was up and down. For two, during World War II, she worked for the Red Cross in Europe and the Middle East as a recreational director. She got a break with the Theatre Guild as an understudy in the road company of "Papa Is All." But in 1947 she was sitting at a desk reading plays for ANTA instead of acting, still pounding her heels in and out of casting offices, sometimes with only money enough for bare existence.

"How poor can you be? It's all comparative," she said. "You can be down to two dresses, as I was at times. Any woman would consider herself destitute with

two dresses—but, for a young actress who had to impress people, it was a catastrophe."

In 1947, she got her first radio role with Carl Beier in the CBS program, Joe Powers of Oakville, and that marked the end of the lean years. She got more radio work and then television. She appeared in the Actors' Equity presentation of "Peer Gynt" and was voted one of the most promising actresses of the year. She got supporting roles in two Broadway shows and, in 1949, was invited to audition for the part of Liz Dennis in Brighter Day. Margaret won and has played the part ever since.

"That same year, I began to audition for the lifetime role of wife to actor Joe De Santis and, in May of 1950, was officially wedded into a cast that now includes one-year-old Christopher De Santis." She notes, "Of course, the marriage, I can honestly say, was the result of love, not determination."

But perseverance or determination definitely accounts for the major part of her success.

"Outside of an untrained talent, I had little else to go on. Neither money nor clothes. I'm not glamorous and I'm not strikingly beautiful. More than that, when I came to New York, I felt inadequate and lacked confidence. A continuous self-appraisal helped me understand my assets and liabilities. Working with others gave me courage but, actually, just like the old Horatio Algiers, it was 100% determination which carried me through."

Garry Moore—Unfunny Man

(Continued from page 58)

balked. But a boss is a boss, and Garry suddenly found himself on the air telling jokes.

"You were great," the boss said afterwards. "You've got a new job."

Garry at first refused. The extra job would take time away from his writing. The boss insisted and Garry, more than a trifle bewildered, did a mental somersault and decided to give it a try. And he was great. The audience loved him, but Garry didn't love his job.

"It was like adding another eight-hour day to my work," Garry recalls. "I found myself working to three or four every morning, writing jokes. They told me I was funny, but I would listen to the big-timers—Ed Wynn, Bob Hope, Jimmy Durante. They're funny, I thought, how can I be funny?"

At the end of a year, everyone but Garry was convinced he was a good comedian. And Garry quit. He found another radio job in St. Louis as a news and sport announcer. This, he figured, would give him the spare time to write.

"Radio was to be my bread and butter only," he said and so it was for three months, while he attempted the great American novel. Then word got around that the young man with the bristling hair had a bristling tongue, and again he was assigned to do a comedy show.

"I took the job, but mostly because I didn't want to be numbered among the unemployed, and especially because I was planning on getting married in six months."

For seven months he coaxed laughter from audiences, but he felt he was a fish out of water. He began lining up another job. The day he gave his notice, a stranger walked up to him and called him "the funniest feller on the air."

"Everybody was crazy but me," he said, "and I resigned."

That was in 1939. He had another straight news job lined up and was about to marry his childhood sweetheart, Eleanor Little, of Richmond, Virginia.

"Eleanor understood my ambitions, too," he says, "and wanted me to prove myself as a writer. As a matter of fact she could never see me as a comedian, still can't. You'll find, I think, that very few comedians' wives think their husbands are funny. How can a man be romantic and a clown at the same time?"

Garry never did get into straight news. Before his two weeks passed, a minor miracle happened. NBC asked Garry to do a network show. Garry was stunned. Every announcer in the country dreams of having a network show. Personalities audition for jobs, write for them, plead, coo and woo, but seldom are they successful, for there just aren't enough network jobs to go around. But here was the mountain coming to Garry Moore. He was being offered a network show at a very good salary.

"I couldn't resist it," Garry says, "and what was I to do? Comedy, of course. This time, I shared comedy honors on Club Matinee with Ransom Sherman."

Garry held his own with Sherman for three years. Again the mountain came to Garry and he was contracted to star with one of the greatest clowns of all times—Jimmy Durante.

"That was really big-time," Garry remembers. "That almost convinced me I was a comedian."

Durante-Moore and Moore-Durante, for they had equal billing, became a national success. After five years no one wanted to break up the team. No one, that is, but Garry.

"If I were a good comedian, I figured I should be good on my own," Garry said. "Jimmy, with that heart of his, was the only one who understood why I quit."

Garry's agent said there would be a clamor for his services. It was a very small clamor, almost whisper-size. For several months, Garry was out of work. No matter when he listened to his radio, he seemed to tune in a comedian, a working comedian, and there is nothing more depressing. "I began to believe I had finally convinced everyone that I was no comic."

When he was asked to emcee the quiz show, Take It or Leave It, Garry took it. "And that was the big revelation to me. Letters came in telling me how much they enjoyed Garry Moore, the man, rather than Garry, the satirist. I began to relax for the first time in my career."

Garry finds in his current afternoon CBS-TV show with Durward Kirby and in the panel show, I've Got a Secret, that he can relax and enjoy the shows himself. He has built a clean, entertaining program out of his afternoon show with a little serious talk and a few interviews.

"It's a gentle show with no hokum," he says. "No more high pressure clowning. I'm no comedian."

Of course, he and Durward do some funny things once in a while, "accidentally." They perform skits several times a week that are "accidentally" hilarious.

A middle-aged woman walked out of the studio recently, her face florid, holding the side of her dress. She had split it.

"Garry's the funniest man I ever saw," she gasped. "I nearly died laughing."

But, if Garry says something that turns out to be funny and you laugh, believe you him, it's just an accident. He likes it that way.

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"No tight, dry feeling after 'cream-washing' with Noxzema!" says Daphnie Doré of New York City. "It has helped my skin look so much fresher!"



Sensitive skin: "Noxzema is so soothing for a dry skin like mine," says Joan Condon of Rutherford, N. J. "It's a grand *greaseless* night cream, too!"



Blemishes*. "Noxzema's 4-step routine quickly helped heal my blemishes*," says Audrey Thompson of Auburndale, Mass. "And make-up goes on much better!"



Dry skin. "I wash my face with water and Noxzema!" says Ann Rush of St. Joseph, Mo. "Dirt, make-up disappear in a jiffy and my skin looks much softer—not dry!"

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● If you would like to help your skin look fresher, lovelier, try Noxzema's Home Beauty Routine. Surveys show that women in every part of the United States are switching to this fast, easy, skin care developed by a doctor.

Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema's quick help for many annoying complexion problems—such as rough, dry, lifeless skin, externally-caused blemishes, etc. Many others express delight because Noxzema helps their skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier—and helps *keep* it that way.

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look lovelier

—or no cost!
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1. Morning: Smooth Noxzema over face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water, wash your face with Noxzema as if using soap. No dry, drawn feeling!



2. Make-up base: Now apply a light film of *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema as your powder base. It holds make-up beautifully and helps to protect your skin all day.



3. Evening: "Cream-wash" your face again using *medicated* Noxzema. See how make-up and dirt disappear. How clean and fresh skin looks after "cream-washing."



4. Night Cream: Apply Noxzema to help keep your skin looking soft, smooth, lovely. Always pat a bit extra over blemishes* to help heal them—fast. It's *medicated*!

*externally-caused

R
M

*I Wonder How
She Does It!*

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I Danced My Way to Happiness

(Continued from page 42)

groping for the same thing, and we each made a decision that proved to be a big turning-point in our lives.

I watched the Arthur Murray Party on television for months, and I suppose like others I had to get up courage to go to the studio for a demonstration lesson. I finally made an appointment and began my lessons in October, 1950. Meanwhile, Jerry had come down to New York from his home in Montreal, Canada, and was living with his sister in Long Beach, Long Island.

At the Arthur Murray studio, the only time you meet other students, except to pass them in the corridors, is when your own teacher's group of pupils get together at one of the regular monthly parties. Then the whole group starts off with a Paul Jones, to get acquainted and relaxed, and after that you're on your own, free to dance with anyone who wants you for a partner. I was so shy, even after several months of lessons, that I would dance only with my teacher, but gradually I got more confidence. And, still unknown to each other, Jerry and I were in the same group, attending the same Tuesday night parties, for about six months.

This particular night I had just finished dancing with another boy when Jerry came over and asked the teacher to introduce us, and then asked me for the next dance. I said yes, hardly glancing up at his face. The dance was a fox trot, and if either of us had known how important it would be to the rest of our lives we might have remembered the music.

After another dance, Jerry asked to take me home. I said he could, and hesitantly I told him I lived up in the Bronx section of New York City, more than an hour by subway from the studio. I thought he might mind the long ride with me, but he didn't bat an eyelash and acted as if living way uptown was nothing for a girl to be concerned about if a boy wanted to take her home. We stopped for a snack and sat and talked quite a while, and then he hailed a taxicab and drove me home. On the way, he told me about staying with his sister and living a couple of hours' travel in another direction, and I felt pretty awful about it, but he didn't seem to care at all. In fact, he asked to see me again. When he tells me now it was love at first sight for him that evening, I have to believe it. How else could anyone explain his willingness to travel most of the night just to see me again?

I was definitely interested in this slim young man with the marvelous dancing feet and the perfect manners, and I felt I wanted to see much more of him. I had one unmarried sister at that time, with whom I shared a room, and I woke her up out of a sound sleep to tell her I had met a wonderful dancer who had brought me home and asked for a date. "What does he look like?" she asked realistically, ignoring my raving about his dancing, and I realized I couldn't even describe him very well except that he was a brunet, about six feet tall, with a quiet and rather reserved personality.

Looking back now, that evening of February 13 seems like something that happened to someone else, and this seems like a story I am telling about another girl, because I moved in a dream from the moment Jerry put his arm around me and we began our first dance. Perhaps I did fall in love with him, too, that first moment. I only know I wasn't aware of it then, or for a few dates after that.

After my first date with Jerry—a dance date, of course, at the Tavern on the

Green in Central Park—I stopped going with anyone else. As the days passed into weeks, Jerry was skimping on lunches so he could take me dancing a different place every date. Then, just a month from the evening we met, on March 13, we were having a cool drink in the little restaurant across from the dance studio. Jerry and I had a little table in the corner and we had formed the habit of drinking a "toast" to each other when we were together. This evening Jerry said, "To our future life." Someone joggled his arm accidentally and the drink spilled all over the table, and in the confusion I said something about "Does that mean anything special?"

"Yes, it does mean something special," Jerry answered me. "I drank that toast to our future life—together." It was our unofficial engagement. On April 20, he gave me my ring, a star sapphire. He didn't say anything, just caught my left hand in his and slipped the ring on my finger.

Originally we set our wedding date for the following September, the birthday month for both of us, but we were fortunate in finding just the apartment we wanted, out on Long Island, so we got married on July 1. The wedding was a quiet one. There was a small reception in a pleasant hotel overlooking Central Park and close to the Tavern on the Green, where we had our first date.

We could get away for only a three-day honeymoon at that time, and we chose a dude ranch where there was dancing every evening and we could indulge in my favorite outdoor sport, riding, during the day. That fall, we had a second honeymoon when we went to visit Jerry's home in Montreal.

Jerry had been shy about telling anyone he was taking lessons. He isn't shy about it now that he is a Bronze Medalist dancer and has appeared with some of the others on the Arthur Murray Party on television.

Jerry and I both think that being good dancers has given us a greater sense of importance to ourselves. When you can get up and follow, if you're a girl, or lead a partner, if you're a man, in perfect rhythm with the music, and be aware of the steps you are doing and yet dance without thinking about each step or how you look or what others may be thinking about your dancing, you have achieved a little of that freedom that we all want so much.

Even at home, in the middle of doing the dinner dishes, if the radio plays one of our favorite tunes, we will stop everything to whirl around the living room in each other's arms. Often, we put on records and spend an evening dancing in our apartment. (We want a bigger one now, with more dance space and more room to expand when we increase our family.) My favorite dance is the tango, Jerry's the samba, but we dance them all, even the jitterbug.

If, as an unmarried girl, I felt that dancing gave me a whole new outlook on life, as a married woman I can say that it has continued to help me and, naturally, my husband, particularly in our social lives. Some day, when the children come and are growing up, we hope to send them to dancing school much earlier than we ourselves went. We think it will help keep them from becoming as shy and introverted as we both were, if they are inclined that way, and we know it will open the way to much happiness for them in later life.

As for Jerry and me, we expect to be dancing together on our Golden Wedding Anniversary.

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	World News Roundup	Local Program	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:40 Betty Crocker 8:55 John Conte	Renfro Valley Country Store
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Dreier, News Young Dr. Malone Brighter Day	Robert Hurlough Tell Your Neighbor Mac McGuire Show	Breakfast Club	News of America Barnyard Follies Joan Edwards Show In Town Today
10:00 10:15 10:25 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Paula Stone Take A Number	My True Story Whispering Streets When A Girl Marries	Arthur Godfrey Show
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Lone Journey Top of the World Break the Bank	Grand Slam Rosemary
11:30 11:45	Bob and Ray Dave Garroway			

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	News Kate Smith Show	Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage 12:25 News Faith in Our Time	Jack Berch Kitchen Kapers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
12:30 12:45	Luncheon with Lopez			
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Merrill Mueller Dr. Paul	Cedric Foster Luncheon with Lopez 1:55 News	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Pickens Party Meredith Willson 2:55 Hollywood News	Say It With Music Paula Stone Music by Willard	Mary Margaret McBride Betty Crocker Tennessee Ernie	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	John Gambling		Hilltop House Art Linkletter's House Party Car Smith Sings 3:50 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Woman In My House	Local Program Mert's Record Ad- ventures	Cal Tinney 4:25 Betty Crocker Dean Cameron	It Happens Every Day 4:05 The Chicagoans Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones The Doctor's Wife	Merry Mailman Songs of the B-Bar-B 5:50 News, Cecil Brown	Big Jon and Sparky Fun Factory 5:55 Frankie Frisch	Barnyard Follies Hits and Misses Curt Massey Time

Monday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness Echoes from the Tropics News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Woman of the Year —Bette Davis Crime Does Not Pay	Henry J. Taylor World Wide Flashes Chicago Signature	Suspense Talent Scouts
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band of America	News, Bill Henry Crime Fighters War Front-Home Front	Paul Whiteman Teen Club	Lux Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Meredith Willson's Music Room News Dangerous Assign- ment	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Bands for Bonds	John Daly, News Dream Harbor Time for Defense	Edwin C. Hill Rex Allen Show

Tuesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness Echoes from the Tropics News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Red Skelton	Black Museum— Orson Welles Dr. Kildare	Mayor of Times Square Escape With Me	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Martin & Lewis Truth or Conse- quences	News, Bill Henry Official Detective Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air E. D. Canham News	Luigi 9:35 Pursuit
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	What's My Line? News Concert at the Capitol	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News	Music

Wednesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Vaughn Monroe Great Gildersleeve	MGM Musical Comedy Theatre Great Day Show	Postmark U. S. A. Valentino	Big Town with Walter Greaza Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Bet Your Life Groucho Marx Big Story	News, Bill Henry Out of the Thunder Family Theatre	Mr. President Crossfire	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Promenade Concert News Portrait of a City	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News Dream Harbor Latin Quarter Orchestra	Boxing Bouts News, Charles Col- lingwood

Thursday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Rukyeser Reports Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers Father Knows Best	Modern Casanova— Errol Flynn Hardy Family— Mickey Rooney	Mr. Broadway Defense Attorney with Mercedes McCambridge	FBI in Peace and War Hallmark Playhouse
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Silent Men Counter Spy	News, Bill Henry Rod & Gun Club Reporters' Roundup	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour I Cover the Story	Mr. Chameleon 9:25 News Steve Allen
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Music News Music, Robert Armbruster	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News Henry Jerome Orch.	Hollywood Sound- Stage

Friday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Your Hit Parade Bob & Ray Show	Maisie—Ann Sothorn Gracie Fields	Top Guy This Is Your F.B.I.	Musieland, U.S.A.— Earl Wrightson
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Music by Mantovani Al Goodman's Orch.	News, Bill Henry Magazine Theatre Hall of Fantasy	Newsstand Theatre Cruise Time 9:55 News Win Elliot	Big Time with Georgie Price Steve Allen
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Hy Gardner Calling Leon Pearson News	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	John Daly, News Sports Page	Robert Trout, News 10:05 Capitol Cloak- room

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	Howdy Doody	Local Program	No School Today	Renfro Valley
9:00				News of America
9:15				
9:30	Mind Your Manners			Garden Gate
9:45				
10:00	Archie Andrews	Local Program		St. Louis Melodies
10:15				Galen Drake
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor Show	Bruce MacFarlane, News Helen Hall	Space Patrol	Quiz Kids
10:45				
11:00	My Secret Story	Music Meeting Adventure on Thunder Hill	New Junior Junction	News, Bill Shadel 11:05 Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Hollywood Love Story	U. S. Marine Band	At Ease, with P.F.C. Eddie Fisher	Give and Take
11:45				

Afternoon Programs

12:00	News	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs			
12:30	Mind Your Manners	Fifth Army Band	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood 12:55 Cedric Adams
12:45	U.S. Marine Band			
1:00	National Farm and Home Hour	Music	Navy Hour	Grand Central 1:25 It Happens Every Day City Hospital
1:15				
1:30	Dude Ranch Jamboree	Dunn on Discs	Vincent Lopez Show	
1:45				
2:00	Coffee in Washington		Front and Center	Music With the Girls
2:15				
2:30	Big City Serenade	Georgia Crackers	Jackson & Frank	Make Way For Youth
2:45				
3:00	Down Homers	Bandstand, U.S.A.	Pan American Union	Report From Overseas
3:15		3:25 News		Adventures in Science
3:30	U. S. Army Band	Sport Parade	Lone Pine Mountaineers	Farm News Correspondents' Scratch Pad
3:45				
4:00	Win. Place or Show	Dunn's Adobe	News Looking into Space International Jazz Club	Stan Dougherty Presents Cross Section, U.S.A.
4:15				
4:30	Musicana	Mac McGuire's Show		
4:45				
5:00	Musicana	Dancing by the Sea	Roseland	Covington Sings
5:15				
5:30	Author Speaks		At Home With Work Club Time	Treasury Bandstand
5:45	Key to Health	Pee Wee Reese		

Evening Programs

6:00	News, Bob Warren	Smiley Whitley	Una Mae Carlisle	News, Ed Morgan
6:15	News, H. V. Kaltenborn			U.N. On Record
6:30	NBC Symphony	Preston Sellers, Organ	Bob Finnegan, Sports Talking It Over	Sports Roundup Larry LeSueur, News
6:45				
7:00		Al Helfer, Sports Pentagon Report Down You Go	As We See It Women in Uniform Dinner at the Green Room	This I Believe 7:05 At the Chase Gunsmoke
7:15				
7:30	Public Affairs Program			
7:45	Friend of Faith	7:55 Cecil Brown		
8:00	Jane Ace, Disc Jockey	20 Questions	Saturday Night Dancing Party	Gene Autry
8:15				
8:30	Tin Pan Valley	MGM Theatre of the Air		Tarzan
8:45				
9:00	Ohio River Jamboree			Gangbusters 9:25 Win Elliot Robert Q's Wax-works
9:15				
9:30	Grand Ole Opry	Lombardo Land		
9:45				
10:00	Reuben, Reuben	Chicago Theatre of the Air—Summer-time Concerts	At the Shamrock	Music
10:15				
10:30	Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street		Dance Music	

Sunday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	Jack Arthur		Lyrical Speaking	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00	World News Roundup	Elder Michaux	Milton Cross Album	Trinity Choir
9:15	We Hold These Truths			World News Roundup
9:30	Carnival of Books	Back to God	Voice of Prophecy	E. Power Biggs Organ Concert
9:45	Faith in Action			
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Art of Living	Voice of Prophecy	College Choir	
10:30	News, Peter Roberts			
10:45				
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	Music of Worship	Fine Arts Quartet	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15	Morning Serenade			Bill Shadel, News
11:30	UN Is My Beat	Reviewing Stand	Christian in Action	11:35 Invitation to Learning
11:45	Public Service Program			

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Viewpoint U.S.A.	U. S. Military Band	Brunch Time	People's Platform
12:15	Chan's Fiesta			
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham Frank and Ernest	Piano Playhouse	Howard K. Smith, News Bill Costello, News
12:45				
1:00	News Desk, William Sprague "Mike 95"	Fred Van Deventer	Herald of Truth	Invitation to Music—James Fassett
1:15	Univ. of Chicago Roundtable	William Hillman Lutheran Hour	National Vespers	
1:30				
1:45				
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Top Tunes With Trendler	Marines in Review	The Symphonette
2:15				
2:30	Sammy Kaye Serenade	Dixie Quartet		On a Sunday Afternoon—Eddie Gallaher
2:45				
3:00	Elmo Roper Intermezzo	Jimmy Carroll Sings	This Week Around The World Billy Graham	Galaxy of Hits
3:15				
3:30	Bob Considine	Bandstand, U.S.A.		Music For You
3:45				
4:00	The Falcon, with Les Damon	Green Hornet	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	Band of the Day
4:15				
4:30	Martin Kane with Lee Tracy	Under Arrest		Main Street Music Hall
4:45				
5:00	Hollywood Star Playhouse	The Shadow	San Francisco Sketchbook	King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table
5:15				World News, Robert Trout
5:30	Barrie Craig	True Detective Mysteries	Heart Strings	5:55 News, Larry LeSueur
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	Tales of Texas Rangers	Sgt. Preston of the Yukon	George E. Sokolsky Don Gardner Here Comes The Band	
6:15				
6:30	Baby Snooks	Nick Carter		
6:45		6:55 Cedric Foster		
7:00	Henry Aldrich	Affairs of Peter Salem	Sophisticated Rhythm Time Capsule	Jack Benny
7:15				
7:30	Life of Riley	Concert Bands		Amos 'n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Phil Harris & Alice Faye	Hawaii Calls		Frank Fontaine Show
8:15				
8:30	Theatre Guild of the Air	Enchanted Hour		Philip Morris Playhouse
8:45				
9:00		Sylvan Levin's Opera Concert Music	Drew Pearson Corliss Archer	Meet Millie with Audrey Totter Inner Sanctum, with Boris Karloff
9:15				
9:30	Dragnet		Three Suns Trio	
9:45				
10:00	Meet the Press	This Is Free Europe	Paul Harvey Gloria Parker Bill Tusher in Hollywood	Robert Trout, News
10:15				
10:30	American Forum	Little Symphony		The Choraliers

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 6 SEPTEMBER 11—OCTOBER 10

Baseball on Television

DATE	TIME	GAME	CHANNEL
Thurs., Sept. 11	1:20 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Giants	11
	1:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Fri., Sept. 12	1:20 P.M.	Cinn. vs. Giants	11
	8:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Sat., Sept. 13	1:20 P.M.	Cinn. vs. Giants	11
	1:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Sun., Sept. 14	2:05 P.M.	Cinn. vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
	2:20 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Giants	11
Mon., Sept. 15	1:20 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Giants	11
	1:30 P.M.	Cinn. vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Tues., Sept. 16	1:20 P.M.	Chicago vs. Giants	11
	1:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Wed., Sept. 17	1:20 P.M.	Chicago vs. Giants	11
	1:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Fri., Sept. 19	8:20 P.M.	Phila. vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Sat., Sept. 20	1:55 P.M.	Phila. vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Sun., Sept. 21	2:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. Yankees	11 & 6
Tues., Sept. 23	1:20 P.M.	Boston vs. Giants	11
	1:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Wed., Sept. 24	1:20 P.M.	Boston vs. Giants	11
Fri., Sept. 26	1:20 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11
	1:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Sat., Sept. 27	1:20 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11
	1:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
Sun., Sept. 28	2:05 P.M.	Boston vs. Dodgers	9 & 6
	2:20 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6
The top of the morning brings Garroway and his assistants with two hours of news, special events and entertainment.

10:30 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2 (M-Th)
Behind the Godfrey curtain to see his radio gang at work.

10:45 A.M. Al Pearce Show • 2 & 6
Morning laugh session with Al and Arlene Harris. 10:30 A.M. Friday.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
The show with a heart offers up to \$500 to contestants in need. Genial Warren Hull as quizmaster and your host.

12:00 Noon Bride and Groom • 2
Join the guests at the wedding with John Nelson and Phil Hanna.

12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons' 50 Club • 4 & 6
Amiable Ruth with a little music, fun and lots of good talk.

12:15 P.M. Love of Life • 2 & 6
Dramatic serial starring Peggy McCay with Paul Potter.

12:30 P.M. Search for Tomorrow • 2 & 6
Mary Stuart and Lynn Loring dramatize present day tensions.

12:45 P.M. Kovacs Unlimited • 2
The manquake from Quaker City who catapults everything.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6
Sly-humored Mr. Moore with his pals, especially Durward.

2:30 P.M. Guiding Light • 2 & 6 at 11:00 A.M.
Jone Allison and Herb Nelson star as Meta and Joe Roberts in this serial, well known to radio listeners.

2:45 P.M. House Party • 2
Art Linkletter promising the usual high jinks and informality.

3:00 P.M. The Big Pay-Off • 4 & 6
Husbands compete to win their wives a wardrobe and possibly a mink coat and a trip abroad. Randy Merriman emcees.

3:30 P.M. Welcome Travelers • 4
Beginning Sept. 29, Tommy Bartlett presents human interest interviews with travelers as he does on radio.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4
Kate is back at the old stand with entertainment, interviews and advice strictly for women. Ted Collins assists.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 • 4
The pop. stays constant but there is plenty of excitement and grass-roots humor in life in a small American town.

6:15 P.M. The Early Show • 2

If dinner's ready, relax with a full-length feature film.

7:30 P.M. Those Two • 4 & 6 (M,W,F)

Music and fun with pretty Martha Stewart and Pinky Lee.

7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore • 4 (T,Th)

With charm and ease, Dinah visits with a few songs.

7:30 P.M. Broadway TV Theatre • 9

Legitimate Broadway plays presented in their original form.

7:45 P.M. Perry Como Show • 2

Personable Perry and Fontane Sisters sing it out.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6

Headlines and highlights of the day's news with J. C. Swayze.

12:00 Midnight All Night Show • 9

No one is suggesting you stay up all night but if you must, Freddy Robbins presents a live and lively show.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7

One of TV's first dramatic shows resumes with Neil Hamilton, host and test director for aspiring young actors.

8:00 P.M. Winchell-Mahoney Show •

Comedy-variety featuring popular game, "What's My Name?"

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2

Arthur's showcase of ambitious and ready talent.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6

True artists of American music in thirty-minute recitals.

9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 6

Beginning Sept. 29, the sensational comedy show of last season starring Lucille Ball and husband Desi is back for a new year.

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4

Spine-chilling stories narrated by plum-eyed Frank Gallop.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4

The great actor-producer continues with exciting hour drama.

10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6

Returns Sept. 22, but on the fifteenth, Summer Theatre presents a promising thriller titled "The Shadowy Third."

Tuesday

8:00 P.M. Tomorrow the World • 2

Hollywood films emceed by Andre Baruch through September then Jane Wyman and Eddie Albert in a grand, new show.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4

Back at the old laughing gas station, Milton Berle. Every fourth week, Showboat, a new program.

9:00 P.M. Boss Lady • 4

Lovely Lynn Bari continues her comedy series until Sept. 30, when Fireside Theatre resumes.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6

Melodrama designed to keep you on the edge of your chair.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4

Wholesome stories that the entire family can enjoy.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2

One of the very best and exciting productions in video theatre.

10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 6

America's oldest amateur show continues through September.

10:30 P.M. Candid Camera • 2

That man Funt gets people in acts they never expected.

Wednesday

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2 & 6

Fun reigns supreme as the Redhead with Janette Davis, Frank Parker and all the others entertain for an hour.

8:00 P.M. Adventure Playhouse • 5

No baby-sitter? Enjoy a movie in front of your TV set.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6

The show that makes strong men weep when Warren Hull draws out stories of loneliness and hardship from contestants who are about to be quizzed in hopes of earning cash.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4

Mid-week video theatre excellently cast and produced.

TV program highlights

9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 7

The impeccable, suave criminologist in adventurous crime stories. Hollywood star Lee Bowman in title role; Florenz Ames as his father, Inspector Queen.

9:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2

The rugged, two-fisted Mike Barnett, played by Ralph Bellamy, mows down the criminals in action-packed stories.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6

Fisticuff event of the week from one of the country's big arenas and as good as a ringside seat for you.

Thursday

8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4 & 6

But it's a sure bet that you'll laugh from the belly, as Groucho trades quips freely with contestants and gives them a chance to earn a few hundred dollars in cash.

8:30 P.M. Four Star Playhouse • 2

Premiere this week of a new video theatre that will star such popular actors as Dick Powell, Rosalind Russell and Charles Boyer. Program alternates weekly with—

Amos 'n' Andy

Up in Harlem, Amos and Kingfish and the rest of their friends cavort to bring you humor-loaded situations.

8:30 P.M. T-Men in Action • 4

Semi-documentary melodrama drawn from U. S. Treasury files.

8:30 P.M. Chance of a Lifetime • 7 & 6

Dennis James with a showcase of professional entertainers who are ambitiously striving for the big time.

9:00 P.M. Pick the Winner • 2

Major parties, in the Presidential campaign, will present their campaign issues, candidates and other leading figures.

9:00 P.M. Dragnet • 4

Dragnet stars Jack Webb in crime drama based on actual police files. Alternates weekly with Gangbusters.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2

Reporter Steve Wilson, played by Pat McVey, proves that the pen is mightier than the tommy-gun as he fights crime.

10:00 P.M. Racket Squad • 2

Reed Hadley, head man of the police squad, chases down swindlers and con-men that fleece many innocent citizens.

10:00 P.M. Martin Kane • 4

The pipe-smoking detective in fiery pursuit of red-hot criminals.

10:30 P.M. I've Got a Secret • 2

A bright lot of panelists, Louise Albritton, Laura Hobson, Orson Bean and Walter Kiernan try to dig out the secrets of contestants as bristle-haired Garry Moore moderates.

10:30 P.M. Author Meets the Critics • 5

And they meet head on to dissect new, controversial books.

Friday

8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6

Lovely, gracious Peggy Woods in the title role of this ingratiating series about the home life of a Norwegian family settled in San Francisco at the turn of the century.

8:00 P.M. Curtain Call • 4

The excellent, half-hour productions of Worthington Miner, recent of Studio One. October 3, RCA Victor Show comes back starring alternate weeks, Dennis Day and Ezio Pinza.

8:30 P.M. We, the People • 4 & 6

Interviews of people in and behind the headlines with special coverage of events in the Presidential campaign.

9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6

Each week a dramatic but documentary account of how a newspaper man overcomes all odds in cracking a front page story.

9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5

"Hang the Butcher" panel quiz featuring Dr. Bergen Evans.

9:00 P.M. Rebound • 7

Psychological thrillers, filmed in Hollywood, with kick ending.

9:30 P.M. Our Miss Brooks • 2

The very real but very funny account of the predicaments of a high school teacher as played by star Eve Arden.

9:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4 & 6

If you've heard that long, plaintive call for Henry Aldrich, you

know enough to expect rib-tickling domestic situations.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4 & 6

Topflight fighters in action from Madison Square Garden.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5

June Taylor dancers trip the light fantastic, Larry Storch handles host-comic chore with a variety of special acts.

10:45 P.M. Greatest Fights • 4

Historical bouts in America return on film.

Saturday

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2 & 6

Great circus acts kick up the sawdust. Jack Sterling as ringmaster in this big hour show from Philadelphia.

2:00 P.M. (Approx. Time) College Football • 4

Beginning Sept. 20, NBC cameras will point at the major gridiron battles of the week throughout the country.

5:00 P.M. Italian Feature Film • 9

Superb films from Rome with English titles. Sept. 13, "Continental Air," with Angelo Musco; Sept. 20, "Man from the Sea," with Maria Mercader; Sept. 27, "Farewell, My Beautiful," with Fosco Giachetti; Oct. 4, "Dishonored," Eli Parvo.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4

Life with the Barbours in San Francisco. Bert Lytell stars.

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2

Studio contestants attempt tricky parlor stunts for valuable prizes. Bud Collyer, host and timekeeper.

8:00 P.M. Jackie Gleason • 2

Jack, ex-comedy star of Cavalcade of Stars, premieres his own show on CBS Sept. 20. Until then, Songs for Sale.

8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 4 & 6

Jack Carson, Jimmy Durante and other great comedy lights return to make this a fat hour of laughter and gaiety.

9:00 P.M. Your Show of Shows • 4 & 6

Ninety minutes, count them, with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, wonderful comedy duo, plus the music of Marguerite Piazza, Jack Russell, wonderful dance teams and a guest host.

10:00 P.M. Cass Daley Show • 2

The popular comedienne introduces her own video show.

10:30 P.M. Hit Parade • 4 & 6

The country's choice of top ten tunes, sung and danced by Snooky Lanson, Eileen Wilson, Dorothy Collins, the Hit Paraders and backed up by Raymond Scott's mighty band.

Sunday

4:30 P.M. Hall of Fame • 4

Dramatic interpretations of events in famous lives.

6:30 P.M. See It Now • 2

Keen commentary and analysis by Edward R. Murrow as he covers in picture and word vital events of the day.

7:30 P.M. This is Show Business • 2 & 6

Exceptionally fine entertainment: A panel, with Clifton Fadiman presiding, comment, not too seriously, on questions that have nothing or little to do with the acts.

7:30 P.M. Jack Benny • 2

Great comedian makes one of his too-infrequent video visits on October 5.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6

Vaudeville at its best selected and presented by Broadway columnist and showman Ed Sullivan, your host.

8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4

Fun Festival featuring name comedians each week.

9:00 P.M. Information Please • 2 & 6 at 6:00 P.M.

Stump-the-expert show with John Kieran, Franklin P. Adams and a guest. Fred Waring and his huge musical aggregation return to this spot on Sept. 28.

9:00 P.M. Television Playhouse • 4 & 6

Superb dramatic fare in Sunday's only full hour production.

9:30 P.M. Break the Bank • 2 & 6 at 6:30 P.M.

Bert is back, eager to see winners earn many thousands of dollars by simply giving the right answers to the right questions.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line • 2

Panelists try to guess the occupation of studio contestants.

A. Cuff-Link Jersey!

All-wool jersey... its rib-knit collar linked by golden clasps! Grey heather, white, green, black, gold. 32 to 38.

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B. Barber-Pole Stripe!

Elegant striped broadcloth, with starched white collar. French cuffs. Sanforized. White with red, navy, green or black. 32 to 38.

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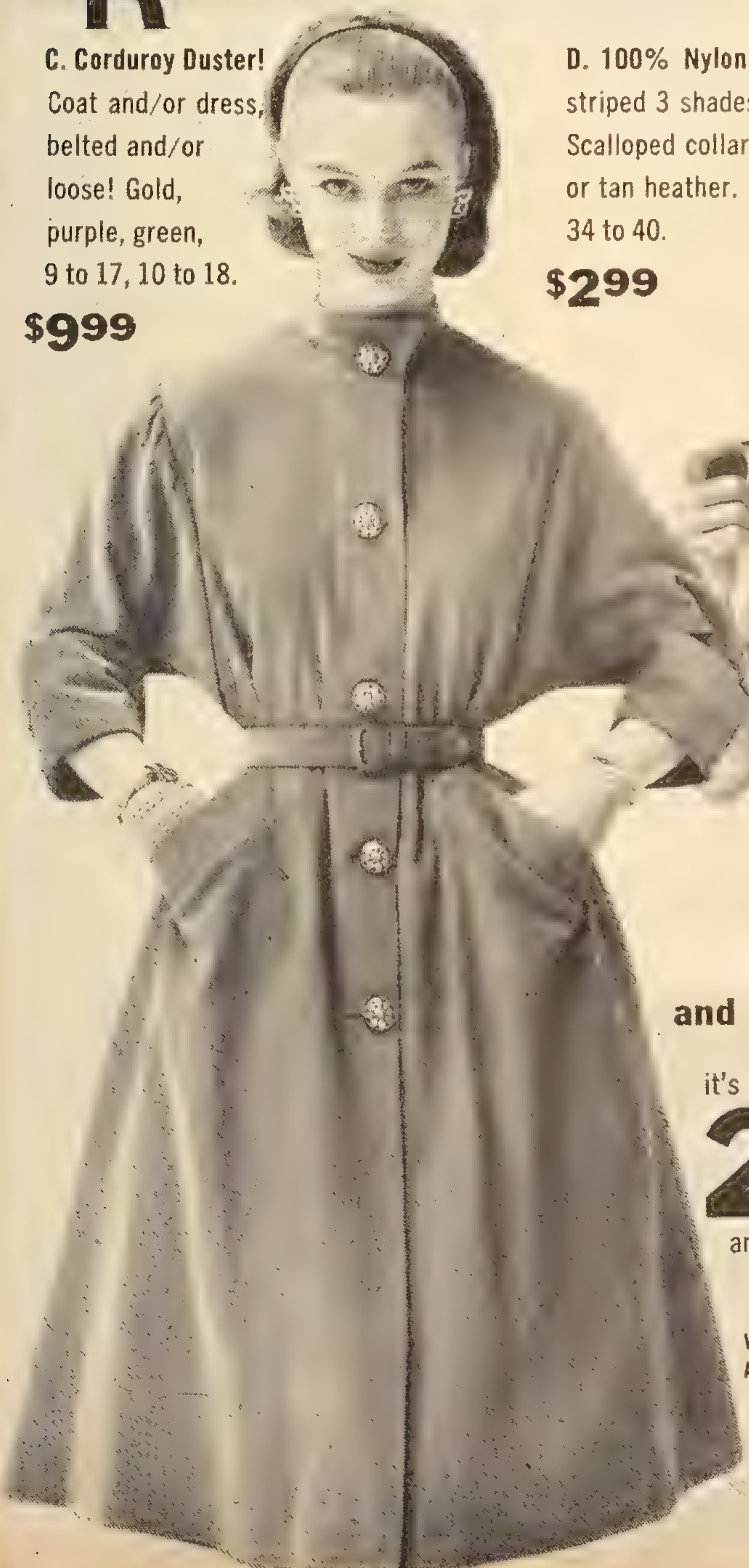


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Laughter for a Lifetime

(Continued from page 40)

And throughout the years that added up to their silver anniversary, she'd given to him the golden gift of laughter. She was famous today as his affectionate and laughing ally. . . .

Never would her husband forget the day he first heard that laugh. Nor how humiliating an experience. Her name then was Sadye Marks. She sat front-row-center, with some little pigtailed pals, in a vaudeville house he was playing in Seattle. And never in his years in show business had he been so thoroughly and so successfully heckled. While he fiddled—he really burned. "Jack Benny—Fun With a Fiddle," the billing read. But she was having all the fun. Although she didn't dream then, little Sadye Marks, that hers was a laugh which would some day be heard around the world.

Nor at that moment would she have particularly cared. Hers was a sweet and a just revenge—well-earned. Revenge for another night when he had laughed at her—twisting a knife in the sensitive soul of this twelve-year-old. Her stage-struck sister, Fifi Marks, better known as Babe, had become attracted to another young man, Zeppo Marx, of the Four Marx Brothers, featured on the same bill with him. She'd sent a note backstage to him, and when he telephoned, she'd invited him to dinner. Marx accepted on behalf of himself—and the fellow who did a single with the fiddle. Would she please get a date for him? But, engrossed with her own preparations, Babe forgot—and arranged, at the last minute, for her young sister, Sadye, to be Jack Benny's "blind date." After a double-take at the kid all dressed up, fit to kill, Benny burst out laughing. All evening, he submitted her to the subtle torture which can only be experienced by a twelve-year-old who's trying so unsuccessfully to double her years. The following matinee, she kept her vow to get even—heckling him.

But five years later, when they met again in Los Angeles—where Sadye was currently employed by the May Company and her sister was sharing the same bill with Jack—she found, for some strange reason, the vinegar had gone out of her laughter. She wanted to marry him instead. When the following winter Babe's path again crossed with Jack's, this time in Chicago, she sent an informative wire to her sister, who left for the Windy City immediately—with matrimony on her mind.

She was so thrilled when Jack met her at the train. But—he must attend a dinner being given in his honor that evening, he said. He'd been chosen "Outstanding Master of Ceremonies of the Year." He invited the girls to go over to his apartment and listen to his speech on the radio. His tone said they would be overwhelmed.

But, while taking bows after his speech, Jack received a telegram that turned the laugh on him. "Enjoyed dinner in your apartment with a few of my own fans," the wire read. "Don't forget to empty our garbage when you get home. Hope this won't spoil that rented dress suit. Love. . . ." When somebody asked who sent the wire, he proposed to her by remote control. His "future wife," he said—if he could catch her before she boarded a west-bound train. And so they were married . . . in

the apartment of a friend of Jack's in Waukegan, Illinois . . . a town which was to be made reasonably immortal by him. . . .

But the bride was far from having her last laugh. When the girl playing opposite Jack in his vaudeville act became ill one night, she filled in with her heckling laughter—that laughter which was to become a habit in show business as the years moved along—with Jack the patsy, the lovable boob, the butt of her heckling. When he took the plunge into radio and needed an actress for the part of a brash, wisecracking female, many were auditioned, but none could fill the characterization like his wife—who was then named Mary Livingstone. She laughed, and the world laughed with her—at him.

How great a team, how close, their own public would probably never know. Mary Livingstone understands the characterization Jack Benny plays better than anyone else in the world, except possibly Jack himself. It was, for instance, Mary's eyes and ears—for love and laughter—which helped make his first television show a smash success. They were in New York, and Jack came down with flu the first day of rehearsals. His doctor said he couldn't leave his bed. Five days of rehearsal were scheduled. There was a new director with whom he'd never worked. Television was a strange and untried field. He had something to really worry about, and he worried—until he knew Mary was taking over for him.

For three days she stood in, actually helping produce the show. "No—don't do that . . . Jack would do this . . ." she would say, intent on timing and tailoring the whole telecast to fit him. When a weak Jack Benny came back on the last day of rehearsals, his "other" eyes and ears had set the stage for the sweet music of laughter that he got when he strolled onto the nation's screens for the first time. . . .

For him, Mary was ever a sounding board. Hers was an instinctive sense of show business, for timing, an acute eye and ear for the right and wrong. Through the years, as at present, Mary—who's a homemaker at heart and who sincerely believes she has nothing to offer the entertainment world—would make a move to retire. "There's only one star in our family, and that's Jack," she would say. And get from her husband, "That, Doll, is just where you're wrong. . . ."

For well Jack Benny knew—as he knew now—that there were *two*. He was a strolling target on the stage, with a chill inside him that would only warm when he heard the first laugh. Then he would relax and really roll. . . .

Out front, Mary was also feeling the familiar chill. Beneath her smile, her face was white. With an icy hand, she gripped the arm of their daughter Joan, who was sitting next to her. "I die," she said, as she'd said so many times, "until the first laugh. . . ."

And then it came, the laughter they'd both been waiting for, from royalty and commoner alike.

What Mary didn't recognize—so close are Jack and Mary Benny, so long attuned as a team—is that the first laugh, a familiar and beloved part of it, was and is always her own. A laugh meant for one matinee—that's stretching out to a lifetime.



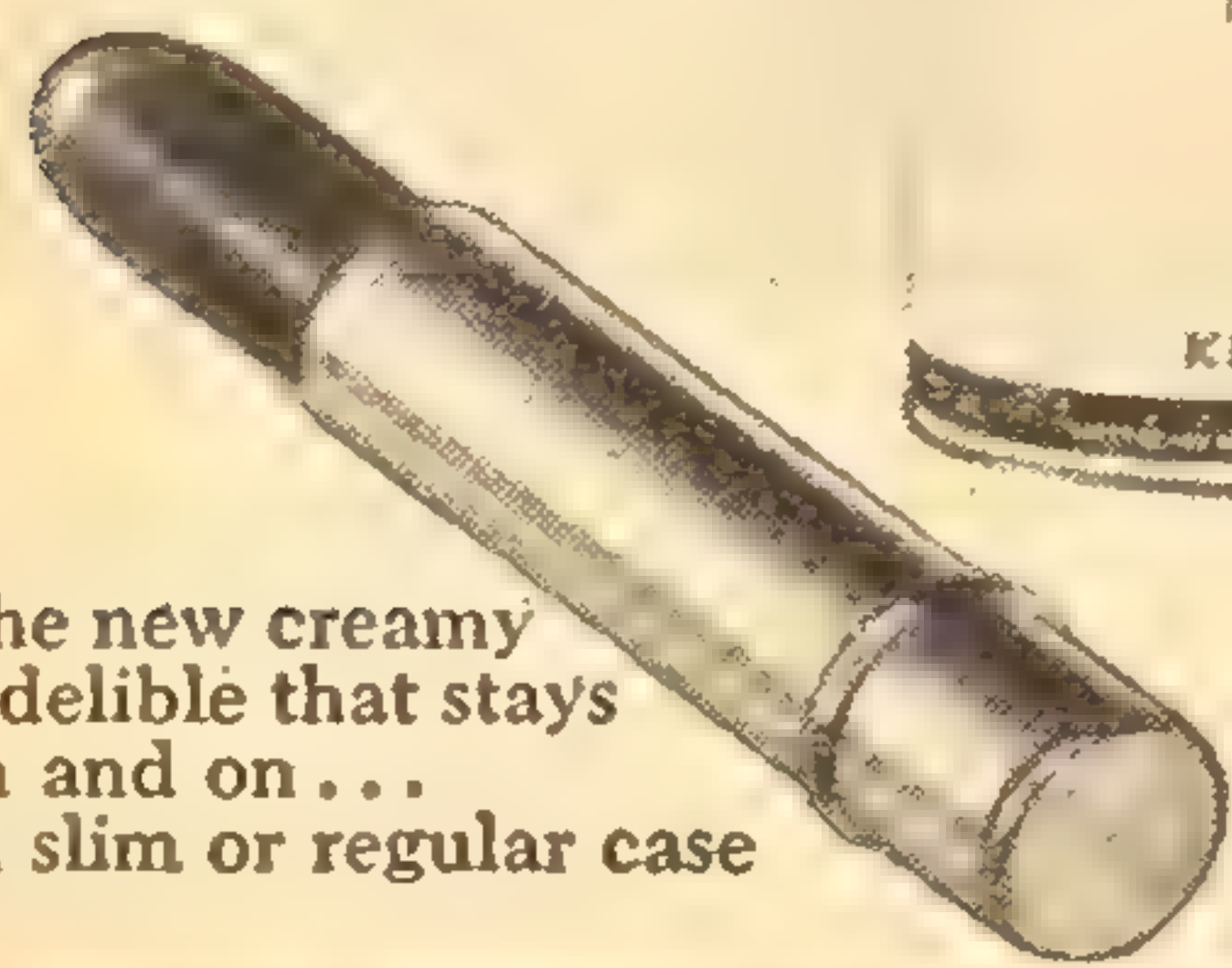
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No Room for Fear

(Continued from page 49)

firm believer in the virtues of self-confidence, she did not arrive at this point overnight. It's taken eight years of knowing—and seven years of being married to—her instructor. Without Casey, Fran is confident she would never have arrived at her current state of relaxed harmony . . . harmony with herself and with the world in general.

What is even more wonderful to Fran than the changes this positive approach to living have made on her own life is the effect it has had on her two children, Kerry, five-and-a-half, and Kim, three-and-a-half.

"Why, by the time I was Kerry's age," continues Fran, "I had already learned about the inconveniences of bandages and splints . . . a state of affairs that dogged my trail for many long and tedious years. A state of affairs directly traceable to overly cautious and protective adults, who, in their efforts to protect me, merely tied me up into little knots of fear which eventually made me lack confidence.

"Casey has helped me to realize that most blatant cautions and protective measures with children are not only unnecessary, but often more damaging than anything else. We have very few 'house rules' . . . just one or two . . . such as that, when the children are out on the sidewalk, they *must* stop when they reach the curb and wait for a grownup to take them across the street. Even though we have bars on our apartment windows, another never-to-be-broken rule is that when the children look out, they *must* be sure to have both feet firmly planted on the floor—no leaning over or sitting on the window sills. I think that perhaps because we have so few firm and fast rules, the children realize they are *really* important, and so abide by them willingly. It's really quite funny to watch them scoot down the block and come to a screeching stop at the curb.

"Of course, this doesn't mean that, except for our few 'house rules,' we leave the rest of the training to Providence. Quite the contrary. We work very hard at it. Casey has taught me to remember that, by nature, children are not only inclined toward caution but are great imitators. Therefore, for example, when I take them across the street I make quite a production of looking in both directions before stepping off the curb. Deliberately, I am never in a hurry—and thus careless—to get across the street. In the same way, when we play ball at the park, I quite obviously make sure nobody is apt to walk in the path of the flying ball. You'd be surprised how quickly children notice deliberate movements. It's not long before their innate inquisitiveness comes to the fore, and the question 'Why?' pops out.

"This is the really important moment. If you can answer the question in a simple and positive way, chances are you've won your point and instilled caution in a natural, everyday-course-of-events way. If you say, 'Do you want a car to hit you and kill you?' you've merely planted a seed of fear. But if you say, 'We want to get across the street safely, so we look up and down the street to make sure no cars are coming before we start across,' you've planted a positive, constructive thought. Believe it or not, if you watch closely, you can almost see the child digesting the thought and mentally arriving at the expansive conclusion, 'Why, sure!'

"And every time I see or hear that expansive little 'Why, sure!' it makes me very happy because, as Casey has taught me: With fear there can be no confidence . . . but, with confidence, there can be no fear!"

My skin just looked sallow . . .

It had a dull "heavy" look that was most unbecoming



and... I could almost count the pores!

Then I found I need not stay embarrassed by the "homely" look of my skin.

I saw my skin could take on a brighter color, a finer texture . . . feel so *much* smoother.

I wouldn't have thought it possible if I hadn't seen the change in *my* skin.

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Together, these ingredients work on your skin *as a team*—in inter-action. As you swirl on Pond's Cold Cream, you help *both* sides of your skin.

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ing oil and moisture it needs regularly.

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Each night give your skin this special oil-and-moisture treatment:



Brisk-cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat. Where pores look large, scrub with a tissue over trouble spots. Tissue off cream—*well*.



Soft-rinse quickly with *more* skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off *lightly*. Your skin is *immaculate*, smooth, glowing.

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(Continued from page 57)

met, and on it was a disc engraved with the date of the day we met. From that time on, he's given me a charm for every event and practically for every memorable moment in our lives.

"This little book, which isn't really a book, but a miniature of the *Reader's Digest* Magazine, commemorates the fact that Chappie and I met on the *Reader's Digest* radio show, the first one—he was the narrator, I was the guest star—and so that's how it all began.

"It was an extraordinary thing," Claudia laughed, "the way it began—we didn't get along at all. He just plain irritated me. He was pleasant, he was courteous, he was a skilled workman, I realized. Very skilled. Also he was six-foot-four, a fine figure of a man. Nevertheless, I had an almost uncontrollable urge to take him down a peg or two. I wanted to argue with him, about anything, about nothing, just for the pleasure of disagreeing.

"I know, now, that these are danger signals, for, if a man irritates you and you don't know why, watch out. It's your heart putting up a defense, going into high gear. It's when they make no impact at all that your heart is safe. On me," Claudia laughed again, "he made an impact. I was very conscious of him. And have remained so ever since.

"In the course of doing the job, the rehearsals and then the broadcast, everyone was tired and hungry, so we all went over to the Barberry Room, I remember, for refreshment. Grouped around a table, I found that Chappie was seated next to me and somehow—don't ask me how!—we got on the subject of farming. A subject in which he was deeply interested and on which he was well informed; a subject in which I hadn't the most remote interest and on which I was about as well informed as I would have been, or would be now, on the Einstein Theory of Relativity.

"But you know how girls talk—especially to an attractive man. 'Oh, I adore it!' I heard myself saying, and 'Oh, yes!' and 'Oh, breeding stock scientifically—how too fascinating!' And all the while, Oh murder, I was thinking, if he asks me the simplest first-grade-in-farming question, I'm a sunk girl!

"I never dreamt—this is what makes life so fascinating—that one day soon I'd be Mrs. Ernest Chappell, farmer's wife, living on a farm, doing my share of shelling the pea crop, husking corn, canning, preserving, pickling, scraping peach trees and also acting as midwife to a pig, which I did one wintry midnight last winter—well, I helped!—when 'mama' was delivered of eleven babies. Later, I did some pig-sitting, too, at such times as our regular pig-sitter was not available. The little gold pig charm is the memento, and richly deserved, too," Claudia grinned, "of my midwifery!

"At the time I did very well, all things considered. Only because, I must admit, Chappie didn't ask me any questions. Being the enthusiast, he did all the talking and my 'Oh, reallys!' and 'Oh, yesses'—delivered with enormous enthusiasm—made a great, if false impression.

"Must have, for he saw me home that night, he did, indeed, and said he'd ring me and—well, that sort of did it. Not that I said to myself 'I'm in love!' and not that he said to me 'I love you,' for I never did and neither did he. Never. We just knew without knowing, if that makes any sense. It doesn't? Well, neither," Claudia laughed, "does love!

"Anyway, he did ring me. The next day. We did go out. Fortunately he did not get back on the farm theme again (not, that is, until we bought our farm, some eight years ago, near Flemington, New Jersey). If he had, this story, who knows, might never have been written. Instead, we talked theatre, as I recall it. I told him about one of my earliest recollections, which was seeing my famous father, Ralph, in a production of the eerie thriller, 'The Cat and the Canary,' and how—undaunted by this chilling experience—I, little Claudeigh, decided that the theatre was the life for me."

Claudeigh, Claudia then explained, is her true name. "Before I was born," she said, "my mother read a book, an old, old whimsical tale, of which the heroine was a girl named Claudeigh. My mother adored the girl—and her name—and told my father, 'If our baby is a girl, we will name her Claudeigh.' Their baby, their one and only, was a girl. She was christened Claudeigh. But when I went to boarding school, I was so young I couldn't spell the name correctly, didn't pronounce it correctly and in the confusion that resulted I became—and have since remained—Claudia.

"This golden heart, with the date of our marriage on it, is inscribed to 'Claudeigh.' And Claudeigh is the name by which Chappie calls me, when in a romantic mood.

"I remember telling him, too, that same evening, how my uncle, the late Frank Morgan, used to test his comedy on me and how, at Miss Dow's School in Briarcliff (the school is now called Briarcliff Junior College), I was president of the Dramatic Club and studied drama with Fanny Bradshaw, a cousin of Cornelia Otis Skinner.

"In other words, that night I stayed on my own ground, the theatre, and found that it was his ground, too, so there we were, sharing a mutual interest. Then I began working in a show in the same building in which Chappie was working, and it got to be a habit with us to have dinner together Sunday nights. We used to go mostly to the Cub Room at the Stork, or to the Barberry Room, and one night, starting to walk home after dinner, we decided to take a ride through Central Park in a hansom cab. We went through exactly one-half of the Park, then returned to the Plaza for a cup of coffee.

"The little gold hansom cab is the memento of that first drive and of the many others we were to take, and are still taking. For, on every October 19, which is the anniversary of that first drive, we always take a hansom exactly halfway through the Park, stop at the Plaza for coffee. Just as on every anniversary of the day we first met we have dinner at the Barberry Room, after which," Claudia laughed, "Chappie 'sees me home.'"

"It was very fast, our romance was, for—although we met in August and didn't get married until the following May—it was that night in October, as we were having coffee at the Plaza, he said, without preamble, 'When are we going to do it?' and I said, 'In the spring.' And that was all. That was it. No prelude, No coy game of advance and retreat. Just 'When?' and the date set.

"When a thing is so deeply so," Claudia said, "as the elements are, and food and drink and birth and death, there is no need of talk, no reason to play a game.

"And so we were married—yes, in the spring, in May. Mother and Daddy came

on from the Coast. Chappie's mother and brother were with us, too, and a few close friends, all of them in radio, television or the theatre. We were married," Claudia laughed, "between programs—literally—and that applied to the guests as well as to the bride and groom. With the result that, immediately after the ceremony, Chappie and I rushed madly off (in opposite directions!), my father dashed off to his play, and then, one by one, all the guests left for their shows, radio, theatre, whatever, so that in just a few minutes only our two mothers were left, Chappie's mother and mine, as celebrants.

"Being in radio we didn't, of course, have a honeymoon. We've never taken a honeymoon. This little ship charm—this golden steamer—is the nostalgic symbol," Claudia explained, "of the honeymoon we've never had; of the trip we've never taken. And want so terribly to take; want so terribly to travel, to Europe, to South America and will, too, when, if ever, our jobs—and the farm—permit.

"People are always searching," Claudia said musingly, "for sublime happiness. Well, the searching, the striving for a goal, the dreaming—that is happiness!

"I said a while back that love doesn't make sense," Claudia said, then, speaking, for Claudia, quite seriously, "and it doesn't—in the beginning. I frankly do not believe anyone knows *why* they fall in love as they are, so to speak, falling. But after the years, you know. . . ."

For a moment there was silence, broken only by the charms on Claudia's bracelet which tinkled like tiny golden bells, as she moved her hand. Then she said quietly, "I know, anyway. I know that, as far as I am concerned, Chappie has all the important qualities. The language of the bracelet tells me," Claudia smiled,

"that he feels the same, for—see—the anniversary charms are all hearts and there are one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, of them. . . ."

"Translated, I like to think this means," Claudia added, "that the years have not changed our hearts. . . ."

"Marriage, for us, is getting the same amount of pleasure and satisfaction and the same amount of relaxation out of the same things. It's sharing the same interests, in work, in play, in pigs. . . ."

"We love to talk shop," Claudia said, "because, except for the fact that we usually work in different studios, and often for different networks, it's substantially the same shop. Chappie is commentator and announcer on, currently, The Big Story (TV and radio), Quiet, Please and Doorway to Danger (TV), and I am Carolyn Kramer Nelson on The Right To Happiness program—all this and theatre and TV, too.

"When I do a play (Claudia has played leading roles in thirty Broadway plays) or a movie, Chappie is equally interested and enthusiastic. The charms tell this story, too, for here—to point out a few of them—is a tiny gold star for 'And Stars Remain,' the play I did with Clifton Webb. And here is a tiny mask for 'Masque of Kings,' which I did with Henry Hull. And here, a lovely one, a miniature Venus for 'Venus Observed.' The tiny golden boxing gloves are in memory of the role I played opposite Robert Taylor in the movie 'Stand Up and Fight,' and this skinny little fellow commemorates the role of Nora Charles, which I played on NBC's The Thin Man series.

"Sharing the farm is great for us, too." Claudia said, "Chappie loves the farm, he loves that place. It's his hobby. It's his

home and, although I find my great pleasure in my house, in doing the house, it's worked out so that I get pleasure out of the farm, too; even out of the farm work, like scraping peach trees, as I said, and pig-sitting. . . ."

"Yet Chappie never expects me to be something I'm not. He didn't purposely, that is, cast me in the role of a farmer's wife. We just went that day, now eight years ago, for a lovely day in the country and we came up with a farm!

"I say 'we,' advisedly, for—if Chappie was intrigued with the pleasing prospects of raising pigs (we raise Yorkshires and Chappie is now a proud member of the Yorkshire Breeding Association of America) and the laying hens and the dream, now come true, of freezing all our own vegetables for the whole year—I was completely intrigued with the house. I was in such ecstasies about that 200-year-old stone farmhouse, in such a coma about it, that I never even winced when we went down, then and there, and laid all that money on the line!

"And I've never once regretted it—not even when I want to do over a chair or a couch and Chappie says, 'We have to have a new tractor, you know.' I love the place. I love the people who are our neighbors. I love our life there.

"When you get the same amount of pleasure, satisfaction and relaxation out of the same things, it's terrific," Claudia said. "It's the knot that can't be untied. It's just about as near to happiness as we can come on earth."

So Claudia, unlike Carolyn Nelson on NBC's The Right To Happiness, has found her happiness. For Claudia, as the golden charms that mark her shining hours reveal, found her happiness in marriage nearly ten years ago.

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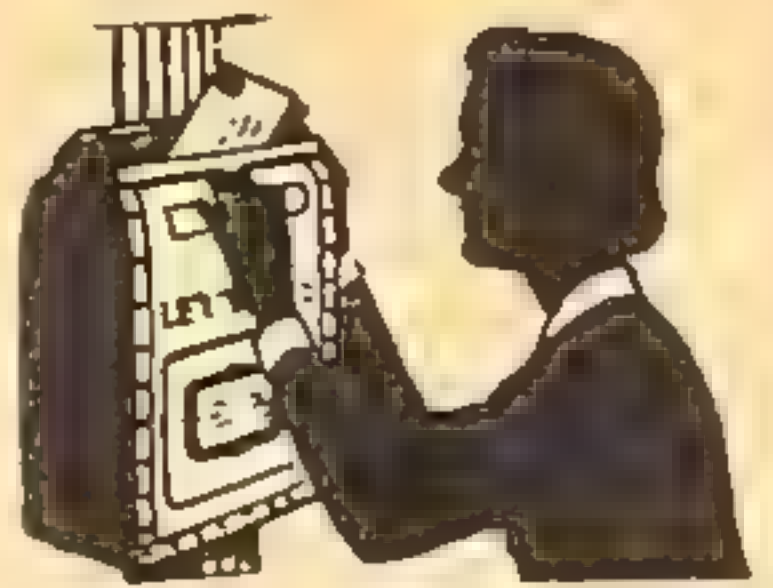
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The House That Grew a Little

(Continued from page 33)

it. On occasion, it served as Candy's playroom, as Herman's home office, as Ruth's sewing room—even though other, more ample space had been provided for each of these activities.

Ruth termed it "the room which grew." Stepping across the funny papers Candy had left on the floor and crossing to the three-sided bay window, she felt she knew why.

The bay, with windows facing three directions, offered the most encompassing view to be found anywhere in the house. From one side, she could look up the drive toward the highway; from another, she could gaze down to the little pond at the foot of their hill and out to the valley beyond it. The third window brought in sight the garage, the kennels with their large, fenced run and behind them, the forest.

At the gate of the run, she spotted the normally dainty Candy wrestling with the collie. Both dog and daughter were getting all wet and dirty. Ruth rapped sharply on the glass. Candy, hearing her, waved and started up the path.

Watching the child skip across puddles, Ruth wondered how many times during the past century other women had summoned other children in exactly the same way.

The old house, with its reminders of other times, other lives, could always spark Ruth's imagination. She felt a kinship with the women of earlier generations who also had called it home.

Which of them had had the wisdom to have the windows built? A friend who knew the dwelling's history once told her this space directly off the kitchen had been only a storeroom originally. By what feminine wiles had some long-dead housewife persuaded her frugal farmer-husband to spend the money to bring in the view? Had she taken a practical tack and argued that, with more light, she could do the family sewing there while keeping a watchful eye on the baking bread? Or had she appealed to his pride, pointing down the road to the mansion the Newmans called The Castle? Had she suggested that by adding a new-fangled bay they could keep up with the Joneses?

Whatever convincing persuasion that long-ago chatelaine had used, Ruth thanked her for it. The little room was her favorite place in the whole house.

Except for one thing. Through that bay the draft poured in cold and chilly on every side. Reaching for the sweater she kept handy, Ruth turned to Herman. "Darn it, this year we just have to find some storm windows that fit. I hate to shiver."

Herman emerged from behind the Sunday feature section. He shoved a fresh log into the fireplace which silently testified that some previous family had also found the room cold.

"I doubt if we'll have much luck. Those we bought are good as any we'll find. Trouble is no one can fit metal frames to those odd-sized windows and worn sandstone sills. They're crooked and it just won't work." He went back to his newspaper.

Ruth persisted. "Some kind of window must fit. Let's try to find it."

Herman had been through all this before, but he was determined to be patient. "It would be simpler to close off the room for the winter."

Ruth's face wore the expression wives get when husbands attempt to use logic to rationalize habit. "Now, Herman, you know perfectly well that however much

space we may have in this house, we'll still huddle up in here every Sunday. I don't know why, but this simply turns out to be the room where we live. We'll hunt for new storm windows."

Before the week was out, the search had become a hassle. At the University of Cincinnati—where Herman, a devoted student of semantics, teaches languages and corrective speech—his pursuit of the new windows became as compelling as determining the etymology of a transitive verb.

In Ruth's office at WLW-T, the storm-window phone calls were as numerous as requests for tickets to the Fifty Club.

Yet, by the time the Newman family again did its customary Sunday huddle, Ruth and Herman had to admit they were stymied. Gloomily, Herman summed it up. "No window will help much. The wind whistles in around the entire bay. When that was built no one knew much about sealing and insulation."

"Or else they wore red flannels and didn't mind it," Ruth added. "Get up off the floor, Candy. If you want to play with your doll house, move it into the kitchen where it's warmer. In fact, I think I'll move, too."

Candy went to the kitchen. Ruth went to the parlor to work at the piano on some music manuscript. Herman ambled up to his second-floor study to correct examination papers.

Within an hour, all had drifted back to the drafty little room with its bay window and open fire. Herman was the last to arrive. He dumped down the stack of papers, used a magazine as a makeshift lap-table and returned to his task. "I can't work upstairs," he admitted. "I feel I'm miles away from all of you. Trouble with this house, it's just too big."

"Or too small—in certain places." Ruth lifted the exam papers to retrieve the music manuscript she had brought in from the parlor. "Let's face it. We're getting in each other's way. We'd better make some changes here." Up until then, they had made very few.

They had had three homes before this and, after so much house-hunting, both were in a mood to fall in love at first sight with the white brick farmhouse at the top of the hill. Here they found all they had wished for—accessible seclusion, ample space, a warm feeling that those who built it and those who followed had all been happy living there.

They had restricted their remodeling to installation of efficient wiring and plumbing, and in furnishing their home they chose to duplicate, so far as practical, its original style. Through it, Ruth and Herman found a reflection of a quieter day when family activity centered around the family hearth.

In architecture, the structure is four-square and simple. A long hall, running from front door to kitchen, divides the house in equal parts. Down one side, there's the Victorian parlor furnished as it would have been in the Nineties. Ruth calls it "a room to walk in and walk out," and such walking usually is aimed toward the maple-outfitted sitting room, directly to the rear. Back of that is the "company" dining room.

Down the other side is the old-fashioned parlor-bedroom done in well-aged walnut, a bath, and Candy's room in more modern style.

At the back of the house, the big kitchen spreads across the entire width, except for the small slice taken off for the "little room." The kitchen, along two of its walls, is as modern as the latest appliances can

make it. But the dining area, with its antique dish cupboards, Lazy-Susan table and captain's chairs, dates to the period when the house itself was new.

When remodelling and decorating were completed, Herman, as well as Ruth, was pleased with the result. Consequently, on that Sunday afternoon when leaves reddened by a final burst of flame were rustling in the wind, Ruth's statement that some changes should be made actually belonged in the classification of normal, housewifely grouching.

Herman's reaction was unexpected. "Okay. Where do we start? Tear down this house and build a new one?"

Ruth was horrified. "How can you say such a thing? That would be like destroying an old friend. It would be murder, that's what it would be."

In family circle as well as in class, Herman has a fondness for planting a controversial idea and watching reaction to it. The twinkle in his eye completely escaped Ruth. She was still sputtering when he popped another notion. "If that doesn't suit you, what about pulling down the wall between the sitting room and the dining room? That would provide space we certainly could use. Do you realize there isn't a single room in this house where a long-legged guy can take two steps without bumping into something?"

Generations of proper Ohio housewives dictated Ruth's reply. "I won't have it. Not for one single, solitary minute. Granted, we seldom use the dining room. But I don't care if we give only one big dinner a year, I still want a place where my guests can sit down out of sight of the cook stove."

Herman indicated that for him adequate leg room rated higher than elegance. Ruth thought a minute, then led the way to the front of the house. "Look. This hall just

wastes space. If we pull down the walls on the parlor side and the bedroom side, we can turn this into a huge room."

Herman shook his head. "With an open stairway right in the middle? Too drafty."

"We'll move the stairway."

"Where?"

Firm believers in the theory that when a husband and wife speak their minds, family tensions have no chance to develop, Ruth said this and Herman said that, heatedly. Candy said nothing. She went back to the little room to play with her dolls. Her parents soon followed.

Swinging the circle right back to the place they started, Herman edged closer to the fire. "Doggone it, we have to do something about those windows."

That's when Ruth had a typical Lyons inspiration. She crossed to stare out the disputed windows. Twilight was deepening and far down in the rolling fold of hills she saw a light come on, golden as a star in the distance.

Its bright shaft, she felt, bound the valley and its people together. Perhaps those who lived in the valley also watched to see the lights come on in the hilltop house.

Again her thoughts flicked back to the past. Long ago another family must have had the same feeling, and in building the bay had acknowledged they were part of this place—as much a part as the pond, the trees and the sweep of the long valley leading down to the Ohio.

Those people had lived out their time and now it was the Newmans' turn to fit themselves into a plan which went on continuous, strong, unceasing. In keeping the old house alive, they were carrying out their part of the heritage.

But, if limited to veneration of the past, such a heritage would die. The old house had served out its century because it had

always been easy to change, and through change had remained useful.

Now, to serve the specific needs of the Newmans, it must change again. Ruth returned to the hearth.

"Herman, having special storm windows built would cost like sixty and take half the winter. Why don't we get some new windows—and build a new bay around them?"

Herman looked up from his papers. "Hey, now you're talking. Let's draw a plan."

They intended to make it merely a six-by-six addition but the old house seemed to exert a will of its own. The new bay became, when completed, a whole new wing, twenty-six feet long, twenty-two feet wide.

Its exterior blends with the original structure. Inside, it's finished in stained pine panelling. The little windows which, in a day before television, gave a Victorian housewife her only view of the world, have been replaced by two walls composed almost entirely of glass.

Below the new windows there's room for shelves of books and Candy's doll houses. Along the solid wall, Herman has space for his desk, globe and big dictionary. Ruth has a lounge chair she can draw up to a work table. The fireplace still glows cheerily even though it no longer is needed to fight off drafts.

Ruth says, "We've built a room exactly suited to our way of living. In it, we can be together during our leisure hours, yet there's provision for each of us to do what he wishes without stumbling over the other guy. That's what it takes to make us happy."

Then the thread of continuity with other times, other lives asserts itself, for with a smile she adds, "We've done the same thing other families have done before us. We let our old house grow a little."

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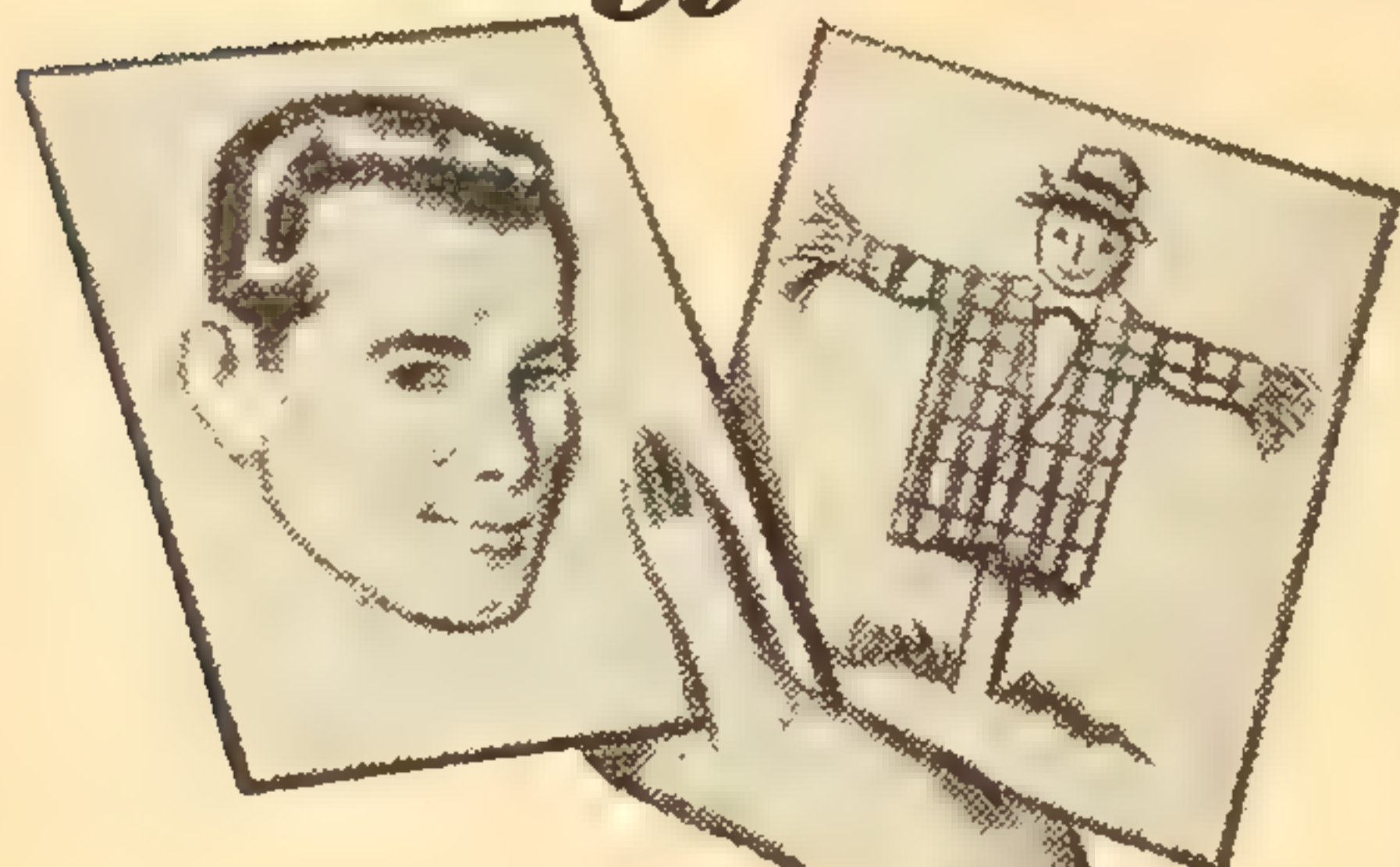
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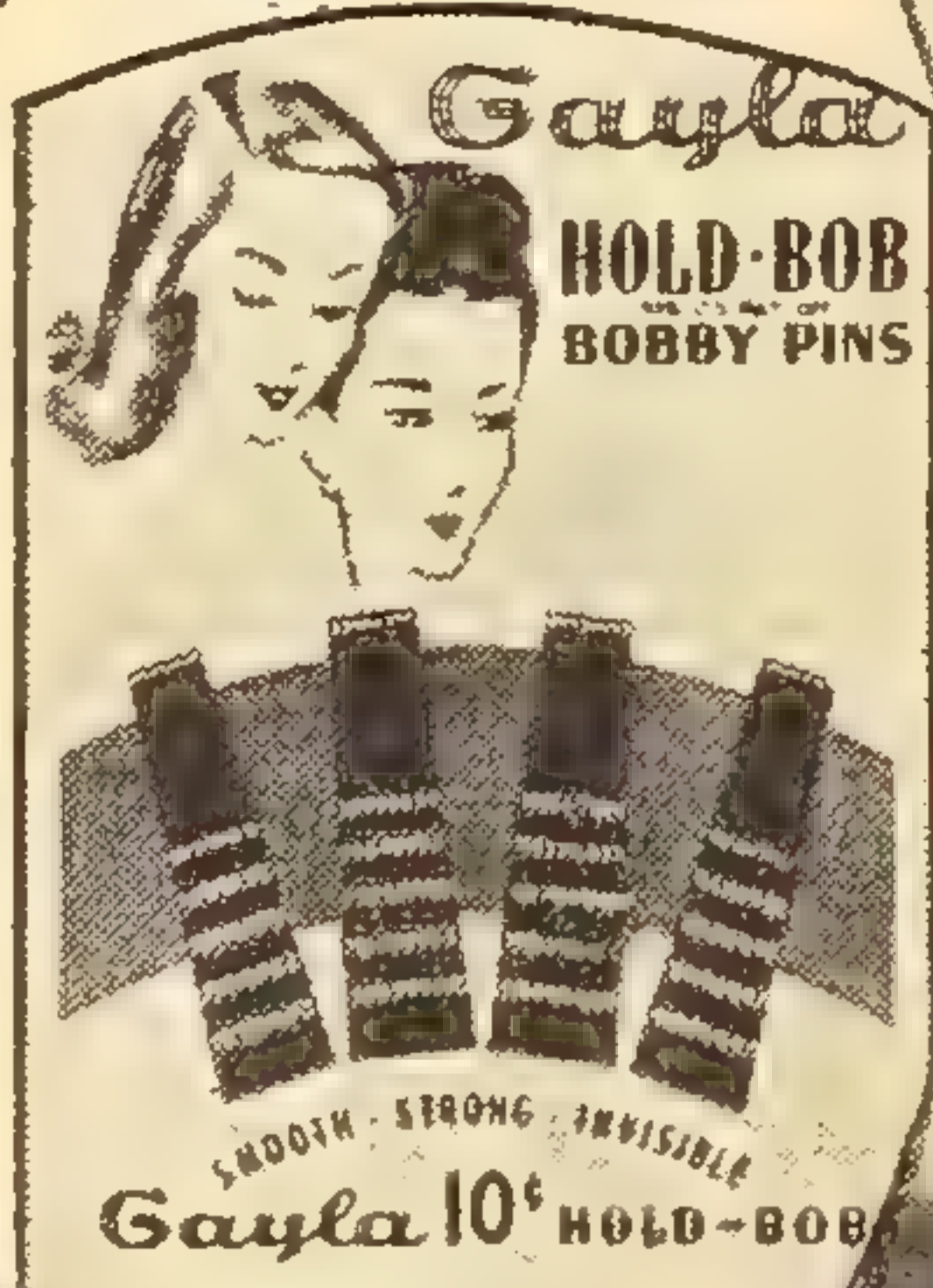
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Fran Allison

(Continued from page 52)

stowed, said gifts were of distressing vintage—a drooping hat, a fox scarf with maliciously glinting eyes.

When the original incident occurred in real life, it was Fran's husband, Archie Levington, who saved her feelings. However, as usually happens in a lively marriage, it was also Archie who started the whole thing.

Dinner was early that evening, for Burr had invited the whole group to his house for a party later on. Fran's mother, Nan, popped the steak into the broiler the moment she heard Fran's quick step on the stairs which lead to the second-floor living quarters of their coach-house on Chicago's near-North Side.

Archie, too, had come home on time from his Midway Music Company. Fran, seeing Archie's intent, faraway look, got her guard up. Such a look inevitably meant that Archie, caught in the clutches of his favorite hobby, was about to change things again.

His hello kiss was a mere brush of the cheek. His greeting was absent-minded. But his gesture, as he pointed to the huge round hassock, was sharp.

"Honestly, Fran, we must get rid of that. It's worn out. It no longer fits."

Fran tossed her handbag to the sofa and planted her hands on her hips. "You will not. That's one of the first things we bought when you came back from the Army."

"Just look at it."

Fran looked but, instead of seeing the slightly faded yellow upholstery, she saw the many times they had stacked it with albums of their favorite recordings. She remembered how they had perched there close together, watching movies Archie had made of their trips, viewing kinescopes of Kukla, Fran and Ollie, listening to transcriptions of her Aunt Fanny broadcasts on Breakfast Club.

Determinedly, she announced, "You will not. I just love this hassock."

Their clashes of opinion usually add zest to their living, but this time Fran was really upset, Archie decided. Waiting for her to get ready for the party, he heard none of the usual clatter of clothes hangers and dresser drawers; no frantic calls of "Nan, did you see my pearls? . . . Archie, are my blue sandals in the repair shop?" Only when disturbed did Fran dress with such quiet concentration. Archie began figuring ways to make up. But when Fran joined him, she was her usual sunny self. Wearing an iridescent gown which shaded from blue to orchid, she whirled full circle for his inspection.

"Do I look all right? This is a double occasion. It's Gommy's birthday, plus June Lockhart. She's in town and spending the evening with us."

Archie started to say, "But Fran—" then didn't. With husbandly enthusiasm, he substituted, "You're great. That's one of your most becoming dresses."

The party turned out to be among the best Burr Tillstrom and company ever had.

With the first breath, Lou Gomavitz, the show's director, blew out all the candles on his cake, and Jack Fascinato, going to the piano to chord "Happy Birthday," swung on into songs they all loved. Everybody—Burr, Beulah Zachary, the producer, the secretaries Cathy Morgan and Mary Dornheim, and their special guest, June Lockhart, all sang at the top of their voices. No one wanted the evening to end, so they settled down to their favorite recreation of running film recordings of past shows.

As Gommy threaded the projector, Burr read the label on the film can: "Here's

practically a museum piece. Date's 1947. That's pre-network, pre-kinescope. Archie, you must have shot this."

Talk quieted. The familiar "Plink, plink, plink" of Jack's "Here We Are Again" sounded. First action began. Fran stepped before the camera.

There was a gasp, then a shout of laughter from the entire group. In the film which Burr had termed a museum piece, Fran was wearing the very same dress she had worn to tonight's party.

Too late, they realized that even a girl who appears on lists of best-dressed women might be sensitive about such a thing. The spontaneous whoop chilled to embarrassed silence. Everyone hoped fervently Frannie's feelings weren't hurt.

Fran was the first to recover. "You can't say," she remarked drily, "that I haven't come up in the world. At least I have the same dress I had five years ago."

In the affectionate free-for-all which followed, Fran, as usual, topped everyone's best gag. Yet when goodbyes had been said, Archie could tell the incident still bothered her. As they stepped under the canopy of trees which line North State Parkway, on the way home, Fran wailed: "For heaven's sake, why didn't you remind me? You know I never think of such things."

Many answers raced through Archie's thoughts. He might have mentioned the gowns hanging in closets newly built to store her growing wardrobe; he might have mentioned the fundamental precept of show business that, while a star may forget what she wore on a certain occasion, others always remember. He might have recalled heated discussions in which he had insisted she dispose of garments which, by a performer's exacting standards, were elderly.

But he rejected all of them. He remembered, instead, how Fran, eager as a little girl to look nice at a special party, had pirouetted for his inspection.

It had been then he had decided not to suggest that she change to a newer gown—for, with the insight gained through ten years of loving her, he had sensed that the hassle over the hassock might have had much to do with Fran's choice of dresses. When existence of one of her beloved possessions had been threatened, she instinctively had protected another—by wearing it.

His Fran, Archie recognized, would never count the lapse of time by clock or calendar. Fran told time by her heart.

If she loved a person or a possession, that love never dimmed and, consequently, in her eyes the object of her love never faded nor changed.

For Fran, all time was now. Because of that feeling, she could breathe glowing life into past, present, future, or never-never.

For her, all things good and kindly were ever-present. Only unpleasantness was ever forgotten.

Archie wanted Fran to know he understood. Quietly, he said, "Of all your dresses, that's my favorite. You look so happy in it."

He reached for her hand. Like a boy and girl on their first date, they walked on.

As they turned up their own walk, Fran let him know that, in a marriage such as theirs, understanding is a two-way communication. Her familiar chuckle broke their companionable silence.

"About that hassock. Maybe you had better call the Goodwill in the morning."

But, to Archie, Fran's happiness is more important than perfection in decorating. The hassock still stands in the corner of their living room.

The Song That Touched Bing's Heart

(Continued from page 48)

him out?"

"Okay, Herm, you're a lawyer, see if you can't 'spring' him," said Bing.

The Senator had campaigned all through that country and he'd met the teacher. "Bing Crosby's outside," he said. "We want Freeland Thorsen to hunt with us. Would it be—er—uh—possible to let him go."

"Of course," she smiled. Then as he started back out the door she stopped him with, "Will you bring Bing back to sing for us?"

Knowing how people were always piling requests on him, the Senator hated to ask Bing to sing. He walked slowly back to where Bing stood waiting. "Well, I got Freeland out," he said, then paused, "but I'm afraid I got you in. The teacher asked you to come in and sing for the kids."


"Do you suppose they want me to?" asked Bing. But, dressed in his levis and boots, he went into the schoolhouse and introduced himself to the teacher. He had a bland wink for Freeland as he walked by.

"Well, kids, they tell me you want me to sing. Any requests?" he asked. A little pigtailed girl spoke up promptly. Then a freckled-faced boy wanted "Irish Lullaby." Sitting on a school desk, his trusty left boot wagging out an accompaniment, Bing kept singing their requests. Finally, when he was about to leave, one started it, and the other kids all joined in. This time, they were singing for him.

Rising to their feet, they sang their "White Christmas" straight to him. Looking from face to face and listening to the sweet mixed voices of the school children serenading him way out there in the woods, Crosby was very touched. Never one to make a speech, never one to show any emotion, if he can avoid either, Bing said "Goodbye." As he walked by the blackboard, he picked up a piece of chalk and wrote, "To the kids of District 48: Thanks for a wonderful time. I'll never forget you. Bing Crosby."

The school people had the piece of blackboard removed. They sent it away and had his scrawl permanented and framed. It still hangs there in the little country schoolhouse for all to see. As long as "the blue of the night meets the gold of the day," his "command performance" there will never be forgotten. But, in the happy eyes of a little hunting compatriot, the souvenir will always mark the spot where Bing Crosby sang a song to "spring him" from school.

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I Believe in Silver Linings

(Continued from page 61)

when my eldest daughter was only six years old, I was left a widow. Left a widow with three small daughters, a house, a good fat mortgage, and six Doberman pinschers that threatened to eat us out of everything—everything, that is, except the mortgage. That, I felt sure, would be with us always!

But there was another thing I was left with—a training, a preparation to meet life and take care of myself . . . and mine . . . should the emergency ever arise. This I think is terribly important, and I cannot thank my parents enough for having seen to it that I was prepared to make my own way in life. It is something I've striven very hard to give my own children. Training gives confidence, and without confidence you're lost in this world of competition.

I was trained for work in the theatre. I always loved everything connected with the theatre, and my parents helped me to as much basic training for the profession as possible. As a youngster, I studied piano, violin and singing. After graduation from Northwestern University, I took a post-graduate course in dramatics with Anna Morgan in Chicago. Then a number of years of vaudeville gave me the opportunity of putting my training to practical use. When I married, I retired from the stage—the Palace Theatre in Chicago, to be exact—to become a Milwaukee housewife and mother. However, I had had the training and experience necessary to give me confidence.

Which is, of course, exactly what I needed after my husband's death. Since I did not want to leave my children, I decided against traveling companies and vaudeville in favor of the local radio station, WTMJ. There was only one drawback. In those early days of radio, salaries were low—worse than that, you often found yourself working just for the heck of it. "Experience," they called it. No cash transaction involved. And that is what I found myself doing—play-living through the Trials of Vivian Ware, for free. Well, if it wasn't for free, it was for so little that it left no noticeable impression on my memory or pocketbook.

Since the state of my pocketbook was distinctly grim, something more lucrative had to be done. I looked around for another possible means of support. What had I that could be used in a constructive way? In the midst of my greatest expense—those six Doberman pinschers—I found it. The dogs had their own kennels on our property, and it seemed to me like a reasonable assumption that, if I enlarged the kennels and hired a veterinarian, I should be able to turn a deficit into a profit.

Opening day was not exactly spectacular—the only boarders were my own. And right about here that liberal dash of optimism came in handy. Little by little word got around and business gradually picked up—picked up to the point of my eventually building a forty-eight kennel animal hospital in downtown Milwaukee. In fact, this is still a flourishing business, although I am no longer actively connected with it.

In a few years' time the pocketbook had taken on more robust proportions. I was realizing a fair return on the kennel business, and even more personally satisfying was the success I was meeting in radio. Besides doing some dramatic roles—for cash, by now—I was also putting on my own twice-daily program called Magazine of The Air. This was a woman's program in which I covered

everything from pet problems to clothes, from advice to women to famous females in the news. Then, suddenly, on one free day I decided to go to Chicago—about an hour's trip from Milwaukee—to see how one went about auditioning for network programs. I felt it was time to spread my wings—show a profit professionally, as well as financially.

This is where that "helping hand" I mentioned came in. In complete innocence as to the ways of networks, I had planned merely to set up an appointment for a future audition. But, when I arrived at Station WGN, the place was literally swarming with aspiring actors and actresses. While I was standing, wondering what was going on and what I should do next—besides go home—a young man, who turned out to be a sound-effects man, came up and asked if he could help me. I told him I had come to make an appointment for an audition—and what were all these people doing here? He looked at me as though I had just crawled out of a tree-top, and gently explained that the surging humanity—some one hundred strong—was also here with auditions in mind. Furthermore, this would be the last general audition for at least six months.

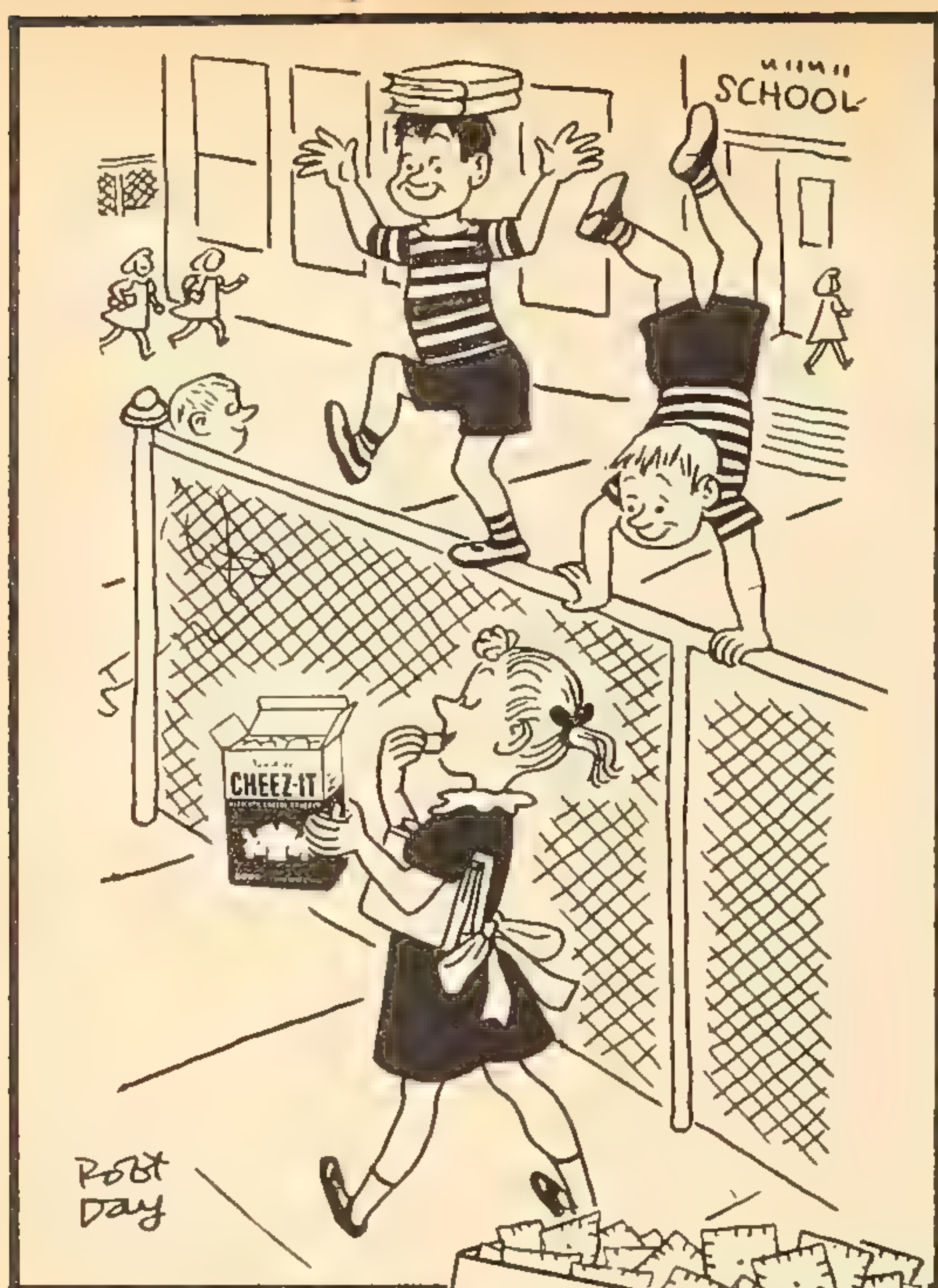
I don't know what I said or did that led him to take pity on me, but he suggested that I come back at about 4:30 that afternoon. He would see if he couldn't sneak me in. At the appointed hour, I returned to find that the young man had caused so much commotion, and aroused so much curiosity on the part of the station executives, that they were not only willing but anxious to see me.

At this point, my training and its resultant confidence came to my rescue. Not having expected to audition that day, I had not come equipped with reading material . . . and the judges had none to give me. So I dug out of my memory a comedy monologue I had used in vaudeville. It was a long, ten-minute piece, and, instead of letting me stop at the end of a minute or two, the judges insisted I go through the whole thing. Then—what else did I know?

Well, by the time they finally let me stop, I had gone through a good half-hour's worth of monologues, and was starting to wonder whether I should charge for my services. I was then told that, if I could arrange to stay overnight in Chicago, the judges would get in touch with me the next day to let me know if they had anything for me. That next day turned into a real red-letter day—not only did I get a job, but with it came a guarantee of a daily role on The Romance of Helen Trent. And I'm happy to report that the young man with the helping hand has since risen to an executive position with the network!

After a number of very happy and professionally successful years in Chicago. I again suddenly felt that the time had come to move—this time to New York. I mentioned my plans to an agency man, who suggested I call Phil Baker's agent when I landed in the big city—Phil was looking for a comedienne, and I might be able to fill the bill. With this lone and meager hope, I said goodbye to Chicago and thirteen shows. To say I lost no time in contacting Phil Baker's agent is putting it mildly. And to say I was ecstatic over winning the audition is understatement.

Soon the assignments started rolling in . . . after you have one good role, others seem to gravitate to you. Eventually, I got my first part on Theatre of Today—a



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program which still is one of my particular pets. It gives me such a wide selection of roles and is always a challenge to my acting ability. Besides that, I heartily agree with the motivation behind its plays—the courage of women to meet and conquer the problems of everyday living.

Yes, everything was going beautifully. My three girls were now grown, educated, and successful in their own rights. I am quite satisfied in my own mind that they will always be able to take care of themselves, should misfortune ever strike. Right now, one daughter, Pamela Britton, is playing the Vivian Blaine role in the Chicago company of "Guys and Dolls," Virginia is a successful model, and Mary is a happy housewife. Six years ago, Pamela presented me with my first grandchild, and about a year and a half ago Virginia gave me my second, little Heidi.

You know, I've often wondered how many friends thought, when Pamela first promoted me to the ranks of grandparent: Okay, Ethel, that's it—you've had it! Fortunately, it didn't strike me that way. The biological fact had no bearing on my mental approach to life—as long as I live, I'll never have "had it."

So, I proceeded on my own merry way. At the time, I was living with my mother at the Gramatan Hotel in the New York suburb of Bronxville. One day the hotel decorator caught me and said, "Mrs. Owen, you should stop in and see what we've done to the banquet hall. It's been completely remodeled into an apartment for a colonel and his wife. But be sure to see it today—the colonel will be moving in tomorrow." That evening my curiosity got the better of me and, with one of my daughters in tow, I went to take a peek. Well—I opened the door, and there reading a newspaper was a gentleman. He looked up, and very calmly inquired, "Looking for the ladies' room?" I couldn't have been more surprised—or embarrassed. I think I stammered something to the effect, "Good heavens, are you the Colonel?" To which he replied, "No." Which was the second of three pieces of misinformation the decorator had given me . . . the third being that there was no wife, John Almy was a widower. Hard as he tried to put me at my ease, I was by now beyond repair. Somehow or other, the meeting finally came to a close, and it wasn't until quite some time later that I met him again—this time, on the commuters' train going home one evening. Warren Hull, who was sitting with me, very politely got up and gave Mr. Almy his seat. The following Sunday John and I had dinner together, two days later I had my engagement ring, and within three weeks I was Mrs. John Hale Almy. How's that for a grandmother of two years' standing?

Now, everything is perfect—both my professional life and my private life. I've discovered that the dry sense of humor and kindness he displayed on our first shattering meeting are inborn in John—he's never without them. We have a wonderful time, no matter what we're doing, and John's love of surprises rules out even the possibility of dull moments.

We have a truly beautiful—gay and colorful—five-room apartment in Scarsdale where we love to entertain our friends. I'm particularly fond of having dinner guests . . . gives me the necessary excuse to haul out sections of my collection of fifty cookbooks and go to work. If I do say so myself, I'm a pretty good cook.

Yes, everything is now perfect. The confidence and security born of my early training and experience, plus a generous supply of optimism, have paid dividends. I've not only found my silver lining, but I think I've prepared my children to find theirs. I couldn't be happier!



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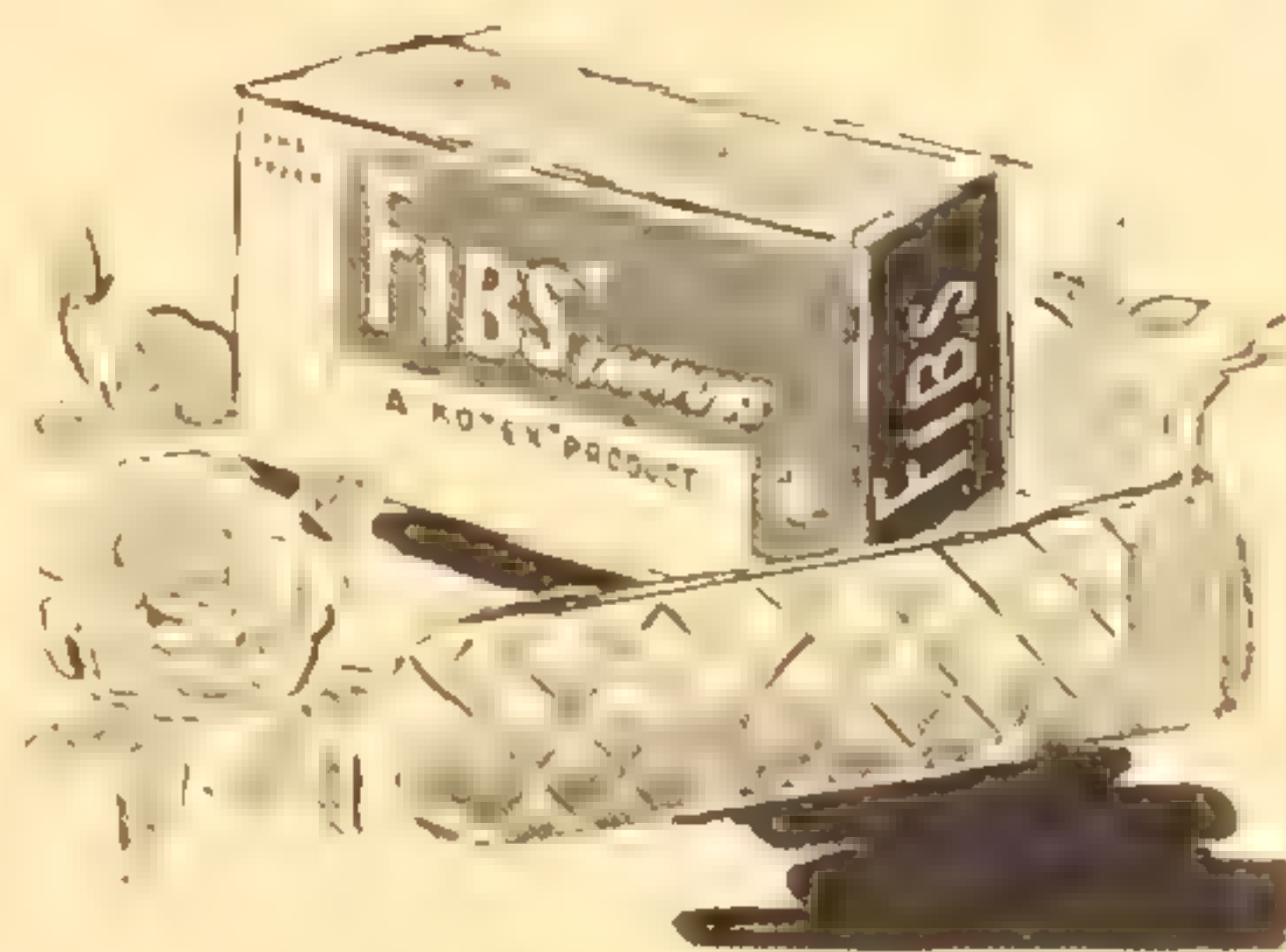
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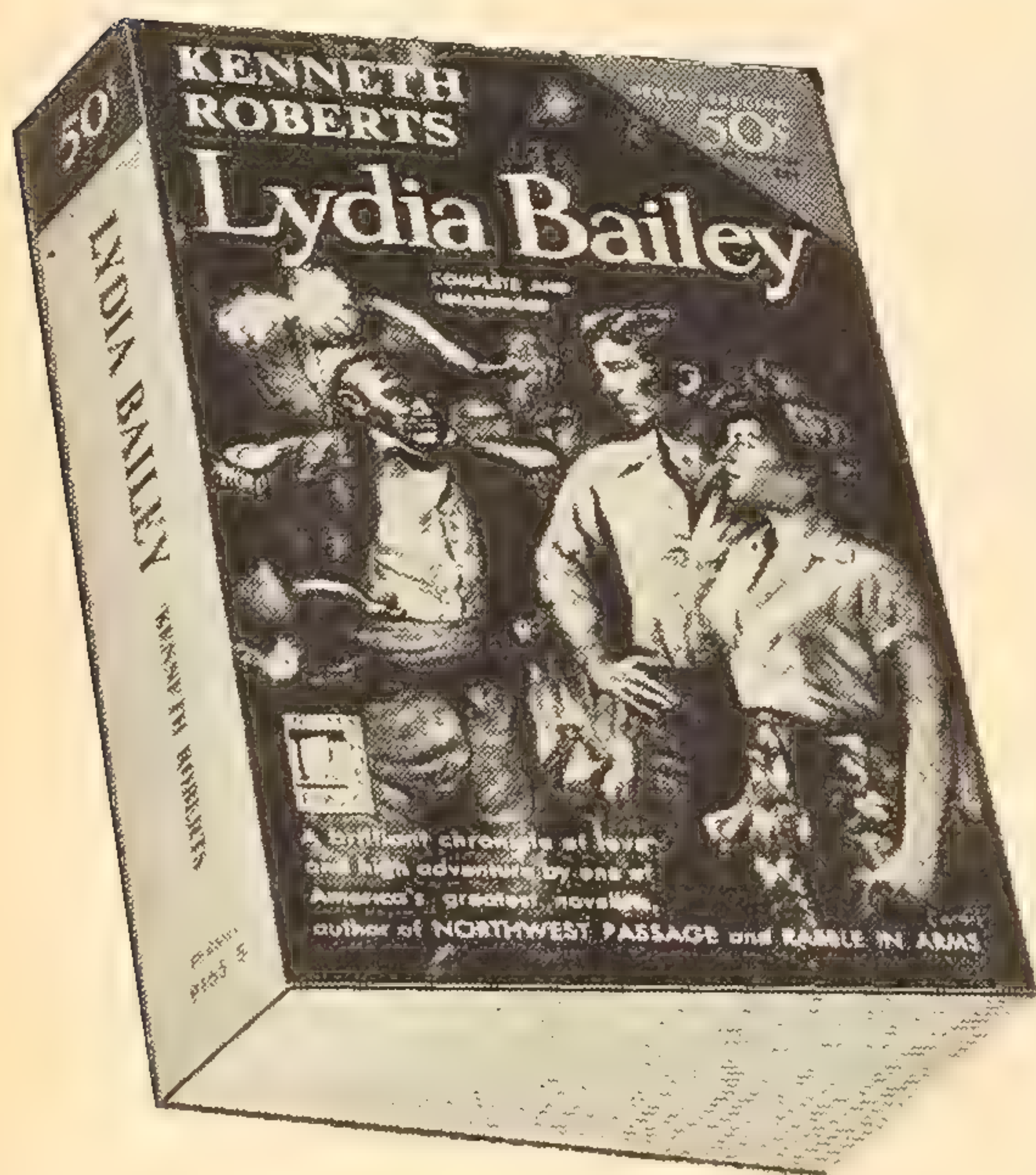
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Daytime

(Continued from page 25)

namic mother-in-law had been soothed by Ivy Trent's new adjustment to life, and by her tremendous affection for her grandchildren. But a sudden new flare-up of Ivy's old, destructive personality shakes everyone up. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PERRY MASON A preoccupied collector of rare jewels, a lonely wife, and a charming man with plenty of time on his hands, can't add up to anything but trouble. Since the husband's jewel collection includes the unique Blazing Heart, the trouble explodes into a major cause celebre, which brings Perry Mason into it. Even Mason marvels at the minute complexity of the plot whose ends he shrewdly and patiently begins to pick up. M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Masquerading as an inmate of a women's prison, Carolyn Nelson went through dangers, humiliations and privations which will not be easily forgotten. But she would have done even more than that to help save her husband, Governor Miles Nelson, from political ruin, and to expose his enemies. Does Miles fully understand her sacrifice? Is Miles in some way changed toward her? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE The destructive force of evil is brought home with bitter conviction to Conrad Overton as he reflects that from a simple desire to have more money he has brought about his own complete ruin. By the time Dr. Jim Brent has finished exposing him, Conrad will be completely crushed. But will this mean that the threat against Jocelyn's life is ended? Will she be able to marry Jim? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT The possibility of a big step upward in her career excites Helen Trent, successful Hollywood gown designer. She may be engaged to create all the costumes for a major film production. But Helen knows that vicious gossip about her and lawyer Gil Whitney, which has already harmed her career, may ruin this new opportunity. Will Gil's estranged and jealous wife see to it that Helen does not get this important job? M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY A man who has lived through anguished months on trial for a murder he did not commit does not quickly forget the experience. Freed by a last-minute piece of evidence, Bill Roberts is exhausted, grateful—and worried. Will

Springdale accept him and Rosemary and allow them to rebuild a happy home there? Or will Bill have to fight for his place in society? And if he does, will it build or break down his spirit? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON Terry Burton, always aware of the dislike of her mother-in-law, treated it as casually as possible until the present crisis when her husband Stan's illness made her and the children dependent on Mother Burton's support. The unbearable strain imposed by the situation brings things to an unexpected head. Will Stan at last understand how far his mother might go to disrupt his marriage—or will it be too late? M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS The sordid murder of Muriel Drake, whom he was about to marry, brought wealthy Jared Sloane to his senses, and Stella has had the pleasure of seeing him finally awaken to the love and true worth of his secretary, Emily Calvert. Happy in the romance of her young friends, Stella is free once more to concentrate on her own affairs. Does this mean lawyer Arnold King may repeat his proposal? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE With Peg Martinson's death, Nurse Nora Drake is exposed to one of the greatest perils of her experience as circumstantial evidence singles her out as Peg's killer. But as the evidence piles up, it begins to totter under its own weight. Is Fred Molina, Nora's friend, right when he suspects that the picture of Nora's guilt is too carefully painted? Is there some hand guiding the seemingly accidental events into place? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN What is really going on in the beautiful but forbidding mansion on the Hudson where Louise, daughter of Wendy's boss, Thomas Hill, is fighting a tense battle of wits against her husband's matriarchal aunt? Anxious about Louise, Wendy persuades Thomas to forget his resentment against his daughter's marriage and respond to her pleas for a warmer relationship. Does Louise really need help even more desperately than Wendy suspects? M-F, 12 noon EDT, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Although Joan Davis was hurt by her husband Harry's insistence that she vacation in Paris without him, she assented finally and left Harry to the situation she only vaguely suspected—the battle to save his reputa-

Diary

tion from the slanders of Claire O'Brien. Harry may never forgive himself for this separation, for through it Joan has been plunged into the most mysterious and perilous situation of her life. M-F, 11:15 A.M. EDT, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE In the midst of the emotional ups and downs of the rest of his family, Jeff, the oldest Carter son, apparently remains detached, helpful, amused—and devoted to his writing. Is it possible for an attractive, eligible young bachelor like Jeff to avoid some involvement of his own? What about Carolyn, his sister Virginia's roommate? Or will some other woman decide to test Jeff's self-sufficiency? M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE The tense battle between Sam Williams and his former friend, Ray Gillette, climaxes when Gillette manages to trick Sam out of his job with the Springfield plant. Will this in turn precipitate a climax in the life of Anne Malone? Though Anne has still not sought a divorce from her estranged husband, Dr. Jerry Malone, Sam has hoped that her decision would be made shortly. Will he now feel that he has waited long enough? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. M-F, 9:30 A.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN The sudden appearance of Ruth Loring completely disrupts the life of Dr. Anthony Loring, who thought his marriage to her had been annulled years ago. Even when Ruth shakes off the sinister influence of her brother Conrad, which was responsible for many of her strange, vicious actions, Anthony knows that Ruth, who still loves him, may not step aside to let him marry Ellen Brown. M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

LOVE IS A BEACON

Lyle Sudrow, romantic star of The Guiding Light, followed his secret heart till he found happiness. You'll find pleasure, too, in Lyle's story, as told in the November issue of RADIO-TV MIRROR out OCTOBER 10



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that my husband was a child.
What could I do to save us?

by Mary Browne Horton

IT HAPPENED between one minute and the next—as unexpectedly as that, and yet as tangibly as though the door had opened and a stranger had joined the three of us there. I was out in the kitchenette, emptying ashtrays, listening absently to Ernest and my father talking, when suddenly the quality of Ernest's voice held me still. It wasn't anything he *said*, as a matter of fact, all he said was, "No, when I'm working I try not to read at all. I find the style and the thinking of another writer just confuse me at those times."

Not what he said, but something that stole into his tone, made me think with sharp dismay, Why, Ernest *dislikes* Papa! That's the way you talk to someone who irritates you! Then I stood aghast at my own thought. Dislike between Ernest and Papa? It wasn't possible! Why, Papa had always been on Ernest's side; and in the days when I hadn't been sure how I felt about Ernest he used to come and talk to Papa. I'd never even thought about it before, Papa and Ernest and Dr. Jerry Malone—who was living with Papa now—all seemed to be such good friends.

Was I imagining that undertone? Papa was answering Ernest now, and I listened. He sounded just the same. I put down the ashtrays, and got the coffeepot. Maybe Ernest had been right, earlier this evening. Maybe I was too tired, at the end of a day at the office, to rush home and get dinner for company. Tired and hot and ready to see things out of proportion. I'd stay out of the living room long enough to relax and make some coffee.

But, even when I brought the coffee in and we sat around drinking it, things didn't get back to normal.

In spite of my flow of chatter, Papa left shortly after the coffee, and Ernest began loading the cups

on a tray before I could get to them. "Never mind," I said, "I'll do that, dear. It's still early—quarter of ten, only. If you want to get an hour's work in tonight—"

"What makes you think I'm not just as tired as you?"

"I only thought—when I said Papa was coming over you complained about missing a night's work on your novel. I just thought it was still early, and there's no reason why I can't clean up by myself."

"Don't play the martyr with *me*, Mary, please!" His voice was rough with annoyance. "That stuff goes down with your father, but you ought to know better than to try it with me. The poor little woman holding down two jobs while her lazy, good-for-nothing husband drifts along. . . ."

I slammed down the coasters I was collecting and drew a deep breath. "What's the matter tonight, Ernest? You know perfectly well you're getting yourself into one of those moods that simply make it impossible for anyone to talk reasonably to you. I heard the way you spoke to Papa—"

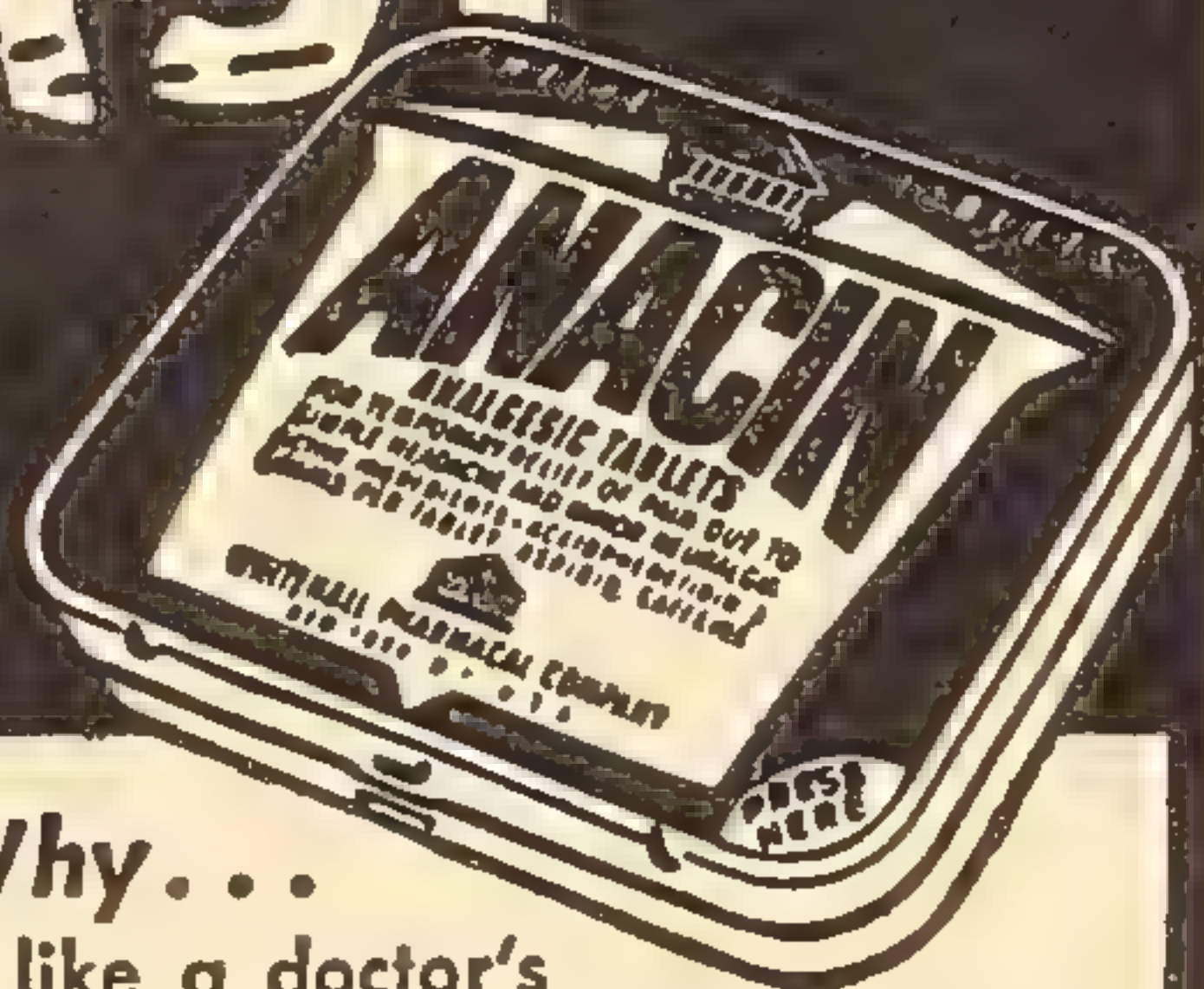
"Oh, did you! And did you hear the way he spoke to me? 'How are you getting on with your writing?' What page are you on—how much work are you doing each night, and what do they think about it at your office, and don't you think it's all a lot of nonsense and you ought to buckle down to just an ordinary job like the rest of us and admit you're nothing but a poor slob with artistic delusions of grandeur—" (Continued on page 94)

Young Dr. Malone is heard on CBS, M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, for Crisco. Eva Marie Saint and Douglass Parkhirst are pictured here in their roles as Mary and Ernest Horton.

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(Continued from page 93)

"Papa never said anything—never thought anything—like that and you know it!" I was aghast at the pent-up venom that came pouring out of him.

"Do I know it?" Ernest laughed, a short, bitter bark. "When he came over with a prepared list of questions as long as my arm?"

"Did it ever occur to you that he's interested in your work? And in you?" I ran a sinkful of water into soapsuds and put the dishes into it, moving slowly so that the tears that were scalding my eyes wouldn't result in the breakage of the thin old china Papa and I had cherished for so long. "Ernest, I don't know you when you get into these fits. I know I don't react as sensitively as you do to everything that happens, but I—I do want to help you. So does Papa. Why do you reach into thin air every now and then and build up these frantic wails against the people who—who love you?" It was a plea, and Ernest must know how hard it was for me to humble my pride and talk to him like this. He must know and care enough to control himself!

Ernest sighed. "I'm sorry, Mary." He came into the kitchen and put his arms around me. "You know what you're saying is true, and I know it, and I just can't control it. Here—kiss me." He turned my face to his. Inside me something went slack, like a taut rope suddenly released, and I leaned against Ernest. Once more—once again we had skirted the edge of a blow-up, and he had stepped back just in time. It was getting harder, each time. Maybe the next time he'd go over, dragging me with him. I loved Ernest! I didn't want to see him suffer, but I didn't know how much more strain I could stand without turning on him.

The next day, at my office, everything brisk and pleasant around me, I felt well-organized enough to attack the situation in what I hoped would be a constructive manner. Ernest wanted to write. There had never been any secret about it. I knew when I married him that he practically lived for the time when he could afford to leave his advertising job and devote himself full time to his novel. Who wouldn't be able to understand, then, the impatience that was making him so restless, so bitter? Papa, with his medical research—Dr. Jerry Malone, with his brilliant diagnostic skill—if someone or something had kept them from being doctors, wouldn't they have been restless and bitter, too? And Ernest could no more make himself into a writer by working in bits and pieces, working after dinner nights when he was too tired to concentrate, than they could have put themselves through medical school studying in their spare time. I was thinking so hard I propped my elbows on my typewriter and frowned into space, and Mr. Porter came by and gave me a cool look. I got very busy at once. Mustn't take chances with my job now—not with the only possible solution to our problem staring me in the face.

On my way home that night I made two extra stops, one at the French bakery for Ernest's favorite chestnut cake, and one at the street-corner flower stand for a big bunch of lilacs. I was taking a chance. In one mood, my husband was perfectly capable of ignoring these obvious signs of celebration, making it necessary for me to go into a long and silly-sounding explanation all on my own. In his better mood, though—his best—oh, Ernest could be such fun! When the intensity he felt about living and people was cheerful and hopeful, it made my life sparkle, too! In that mood, this could be a real celebration. Hugging my flowers, but careful not to

crush the confection in the bakery box, I hurried home and up the stairs of our brownstone. Would he think I had had the idea of the century? Oh, if only he would!

Before I was well into the apartment, I knew it was going to be a real celebration. From kitchenward came the shrill, perky whistle that always meant a good mood. I let my breath out in a little hiss of thankfulness.

"Honey! Hi!" Ernest appeared briefly in the doorway, and I had an impression of floury hands and a dishtowel apron and his hair standing on end. "Come in and salute me when you've taken off your hat. I've got a project cooking and I can't leave it." Ernest held his hands up in the air while he kissed me, and confessed that the project was biscuits. With both of us jostling happily about, we got the rest of dinner ready in short order. I was so happy at Ernest's bouncing mood that, when I saw his face as he noticed the flowers and the cake, I let the emotion escape in a giggle.

He gave me a blank look. "Not my birthday, and not yours," he calculated, counting on his fingers. "Not our anniversary—not a national holiday, because we put in a full day at the office." Suddenly his eyes glazed with horror. "Mary! You're not—we're not—" His glance traveled swiftly over me.

"Oh, no!" It took me a second or two to follow his thought. "Heavens, no, Ernest!" And then, rather soberly, I added, "Would it be such a dreadful thing if I were going to have a baby?"

"Oh, darling, you know better." Ernest was serious now, too. "But not now. Not yet. You know what a shake-up it would mean for us. . . ."

"Well, hold on to your fork, because that's just what I'm planning—a shake-up, not a baby." I picked up my own fork and began on the hamburgers. "Eat your nice dinner, and I'll tell you for dessert," I said.

"Pretty pleased with yourself, aren't you," Ernest said. I nodded, continuing to eat. "Pretty smug. How do you know I'll be equally pleased, hum?" He scowled. "Maybe I'll hate it. Maybe I'll be appalled."

"No, you won't." But a nervous flutter made me put down my fork. Ernest was so darned unpredictable. Would he? Not tonight! Not when he was in his top-of-the-world mood. Still. . . . Ernest hadn't started to eat. His lean, long-chinned face was almost painfully intent, and his dark eyes were like a little boy's on the wrapping of a gift with a mysterious shape. I stopped eating, folded my arms on the table, and told him. After all, I wasn't suggesting anything world-shaking. Only that he ask his firm if they'd give him a three-month leave of absence. Lots more drastic things were going on every day, everywhere.

But Ernest's reaction was alarming. "Say it again," he demanded. "Slowly and clearly."

"Well—isn't it logical?" I crumbled a roll nervously. "If you had three months of nothing to do but put in eight hours a day on your novel, you'd be off to a good start, at least. I hate to see you sitting up the way you do, knocking yourself out, forcing the tag-ends of your energy, your vitality, just what's left over after a full day's work, when you should be giving your writing the very best of you—"

"Mary." Heedless of the chestnut cake, he reached across for my hand. "Darling, I feel like such a heel. Have you really worried about me like that? I mean, have you known how hard it's been, the awful frustration of facing that typewriter every night and knowing that no matter how much I wanted to I might just not be

able to think straight any more? I—I had no idea you thought about it at all.”

“Of course you didn’t.” I squeezed his hand to take any censure out of the words. “I know you didn’t. You’ve been so harassed, you’ve gotten into the habit of thinking nobody knows or cares or thinks about you. But I do, I do all the time!”

“A leave of absence,” Ernest repeated wonderingly. Then he laughed. “It’s sort of miserably funny, and sort of great, too. A couple of weeks ago I was on the edge of asking you if I ought to quit my job altogether. I was getting desperate.”

Involuntarily my fingers tensed on his. “Quit? Well, if you think it’s the only way—”

“I don’t.” He laughed again. “That’s why I said great. There’s a lot to be said for having a practical-minded wife. I just never thought of a leave of absence.” Then his smile faded. “I don’t know, though, honey. . . .”

“We can do it! Listen, I have it all figured out. With my salary we can just manage, maybe without even touching the bank account.”

“Oh, that. We couldn’t touch it. We can hardly see it.” He made a dismissing gesture. “I wasn’t thinking of the money, Mary. It was the three months. It’s not much time, for the major work of art I’m projecting.” He smiled wryly. “Let’s hope.”

No, he certainly wasn’t thinking of the money, I thought with a twinge which I immediately banished. Not if he wanted a longer leave of absence. You didn’t get paid for a leave of absence. And we did have to eat. I bit my lip and said, “How about six months?”

We hashed it over a while longer, back and forth, and then we had our celebration. I didn’t show, tried not even to think, that Ernest’s reaction had shaken me. It was almost as if I’d come along and released him from a cell—a cell I’d been keeping him in. And I couldn’t help feeling a little upset about the money. Did he have to be quite so debonair about our ability to get along? After all, he was the head of the house. When this was over, and he was back at his regular job on a regular salary, I didn’t want him to feel I had ever stepped into his place.

Then I realized what I was thinking. When this was over . . . didn’t I expect Ernest to be a success? Didn’t I believe in Ernest’s writing, believe he’d finish his book and get it published and establish himself in the career he wanted so passionately? If he did, he certainly wouldn’t be going back to his job. I had to believe it!

Maybe that was why I had a chip on my shoulder when I told Papa and Jerry about our arrangement. Maybe that was why I was so fierce when they looked dubious. Papa said slowly, “Why, that’s a pretty serious step, Mary. You don’t make enough at your job to carry a family.”

“We’re not a family. We’re just two people. And it won’t be forever.”

“Six months might seem like forever if bills start piling up,” Jerry said. He closed his book, keeping his place with a finger, and stared thoughtfully at me. The two of them, sitting there in critical judgment over Ernest’s and my affairs, suddenly irritated me beyond politeness.

“Can’t you show a little enthusiasm?” I burst out. “A little kindness, a little optimism? Even if you don’t think Ernest has a bit of talent—”

“Hold on,” Jerry remonstrated. “That’s unfair, Mary. You might remember that I was encouraging Ernest a long time before you could be persuaded to show him,” he mocked me gently, “a little kindness.”

What Jerry said was true, and there was no profit in remembering it. Those days when it had been Jerry himself in whom I was perversely, grimly interested, and when Jerry, knowing the futility of it, had championed Ernest’s cause. I sighed. I’d been wrong, wrong about everything. Even though Anne and Jerry were still separated, they hadn’t been divorced; and I had come to see that I did love Ernest; and Jerry—Jerry wasn’t, never had been in the least, in love with me.

It was very old water under a very old bridge. Now was *now*; Ernest was my husband and my responsibility.

But Papa, just before I left, tried to make it clear that he wanted to offer encouragement. “I think it’s a courageous decision,” he said earnestly. “If I seem a little cautious, it’s only because—well, most of us never take these chances. We want to, and we keep telling ourselves we will as soon as a chance for decision offers itself, and then in most cases we just avoid the drastic and go plodding on in the same road.”

I was ashamed to feel tears stinging at my eyelids. “Do you really think so, Papa? It seemed like so much the most logical solution. I don’t mind carrying the full load for a while. I know it will be worth it in the long run—Ernest will be happy, and so I will, too.” I put my head against his chest—partly to avoid his eyes. “Isn’t that the important thing?”

If Papa had agreed with me, it would have somehow made it true. He said, “Happiness is certainly the important thing, Mary. But there’s always the question of how to get hold of it. And apart from that, of course, no father likes to see his daughter carrying ‘the whole load,’ no matter how willing she may think herself to do so.”

So that was that. They were going to hold back. All right, let them! Ernest and I could handle this without anyone’s sanction! And I’d be flayed before I’d let even Papa find out that secretly there was a tiny flaw in me, a tiny warning light of the same kind of doubt. If he’d been encouraging, I’d have confessed my own weakness and asked him for help; but now I couldn’t let him know. I’d have to get along on my own. I’d have to show so much faith and so much positive belief in Ernest’s success that nobody would dare cast any doubts on it, much less Ernest himself.

It was a delightful surprise, the next week, to find that nobody was asking me for my reactions, much less Ernest. With the official opening of what we solemnly called his office, he seemed to enter a world all his own, a private heaven in which he was so happy, so busy, so much at home that he didn’t need me even looking in. I didn’t resent his absorption, either; when I came home at night now I could be almost certain of a real kiss, the table set, the dinner under way, and Ernest fully alive. It was a fresh new feeling, a fresh new start for our marriage. We were friends again. Even if he wasn’t always bubbling with cheer, he talked about his problems, got angry with himself—healthy normal anger, not the bitten-off sulky resentment that had started to color his whole attitude.

I learned quickly that the one question to avoid was “How’d it go today?” The first couple of days, in my innocence, I dashed in full of lively curiosity. But Ernest put a quick stop to that. He glowered at me. “What do you want to see, another *Gone With The Wind*? Give me time. At least a week, if it’s not asking too much.”

I put down my bag and went over and put my arms around him. “Don’t be silly. I don’t care if you didn’t write a word. I

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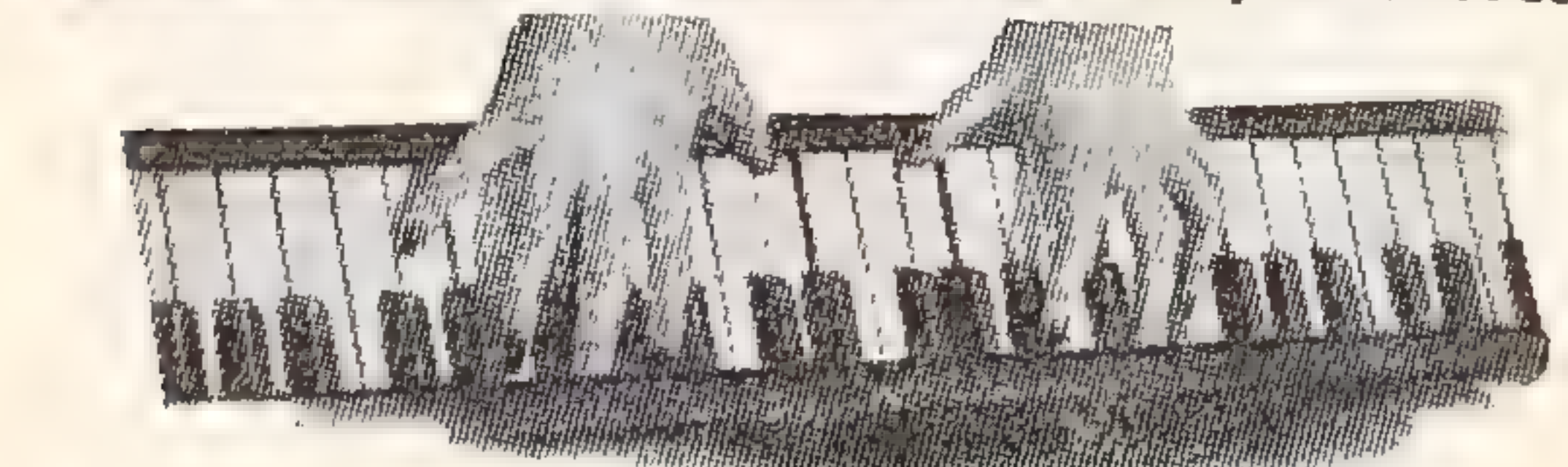
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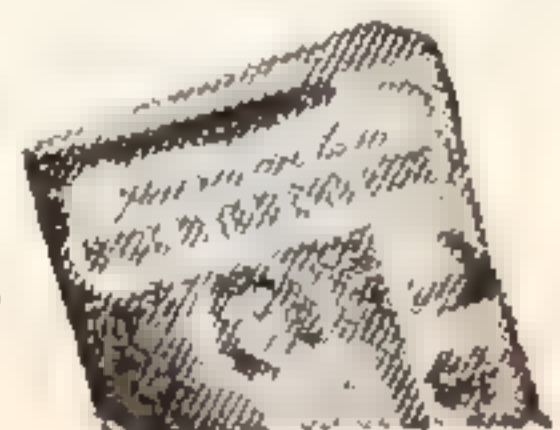


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only wanted to know if you're—well, if you think it's going to be okay. The new deal, I mean."

Ernest brushed his lips contritely against my forehead. "I know you weren't counting pages, honey. I just snapped out of force of habit. The answer is yes. Look." He picked up a thin pile of typing paper. "All this came out of me today. Tomorrow I'll do half of it over. But at least I'm working. Not pushing out a word at a time. It will go, Mary. I've never felt so sure of myself before."

Those first weeks went by in a haze of optimism. Then gradually, I don't know when, the bubbles began to die. I found myself dawdling on the way home. I didn't rush in; I came quietly, because if the typewriter was going I didn't even want Ernest to know I was home till dinner was almost on the table.

Since Ernest didn't talk to me, I didn't know for certain what was the matter, but it would have taken a stick of wood not to know that the writing wasn't going right. He'd started again to run himself down, to say biting things about his own dull-wittedness and general lack of enough sense to belong to the human race, let alone be a writer. I was brooding over one of those remarks one evening as I walked slowly down the street, transferring my paper sack from arm to arm, stopping to look in windows, doing everything I could to get home as late as possible, when suddenly Dr. Jerry Malone loomed ahead of me so abruptly I didn't have time to change my expression. He took off his hat and said, "Well, Mary!" and I said, "Hi, Jerry," and then we stood there.

"We haven't seen you lately," Jerry said. "Your father's brooding."

"Everybody's got troubles," I said apathetically. Then I shook myself and added, "I'm sorry, Jerry. I'm tired, and—"

"And things aren't going so well?"

"Well, it's none of your business, really, but you're quite right. Oh, Jerry, I don't know. If I talk to you or Papa I'm disloyal to Ernest, and if I don't talk to anybody I'll probably burst. I just don't know!"

Jerry put his hand on my arm. "Take it easy, Mary. What seems to be wrong? Is it the novel? Is it—isn't it up to what you expected?"

"Expected!" I gave a sarcastic laugh that would have been worthy of Ernest at his worst. "How should I know? I've never read a word of it!" He looked so astounded that I wanted to shake him. "Somebody should give a university course on how to live with a writer!" I fairly shouted. "I'm just so sick and tired of it! I want to read it, don't I? But I'm afraid if I ask him he'll think I'm prying, pushing, criticizing, heaven knows what. And if I don't ask him—which I don't—how do I know he doesn't think it's lack of interest? What am I supposed to do?"

He smiled down at me, and I said with absolute hatred, "Jerry Malone, if you try patting me on the back and saying cheer up, little girl, I'll probably kick you in the shins. I've got to take it out on someone, and it might as well be you!"

"Don't try it," Jerry said good-naturedly. "I'm not your husband. I might kick you back." Involuntarily I laughed and he laughed with me.

He took my bundles and we started walking. Jerry'd taken me unawares, and I'd spilled out in elementary language all the annoyance and fear I'd been afraid to word even in my own mind. Also, my conscience began to twinge. What a shame, I was so weak I fell all over Jerry the first time he caught me off guard! Then I began to get angry—at Ernest. this time

It was his fault I had this shut-out feeling. He wasn't talking to me! A woman had to talk to someone, sometimes! Impulsively I turned to Jerry and said, "Look, why don't you come up with me now? Maybe what Ernest and I both need is a little company, a little shaking up. I'll get us some supper out of cans and you argue with him. Not about anything personal, I mean. About politics. Anything like that."

"What do you think I was doing in the neighborhood, loitering?" Jerry asked amiably. "It's been my full intention all along to get up there and see you kids. I told you your father's been worried."

So am I, right now, I thought as we started up the three flights of stairs. I'd been pretty devil-may-care a moment ago, urging Jerry to come up; but suppose Ernest was in one of those moods? As I put the key in the lock I glanced up at Jerry, and there must have been panic in my eyes, for he said, "No, Mary, I'm not going away. Just let's go in, shall we, and stop fluttering like a tragedy queen?"

My heart sank dismally. Ernest was sitting there, crouched over the typewriter, smoke curling upward from the long ash of a cigarette he'd forgotten about. The whole set of his shoulders was tense, almost painful; and as we watched from the doorway, they slowly drooped in the most pitiful symbol of defeat I'd ever seen. The ash fell, Ernest jumped and swore, and then turned and saw us.

"Well, well," he said. He got up, came over, and shook hands with Jerry. "Discovered in the act. Do me one favor, let me read your report on my derangement before you deliver it to headquarters, will you? Just as a sporting gesture."

"Ernest!" I bit my lip. "We weren't spying on you. We were only afraid of disturbing you, that's all."

"Disturbing me!" He picked me up by the elbows, gave me a smacking kiss, and set me down hard. "You came to the right man. I couldn't be disturbed right now." I gave him a sharp look. My heart came up again like a balloon. I knew that tone. This was the way he'd been at first—excited, tense, yes, but excited by accomplishment! He'd had a good day, a splendid day—I was sure of it even before he struck a dramatic pose and declared, "You are looking at a man who has just finished five, count them, five whole chapters and an outline of the rest!"

"Old man," Jerry said solemnly, shaking hands again, "I haven't delivered a baby in years, but I'll give you the special shake I used to reserve for the fathers of twins. Put it there!"

From then on it was a party. A real party. Ernest dashed out for something special from the French bakery, and I put my whole heart into a recipe for authentic onion soup that I hadn't had the spirit to bother with, lately. Jerry and Ernest did argue, but they laughed along with it, and my own spirits were so high I had to keep pulling them down. Just in case.

Jerry left late. But Ernest and I were too strung up to think of going to sleep. We squeezed a last cup of coffee out of the pot and shared it, and talked extravagantly about the summer, about renting or borrowing a car— "Or even buying!" I said daringly, and Ernest gestured with his cup and said, "Why not!"—and going up to Cape Cod for a couple of weeks.

"And next year, maybe Europe," I said dreamily.

"And the year after that, maybe a baby," Ernest said, and we stared at each other with glowing, slightly dazed eyes. There was a pause. Then I gulped and said tentatively, "Ernest, could I—do you think I—"

Ernest stood up. His tie was askew, and he looked altogether like a small boy about to hand in an examination paper. "You sure can," he said. His voice was hoarse. "Let's get it over with now, before I put a match to it."

"Ernest! I thought you were happy about it." My hands tightened on the edge of the table. "I thought you'd hit your stride. Maybe I oughtn't to read it! Maybe—"

"Happy about it! Good heavens, what a word! Mary, I want to write good stuff—*really* good stuff, don't you get it? No, I'm not *happy* about what I've done, but at least I've done it! At least I've got a substantial amount on paper. Here, let's not talk about it." He went to the corner and brought up a fat file folder. When he put it on the table before me I saw with a clutch at my heart that his hand was trembling. I put my own over it.

"Darling, there's not much point in my reading it. I'm no judge. Let somebody whose business it is—"

"Aren't you interested?" Ernest asked ominously. He was so nervous now that he was getting belligerent again, and I stood up quickly and put my arms about him.

"You know I've been dying to read it. I've only been waiting because I didn't want to push in."

"Then here's your chance. Take it before I change my mind." He pulled away from me, straightened his tie and said nervously, "I'm going out for some air."

I don't know how long it took me. I know I sat there, afterward, for a little while, struggling to sort out my impressions. The trouble was it was too short a while; Ernest came back before I was ready for him. My mind was still tumbling with the ideas he stirred up. Some of what he'd written was so tremendously vital and alive, it seemed to me, so original. So much insight, such bite with words! And some of it, well, some of it wasn't. There were parts that were flat, meaningless, heavy.

Maybe I should have jumped up when I heard him come in, and gone to him with praise on my lips. But I was still thinking; I stayed where I was, only raising my eyes as he came to stand in front of me. I didn't mean it, didn't even know it, but there must have been something in my face that turned his eyes suddenly cold and vicious.

"Don't bother saying it; I can see it all over you," he said. "Well, you asked for it. You wanted to read it. I told you it was no good."

"Ernest! That's so far from the truth! How can you say it's no good?"

"Can you say it's good?" He bent down and glowered at me. "Go on, look me in the eye and tell me it's great, it beats Hemingway, it's the biggest thing of the year. Go on, say it!"

I felt my lips quiver. "Ernest, please, give me a chance! There's some wonderful stuff, the love story, the—"

"Oh, sure! You know what that's like? That's like telling a mother her daughter has beautiful hair, because you both know her face is as ugly as a mud fence. Don't give me that stuff." He was almost shaking with anger. It's his nerves, I told myself, fighting for my own balance. We're both tired, and he's so strung up, it's the first time anyone has seen his work, naturally he's touchy—

"Oh, don't sit there with your teeth falling out!" He straightened and stalked toward the bedroom. "Don't look so stupid, Mary, for heaven's sake. And don't give me that pacifier about your not

being any judge, either. It sticks out a mile you think my stuff was rotten. Well, it is. Maybe I'm no writer. Your father certainly doesn't think so. Malone certainly doesn't. Naturally, *you* don't have a thought *they* wouldn't have."

"Ernest, will you please just listen!"

"Don't be stupid," he said again, moving his shoulders as if he wished he could fling me off, out of sight. "What could you say that would be any more eloquent than the look on your face? All right, so it stinks. Say so. It's plain stupid to try to dress it up in soothing language." He disappeared into the bedroom, but suddenly came out again and stared at me. "Maybe that's the whole secret. Maybe *you* are stupid. Marrying a guy like me, without any talent, without any ordinary common sense! Good night. I'm going to bed."

Even after the door had slammed, I just sat there. I felt as though I were drowning in a sea of words, and the word *stupid, stupid, stupid* was a recurring wave that kept washing over my head. It wouldn't last. I'd come up pretty soon, and then I'd begin to get angry, and angrier—angry enough to do murder, almost. I felt myself start to tremble, and I got up quickly and went out to the kitchen. A scalding cup of tea was the only thing I wanted right then—that, and a chance to think. I had to think. I had to get a couple of things sorted out before I laid eyes on my husband again.

Funny how swiftly the novel slipped into the background. Ernest had swept it away, with his tirade, his fury—his tantrum. That was the right, the only word for it. No matter what happened now, Ernest had changed shape in my mind. Oh, I knew what would happen. Apology, abject, emotional—he'd heap ashes of remorse on his own head. He'd explain, and trust me to understand, how tired he'd been, how apprehensive of my criticism, how edgy for his brain-child's reception, and I would understand. What else could I do? I couldn't break up my marriage because my husband had called me stupid. I knew, and he knew, that it wasn't true.

I couldn't break up my marriage because my husband was a child, either. All I could do was grit my teeth and try to keep him from finding out that I knew it. A three-year-old's tantrum, that's what it had been.

The water finally boiled, and I brewed strong tea and drank it standing, glad of the scalding stream down my throat. I'd have to swallow a lot of other things that hurt, from now on. Oh, there would be compensations. You didn't stop loving a person because he hurt you—not really stop. But didn't you change? I considered this, wondering at my own detachment, but really interested in the problem. Wasn't there probably a point in every marriage where a woman woke up and said, "Look, let's face it, you've been kidding yourself. This man you've married, he isn't thus and so, but thus and so, and you might as well learn to live with it."

I finished the tea, tidied up, and turned out the light. Coming into the living room, I briefly thought of making myself a bed on the couch. Then I shook my head and put out the lights there, too. Maybe I'd sit out here in the dark and cry a while, just to get it over with. But after that I had to get the rest over with, too. I had to go in and help Ernest be sorry, help him explain, apologize. And after that we'd have to help each other go on from there. I felt almost philosophic about it now. Most marriages, I was sure, had some such turning point. And most of them went on. . . .

**"I don't let
HEADACHE
ruin my day..."**



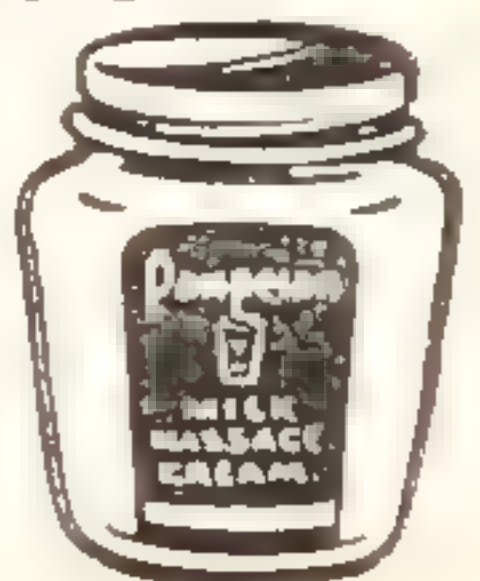
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MILES NERVINE

Arthur Godfrey, King

(Continued from page 39)

Heights was in no way, however, a pre-
diction of things to come. When he raised
his voice in song, no one could see, even
dimly, the ghostly outlines of a micro-
phone, or a TV camera closing in on the
round little freckled face with the buttony
nose. Radio and television were not heard
of then, and it would have been hard to
imagine they would one day claim this
oldest of five children who would have
his own way to make in the world before
he was out of his early teens. It would
have been hard to imagine that one day
his rooms would be filled with citations
and awards for great work done in great
causes, for charitable and kindly deeds of
all descriptions.

As it happened, his first job was the
usual small boy's standby—a newspaper
route—followed by an after-school delivery
job for the local grocer. The best part
was the grocer's horse-drawn buggy and
the chance to drive it, but he was a good
worker who always earned every penny
he got, and even today his former "bosses"
would give him a recommendation. He
was a bright student, too.

After his first year of high school, family
fortunes made him decide to get a full-
time job. He landed one as office boy to
a New York architect, at ten dollars a
week. This made him feel like a capitalist,
until one Saturday, with his entire salary
in his pocket, he visited the Statue of
Liberty in New York Harbor, met a pretty
girl who was also paying her respects to
the statue but who took the liberty of
picking his pocket of the ten dollars. He
discovered his loss when he found he
couldn't pay his check at a hamburger
stand, which brought not only disillusion-
ment but dishes to be washed in payment
for the food.

Until he joined the Navy, at a Cleveland,
Ohio, recruiting office on May 11, 1920,
before his seventeenth birthday (he said
he was eighteen, and looked it), Arthur
had almost as many jobs as he had freck-
les. He had been a typist in a World War
I Army separation center in New Jersey
(he got that job, too, by lying a little
about his experience and age). There he
met a soldier, a former coal miner, and
Arthur left with him to work in the Penn-
sylvania coalfields. But a cough developed
from underground work, and he had to be
transferred to the open, where he helped
with the coal cars as they sprang up from
the mine. He tried his hand at other
things—lumberjacking, helping on farms,
in the Goodyear plant at Akron, Ohio,
where he was doing well until a railroad
strike brought unemployment. And he
got his second and his third and his fourth
or more taste of dishwashing jobs when-
ever funds got too low to eat any other
way.

What he was beginning to miss most at
about this time was the education that
had been interrupted when he left home
to earn his own way. Now he was begin-
ning to see how men who knew a little
more than their fellows were looked up to
and listened to. He was beginning to
understand that certain jobs would always
be out of his reach if he had no more to
bring them than the knowledge he already
had. He liked to meet new people, to talk
to them and to find out what made them
the kind of folks they were, and he wanted
to be able to meet any man, no matter
who he was, on an equal basis of knowl-
edge and understanding. It wasn't too
difficult for one of his pals and a priest,
who liked this gay young man who could

hide his more serious side, to persuade
him that by joining the Navy he would
get his chance at a better education and
would see the world he longed to cover
from stem to stern.

Signing up for a two-year hitch, he went
through boot training and took radio-
specialist training, followed by a tour of
duty as radio operator on a destroyer.
Then he signed again for another two
years, serving on a cruiser and another
destroyer. At the time of the Greco-
Turkish War he was waiting for an ap-
pointment to Annapolis, but he chose
action instead and shipped as a radioman
on a destroyer doing patrol duty in the
Mediterranean. He had his banjo with
him, which he had learned to play accept-
ably, and he had picked up a knowledge
of the ukulele from an Hawaiian bunk-
mate, so with some of his musical pals
he could entertain in every port, finding
it a useful way of getting extra meals and
drinks—and serenading pretty girls.

In 1924, after four years of the Navy,
he was back in Hasbrouck Heights with
some money jingling in his pockets, a good
technical education, a knowledge of the
world and a new respect for other peoples
and other ways of life, a banjo and a uku-
lele, and the gravelly singing voice that
would some day become famous although
there wasn't the slightest chance it would
ever get him into opera. He thought he
was ready to settle down, but Destiny
hadn't finished his education by any means,
and the next three years saw the most
remarkable series of business adventures
and misadventures, of travels back and
forth across the continent, of good jobs
and awful ones, of amusing incidents and
heartbreaking happenings. During this
time he wrote advertising copy for a per-
fume company. (He had taken some corre-
spondence courses that helped unlock the
door to the mysteries of the ad man's art
and he has been kidding it in his radio
and TV commercials ever since. Although
he never advertises a product he doesn't
believe in, and he never spoofs the prod-
uct itself, he often kids the bright lads
who write the stuff he is supposed to re-
peat on the air—and seldom does!)

He worked at the Ford plant in Detroit
for a while, but had to quit on account
of illness, and ended up washing dishes
again in a third-class restaurant. His glib
Irish tongue and persuasive grin finally
got him a job as assistant to the chef of
Detroit's biggest and finest hotel, but when
the chef died suddenly Arthur was out
of a job again. A night clerk's post in a
shabby hotel filled in for him until he left
via the back door when he heard that
a gang which frequented the place was
planning to make him its front man. It
was no place for a young fellow with no
money but with serious qualms about
getting it any way other than honestly.

That he was a born salesman was proved
by his next job, going from door to door,
selling cemetery lots. It was a job he didn't
relish, but he must have made it seem
like a good idea to have one's future as-
sured. One day he met competition. A
woman to whom he tried to sell a lot
convinced him that he ought to buy a half
interest in her husband's vaudeville act.
All his newly-acquired savings went into
the deal, but it was a chance to get out
his banjo and re-live some of the happy
days of his Navy life. He put on a gypsy
costume and joined the other performers,
about a half dozen of them, who did a song
and dance routine, and he loved it—for
a while. The act went broke out in Cali-
fornia and, by selling his share of the
props and riding freights and pawning

his banjo, he managed to get back as far as Chicago.

In Chicago, he read the advertising pages and found there was a need for cab drivers who knew the city. He didn't, but he bought a little street directory and boned up on the principal avenues and intersections, the locations of public buildings and railroad stations, department stores and the like. Then he presented himself as a candidate for a job, giving references and a street address that came into his head at the moment. By the time they discovered there were no such people to be found, and no such address, he had enough pay in his pocket to keep going a while.

It was during this time that he met a sea-going buddy, and after re-living tales of the old days he began to remember the good, clean feel of the sea air and the well-ordered life he had lived on ships, and a wave of homesickness settled upon him. To cure it, he re-enlisted, this time in the Coast Guard. It was now 1927, and he was twenty-four years old. He was adding to his technical schooling and was getting more and more of the education he so much wanted, graduating the highest in the advanced mathematics course, teaching radio to other recruits, and serving aboard a Coast Guard destroyer. After graduation from Radio Material School in June, 1929, he was sent to Baltimore to work on radio equipment.

One night, he and some of his pals were listening to radio station WFBR in Baltimore, where an amateur program was in full swing. "You're better than the guy who's on now," one of the boys said to Godfrey. "Why don't you go up and get on?" "Why don't we all go up and get on?" Arthur challenged them. So they went as a group, but—after Arthur had plunked his banjo a bit and sung a number—he got invited back the next week. No one knew it then, least of all Godfrey, but that night in 1929 began one of the most famous careers in the history of radio and television. "What could I lose by going along with it?" was the way Arthur felt about it then.

For the next months, he managed to mix his duties to the Coast Guard and his performances on radio, until his honorable discharge on April 1, 1930. Billed as "Red Godfrey, the Warbling Banjoist," he was sponsored at five dollars a performance by a pet shop to advertise its bird seed. He was soon promoted to announcer when he had to pinch-hit for the regular man one night. "You talk fifty times better than you sing," the station manager told him, after his first try at announcing. So he polished up his diction a little, but not enough to spoil his thoroughly natural manner of speech. He was soon doing half a dozen programs.

By the time the NBC affiliated station in Washington, D. C., offered him a job as announcer, he had become program director of WFBR and his fan mail was voluminous, and mostly feminine. Not all of it was romantic, by any means, because already he was capturing the heart of the average woman—the home woman who asked only to be entertained a few hours in between the household chores. And he was capturing the family, too, who sat around in the evenings and looked to their radio to keep time from hanging heavy.

In Washington, life was leveling off pleasantly when, suddenly, everything went to pieces. It was the morning of September 26, 1931, and he was on his way out to practice some glider flying. He was already crazy about planes and spending every spare minute and penny on learning how to handle them. A truck coming toward him on a country road

lost a front wheel and crashed head-on. Arthur landed in a hospital with a fractured pelvis, a dislocated right hip, fractures of both kneecaps, and severe lacerations on arms, hands and even one side of his head. Six months later, he hobbled back to his microphone on crutches. He used a cane after a while, and with immense effort has now only the merest suggestion of a limp. It was two years before he could bend his knees very much. In the last two years, Arthur Godfrey has re-learned a skill of his childhood, ice skating, and he climbs fences and chins himself on tree branches on the farm and has performed the most gruelling physical feats in the air. This is some small gauge of the mettle of this man.

Even in the hospital he wasn't idle. He kept his bedside radio tuned to his fellow announcers and he listened carefully, coming to the conclusion they failed to realize that actually they were mostly talking to one person and not to the vast multitudes they pictured. Wasn't each person really listening alone, even if others in the room listened, too? Even if there were many persons in many rooms listening at the same time? So you didn't need to act as if you were addressing a big audience, you didn't have to pound your points home, you didn't have to deliver an oration. You only had to be simple and natural and sincere in what you were saying.

Determined to profit by all he had learned in those long months when he, too, was only a listener, and eager to prove his new theory to his bosses, he could hardly wait to get back on the job. The first day back on the air they heard the quiet, persuasive voice and the homey approach and said to themselves, "He'll soon get back into the groove. He was a good announcer before he was injured." After a while, they decided he must have lost his touch and so they buried him in an early-morning spot that didn't seem too important. It was the perfect place for Godfrey to go on using his new technique, the technique of being himself. At that hour of the morning no one wanted to be shouted at or orated at, and Godfrey was the solace for sore ears which was urgently needed. His show became something of a Washington phenomenon, although outside of the Capital few had ever heard of him.

One evening, Godfrey left word that he couldn't do his breakfast program the next morning. He was just "too darn tired out" he explained. He thought it was understood that he wouldn't show up as usual and he slept late, arriving at the studio in time for a broadcast later in the day. There was an angry scene in the station manager's office and Arthur, who was pretty well fed up with his job anyhow, feeling that his salary hadn't kept pace with the billings of the commercials he was announcing, got a few well-chosen words off his never-timid tongue. When it was over, he was walking the streets in a snowstorm, fired from his job. It was January 2, 1934. He had made a place for himself in radio, he was now thirty-one years old, and he was resolving that he would never again be an announcer. It would be all done his way from this day on, or not at all.

It might have been "not at all" for some time, if Harry Butcher, a Columbia Broadcasting System executive in Washington at the time, had not read about the Godfrey flare-up in a Washington radio column. He had a pretty good idea he would find Arthur at the nearby flying school in which Godfrey now owned a half interest, and he offered him a six-year contract to come into the CBS station. Godfrey took a six-week contract. He had to find out first if he was getting what he wanted.

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City..... State.....

January 26, 1934, eleven days after Arthur joined the CBS Washington staff, was one of the red-letter days of his life. Hearing that his old station was bringing in competition for their red-headed former employee, in the person of an important New York radio personality, Godfrey asked his new bosses to let him go on the air late the preceding night and stay on all night, right through his early morning show. Listeners, he argued, wouldn't desert him in the morning if he had held their interest before the other fellow's starting time.

There were no facilities for all-night broadcasting from the studio, so they moved him out to the swamps near Alexandria, Virginia, to the transmitter building, where he worked with the help of an engineer, a turntable and some records, and a telephone. Everything was on his side. A lonesome girl in a New York hotel room heard the show and called him on the telephone. Listeners heard only Arthur's side of the conversation, but the banter was titillating and made lively radio fare. She kept calling back all through the night. Walter Winchell happened to be doing a little dial twisting in his New York apartment, searching out the local shows that could get through at that hour. He got Godfrey on the telephone and asked him to play some Ben Bernie records and rib them. Bernie, listening with Winchell, was dumfounded (until he caught on to the joke) when this Washington all-nighter kept interrupting his records with a series of spoofing remarks. Everyone was having fun, and when towards morning a weary Godfrey wished out loud he had some good steaming coffee and a couple of sandwiches, people in nearby areas got in their cars and brought coffee and food and the highways were jammed. Nothing like it had ever happened before.

The Godfrey stunt was recorded in the local columns and Walter Winchell made a big thing of the lonesome lady who had kept up the nocturnal long-distancing to the transmitter. Job offers poured in to Arthur, so many of them that he finally took a trip up to New York to get Winchell's advice. He made up his own mind in the end—to stay with CBS and to ask for a network, rather than a local, program.

Being a big success in one locality doesn't necessarily guarantee success in a bigger field, and the network was reluctant to take a chance on their local prodigy. He was doing fine in Washington, so why not let well enough alone? Finally, Arthur flaunted an offer from NBC in their faces (the station had forgiven and forgotten and now wanted him back). So CBS gave in, although Arthur insisted on waiving any extra money until he could prove himself. The show from New York didn't draw the expected sponsors and he went back to Washington to work harder than ever on the local scene and to record his programs at his own expense so that he could study their faults. Later, the network piped part of the early-morning show into New York, and in 1944-1945 they gave him another network opportunity. Again he refused extra money until the sponsors began to come in. The show was firmly established after two years.

When Godfrey began his first simulcast of radio and TV on the Talent Scouts Monday evening show, everybody thought the doubling of the two different mediums would completely throw him. But Arthur merely grinned for the TV audience and chuckled out loud for the radio listeners. "The man with the barefoot voice," as Fred Allen once dubbed him, went on

being the same relaxed, unassuming guy he had been before TV was ever invented. There he was for his TV viewers, with his unruly red hair (and any viewer with imagination could see it was red, even in black-and-white television, because they had heard about it so long), his roundish nose with its tracing of freckles, the lifted eyebrows over the mocking eyes, the expressive shrug, the homespun manner. There he was, the combination of small-town philosopher and sophisticated commentator, the debunker and the patriot, the mixture of shyness and brashness. It was a notable and thoroughly successful debut.

Although Godfrey talks about his family and their lives on the farm on many of his shows, they all manage to have a private life of their own, far removed from show-business publicity. Mrs. Godfrey is the former Mary Bourke, Texas-born, pretty and blonde. She used to be an NBC secretary in Washington. The two younger children are Pat, nine, and Michael, eleven. Richard, twenty-two, Godfrey's son by a former marriage, is a Navy enlisted man, sworn in by his dad. Richard recently had a daughter, making Godfrey a proud grandfather.

For the past six years, home has been the 1700-acre Beacon Hill Farm on Catoc-tin Ridge, in Loudon County, Virginia, just outside the old town of Leesburg, and only forty-five minutes from Washington. The house is a ten-room brick and stone structure. The farm is stocked with white-faced Hereford cattle and Arabian horses, and there are income-producing crops and poultry and pigs, a swimming pool, screened porches, woods and wide stretches of open fields. Four miles away is Arthur's airfield, where he keeps his four-passenger Ryan Navion and a deluxe twin-engined DC-3. The latter seats fourteen passengers in the lounge and six more in the observation lounge, has divans that can be converted to sleep two, is equipped with TV, a motion picture projector and screen, an air-to-ground radio telephone, and a well-stocked galley for hot or cold meals.

Arthur's adoration of flying began in 1920, when he made his first flight as a passenger. He was stationed at Norfolk, Virginia, and when he could get away from his duties as a radio operator he would beg the pilots to take him up for short hops. "I was lost after my first flight," he says. Twelve years later, he got his private license to fly. When he was doing his local morning show in Washington, he used to get up before daylight to go out and fly a plane for an hour. "Most peaceful time of the day," he would tell listeners, dwelling on the joys of being an early-birdman.

Godfrey recently took a course in instrument flying at the Navy's All-Weather Flight School at Corpus Christi, Texas, and another intensive course in flying helicopters at Pensacola, followed by some special instruction in handling blimps out of the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, New Jersey. One of Godfrey's strongest reasons for wanting to fly jets was to prove to the mothers of boys who are flying them regularly for Uncle Sam that you don't have to be a Superman to stand the speed and the altitudes. "If an old fellow like me can fly them, any mother's son can do likewise," he says. Which is undoubtedly true, providing they have the stamina of a Godfrey. Any mother's son could probably do any of the other things Arthur Godfrey has done, providing they have the talent, the vitality, and the singular charm that has made millions of people who have never met him hope that he'll be around to entertain as long as they're around to see and hear him.

Radio-TV Top Show Round-up

(Continued from page 30)

NBC and NBC-TV, under present plans.

Incidentally, Bob Crosby and his orchestra have been signed to replace Phil Harris and his band in the Benny lineup, marking the first major change in this cast for more than a decade—a change made necessary by the increasing conflicts between Harris and Benny schedules. Phil is not only coming back with his wife, Alice Faye, to the regular radio spot for RCA on Sunday nights, but will be making regular appearances on NBC-TV's All-Star Revue.

Despite changing times and listening tastes, Amos 'n' Andy have remained radio's perennial favorites for two generations. Next March, the premier blackface team will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary on the air, having made its debut on Station WMAQ in Chicago, in 1928. As Andy (Charles Correll) explains the show's success: "It's no secret—just a lot of hard work."

The hard work takes place in a comfortable office on the top floor of a bank building in downtown Beverly Hills, California. There, Amos (Freeman Gosden) and Andy confer with writers, audition actors or just bounce around ideas in their never-ending search for new plots and characters.

"The hardest part of it all," says Amos, "is finding new plots. People keep bringing us story ideas. 'This'll make a great show,' they tell us. But, when we hear it, nine times out of ten it's one we've already done. The same with characters. Some one will come to us with an 'original' character. We'll hear him out and then say, 'Yeah, that's good—we used him three years ago.' Most of the people got the idea from one of our shows in the first place, and just don't realize it. They remember it somewhere in the back of their minds, and one day it pops out and they think it's new. Happens all the time."

Recently, they had an example of this from one of their own group. A member of their orchestra came to them with a familiar cry: "Got a great idea . . ." His idea was to have one of the characters on the show write a song, only to discover that what he had written was "Stardust" . . . the tune had been kicking around in the character's mind and, as he remembered it bit by bit, he believed he was creating it.

"Great idea," Amos told his musician. "We did it several years ago, but the tune was 'Sunday, Monday and Always.'" The abashed bandsman realized he must have heard it on their show, but had forgotten.

For all its difficulties, Amos and Andy's endless search for material seems to pay a handsome dividend every Sunday night over CBS, when more than 25,000,000 listeners assemble at the appointed hour. Meanwhile, of course, over on CBS-TV, new members of the faithful are gathering around their sets in increasing numbers to view the sprightly tele-version.

If aspiring young radio writers would like to know what it takes to put over a new show, they might take a page out of the book of Cy Howard, the originator of CBS' Life With Luigi. The amusing, heartwarming adventures of the Italian immigrant—starring J. Carrol Naish—is one of radio's youngest headline attractions, but it didn't reach its pinnacle through accident. Before launching his new show in the fall of 1949, Howard spent two months in Italy getting first-hand "color" and information on the background in which his main characters grew up and learned a way of life almost completely

different from the one they encounter in the United States.

In familiarizing himself with the backgrounds of Luigi Basco and his friends, Howard rode third-class in Italian trains, which make New York's subways seem cozy and plush, by contrast . . . became all too well acquainted with the vagaries of the Italian telephone system, in which the operator greets each caller with a "Presto," then promptly forgets about him . . . and purposely dispensed with native help in order to experience the problems of getting along in a strange land without knowledge of its customs and language.

Such spirited researching by Howard gave impetus to the launching of Luigi, and this authenticity—combined with the tenderly human and hilarious development of the Tuesday-night sketches—has paved the way for a steady climb in popularity.

Other ideas for successful radio entertainment, are born just-like-that. Take Truth Or Consequences, for instance. Affable Ralph Edwards—who had always intended to be an English professor but took a stab at radio-announcing—got the brainstorm at a house party, one Saturday night.

Of course, it wasn't an original gimmick. People had been playing the parlor game for years. But, at the time, Ralph was in the throes of finding a new idea for radio. Everything had already been done—he thought—but not Truth Or Consequences.

At the party, he noticed how much fun adults were having with the child's game. "It showed me that people like to let go. Give them a chance and they love to do stunts, the more absurd the better."

Ralph had it figured right. His audience-participation stunts—as penalties—became more absurd and more inspired as time went on, and the country loved it. There was a serious side to the pie-tossing and onstage shower baths, too. Through his introduction of the "Hush" series that kept the whole nation guessing, Edwards helped raise over a million dollars for the March of Dimes in 1947. Later, his "Walking Man" stunt collected \$1,612,000 for the Heart Association.

Ralph and his side-splitting T-Or-C gimmicks were missing from radio during his debut in television last year, but this summer they returned to the airwaves as the replacement for Fibber McGee and Molly. With Jim and Marian Jordan returning to their roles as the beloved Fibber and his patient wife, a new spot must be found for the radio-parlor game in NBC's star-studded lineup. Meanwhile, there'll be the Ralph Edwards Show on NBC-TV.

Mystery fans who relish the challenge of puzzling out a "whodunit" have nothing on Elliott Lewis, producer-director of Suspense. The CBS thriller-chiller celebrated its tenth anniversary in radio, before taking its summer vacation, and thus starts its second decade on September 15. (The televised Suspense, of course, has continued on CBS-TV on a year-round basis.)

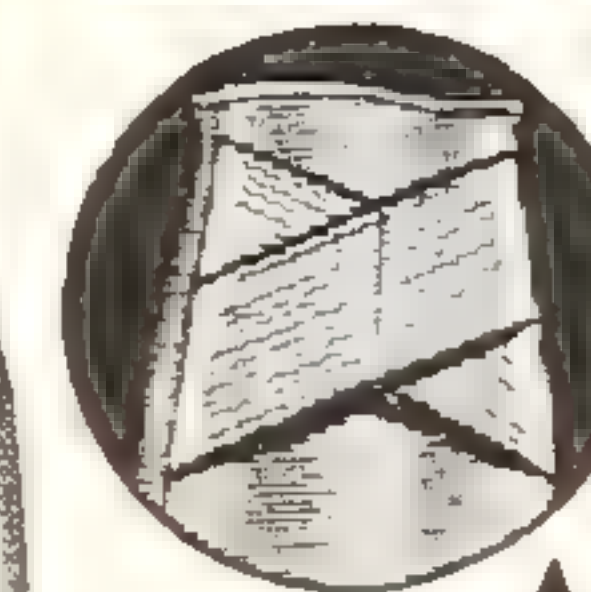
"Our show," says Lewis, "is a 'whydunit,' rather than a 'whodunit,' and explaining the why's of a murder is a good deal more difficult than detecting the who's. The element of mystery in Suspense is very seldom a question of the identity of the criminal. It lies, rather, in the fact that the person involved is little different from you or me . . . what mental turmoil and complex circumstances can lead such a person to stray outside the law? And that's our problem. It's difficult to explain, within the time limits of radio, the motive behind a crime committed by someone who is neither a hardened criminal nor a pathological case."

While Suspense, with its challenging for-

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mat and a different top-ranked star in the leading role each week, has been playing to a huge following for more than a decade, a comparative newcomer has zoomed to the fore and challenged most of its long-established rivals in the crime-and-detection field. With Jack Webb starring as Sergeant Joe Friday, *Dragnet* first hit the NBC network as a mere summer replacement. However, the appeal of this documentary-type detective drama was so overwhelming that it became an immediate fixture in the NBC lineup. Having captured most of radio's top awards, along with its criminals—and having proved it could exercise an equal appeal over NBC-TV, as well—*Dragnet* now has reached still another plane by being selected for publication in comic-strip form.

Incidentally—though hardly accidentally—NBC has found the dual radio-television presentation of *Dragnet* so effective that it has given much the same treatment to at least two other detective-adventure series. Both *Dangerous Assignment* (starring Brian Donlevy) and *Martin Kane, Private Eye* (now starring Lee Tracy) started out on radio alone but have since added television versions.

On the more feminine side, Eve Arden has made her title role as *Our Miss Brooks* such a Sunday-night standout on CBS that she'll be doing it on CBS-TV, as well. Eve not only works for laughs, throughout her hilarious thirty minutes, but also campaigns in behalf of misunderstood teachers everywhere. As she points out, "Sure, Miss Brooks is just make-believe, but it's made me do an awful lot of thinking about teachers, what they're supposed to be—and what they're really like."

"On my program, Miss Brooks is an English teacher in a typical high school who gets involved in adventurous, humorous and romantic situations. But my concept of her goes deeper than that. To me, she's a warm, romance-minded, realistic and attractive woman—and don't think for a minute that this conception is just something I dreamed up. Teachers are like Miss Brooks. They aren't the crabby, tired old maids of jokes and cartoons. I know many teachers now, and I remember with warm affection several who taught me."

"I remember well when I was in third grade, umpteen years ago, and I'm sorry that every student can't have a teacher like Miss Ruthvin Waterman. She was a real dream girl. Miss Waterman was still in her teens when she became the idol of Eunice Quedens—that's me—and my playmates in California Mill Valley. She had dimples, and big, brown eyes, and was always smiling. That's one of the characteristics I've tried to give Miss Brooks—always smiling. A few years later, Miss Waterman retired from teaching and was replaced by someone equally as nice."

"Miss Brooks' real interest in her pupils and her willingness to participate in their pleasures and problems I borrowed from Sister Cecilia, who taught in the convent I attended for a couple of years. My most vivid memory of Sister Cecilia is her playing baseball with the students—and her knowledge of the batting averages of most of the big-league players."

"Later, I came under the tutelage of Lizzie Kaiser, who taught English at Tamalpais High School for more years than even she could remember. For humanness, humor, and wisdom, all tempered by the years of experience she had with children, Miss Kaiser took the cake. I recall her better than most of my other instructors because I was older then and more capable of appreciating her wonderful qualities. I hear from her occasionally, although she has long since retired. But, if Miss Brooks grows old in service, I kind of hope she becomes the same type of woman."

"I'm striving to make Miss Brooks a

composite of these delightful teachers. I hope I succeed. But remember—they're not creatures of some writer's pen. They're real and they're human, and so are all teachers."

Every time a new season rolls around, some of radio's older favorites have another anniversary they are proud to chirp about. Monday night on NBC, a look at the calendar tells, might almost be referred to as "Granddaddy night." *The Voice of Firestone* (which is also simulcast now) and *Bands of America* programs both have just racked up silver anniversaries. And, while the *Telephone Hour* isn't in the twenty-five-year class as yet, it ranks as an old-timer with its upcoming thirteenth anniversary.

Over on ABC, Don McNeill and his *Breakfast Club* are now in their twentieth year. At CBS, the *Lux Radio Theatre* has arrived at number eighteen—its sister on CBS-TV, *Lux Video Theatre*, is a comparative babe-in-arms but is doing its best to catch up, performance-wise, by continuing television operations throughout the year, with no vacations.

Speaking of anniversaries, it was a sentimental journey for Virginia Payne and Charlie Egelston—known to millions of daytime listeners as CBS's *Ma Perkins* and her lumberyard partner, *Shuffle Shober*—when they traveled to Cincinnati last spring to celebrate the first broadcast of their dramatic serial over Station WLW. *Ma* and *Shuffle* recreated the premiere script of the series, which started in 1933 as a local-station experiment, and it was tied in with the celebration of WLW's thirtieth year of broadcasting.

There are many beloved radio characters whose continued stories have become as familiar to listeners as the lives of their next-door neighbors, but it is only in the past year that daytime drama has become a part of television, too—particularly on CBS-TV. Though few of the established favorites have as yet followed the lead of *The Guiding Light*, by going on television as well as radio, some will undoubtedly do so during the coming year. Meanwhile, CBS-TV has already achieved notable success with strictly television serials, such as *Search for Tomorrow*.

As in any family reunion, there will be a few vacant chairs this fall, a few familiar voices missing. The largest possible gap, of course, has been left by *The Big Show*. While an artistic success, hailed by critics, the mammoth radio extravaganza didn't do quite well enough to justify the enormous expenditure of both air time and money, and staggering production costs doomed it after a good try. Its husky-voiced mistress of ceremonies should still be around, however—*Tallulah Bankhead* is already scheduled for appearances on NBC-TV.

The same is true of Bob Hope, who may have lost his familiar radio time-spot but will be very much seen and heard (on at least ten occasions) on NBC-TV's *Colgate Comedy Hour*. Which, one way or another, should mean the slaphappy continuation of a friendly feud as famous as that of Fred Allen and Jack Benny . . . for Bing Crosby, Bob's favorite dueling partner, is going to be very much in evidence all over the radio-television landscape. The *Groaner's* new contract covers programs on both CBS and CBS-TV.

With so many radio favorites returning, with so many shows available in two different versions . . . with George Burns and Gracie Allen still holding forth on CBS-TV, and Milton Berle returning to NBC-TV (at a reported fabulous \$25,000 a performance) . . . there'll be no lack of solid entertainment on the kilocycles and channels.

It's going to be a glorious season, for both listeners and lookers.

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Tony Curtis and Janet
Leigh and others.**

Get Inside Hollywood with
**October
PHOTOPLAY**
At Your Newsstand Now

Bert Parks

(Continued from page 53)

she is quite an independent lass. Even
Jeff and Joel, although identical twins,
are quite different from each other as
personalities.

Bert's attitude toward the children is
the same as his attitude toward his wife.
Each person has a dignity of his own, each
his rights and these must be respected.

Annette tells it this way, "Bert, for ex-
ample, comes to quick decisions on most
things, while I'm slow, over-cautious. But,
in nine years, he has yet to show im-
patience because I like to think things
back and forth. On the contrary, I get the
wonderful feeling that he's very much
interested, even if he must wait, in seeing
what I have to say."

Bert thinks Annette is belittling her-
self. Cautious she is, but not slow. "A man
who doesn't listen to another's viewpoint
learns nothing and stops growing," he
observes. "Besides, when a man marries,
he should count on doubling the brains
and resources in the family rather than
condemning his wife to silent servitude."

The Parks give the same attention to
their children's opinions, and this develops
thinking and creative processes in the
youngsters. They encourage the children to
speak up when they feel they are being
slighted. As a result, the kids are free
citizens, growing, playing, working to-
gether. Annette and Bert show their re-
spect for the twins and Petty by making
good all their promises, even if it means
a sacrifice. Bert recently got an outboard
motor and a promise was made to take
them boating to a nearby island for a
picnic. Bert and Annette forcibly dragged
themselves out of bed early Sunday morn-
ing to organize and prepare the picnic,
despite the fact that an unexpected house
guest had kept them up late. Disappointed
children are unhappy children.

In Bert's book of practical psychology,
respect also covers the well-used term,
understanding. It follows through natu-
rally, for, when you recognize a person's
qualities, you appreciate his needs.

"The warmth that endears Bert to con-
testants on a quiz show is part of the same
depth of understanding he shows around
the house," Annette believes.

This past spring Annette was terribly ill
with virus pneumonia. She was bedridden
for seven weeks and part of that time was
in the hospital. The drain on her strength
and the seriousness of the illness was de-
pressing to her. While she lay in the hos-
pital, she found herself not merely feeling
blue, but weeping at the slightest provo-
cation.

"And Mother's Day was coming up," she
recalls. "I hadn't seen the children, and
I knew that Bert would show up with the
cards and gifts. It would have been too
much for me emotionally and I was afraid
of a terrible crying jag."

But she didn't want to say anything to
Bert. You just don't spoil plans for
Mother's Day.

"And, you know, Bert sensed my fear,"
Annette relates. "He brought in a batch
of comic Mother's Day cards and I was
so relieved. I laughed and felt wonderful.
Later, when I was better, the Mother's
Day gifts welcomed me home. That's a
real sixth sense—I call it 'understanding.'"

"No one has absolute control over his
economic security," Bert says, with the
philosophy which is part of his under-
standing, "but when it comes to his do-
mestic security, his relationship to his wife
and children, he's got no excuse for fail-
ure. A man and his wife have only them-
selves to blame if they are failures at
building a life together."

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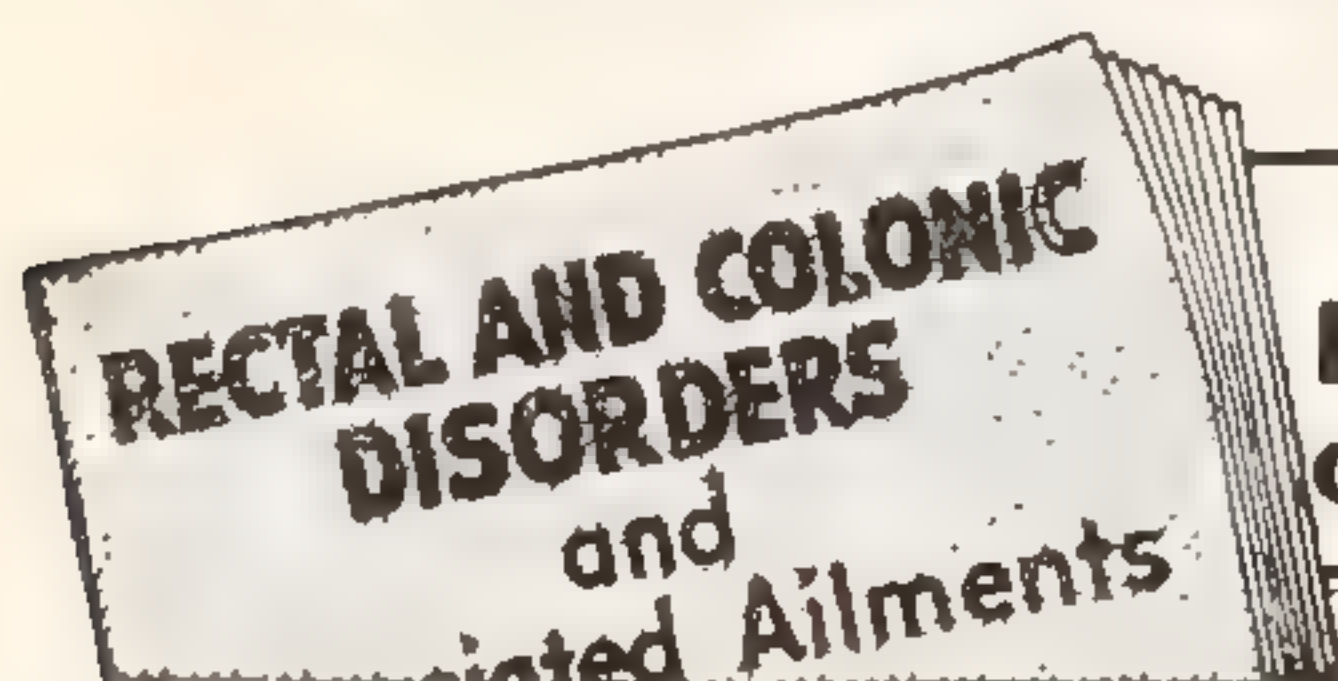
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I'm a Very Lucky Girl

(Continued from page 65)

red-haired, we've all wanted another redhead in the family. And when Junie Malia was born, nobody hoped more than I did that she'd be a carrot-top. In fact, the lady across the street had a baby just about the time we had ours and who got the redhead? She did. But we love our little Junie, even if she is another brunette. Daddy already calls her "Junie with the light brown hair" and that's good enough for me.

Dad calls me "Matilda." I really don't know why, but it's his pet nickname for me. Unless he's kind of annoyed at me—then he says "Ca . . . thy" in sort of a long breath. But that's not very often. When he sees me sneaking into the candy box, then he calls me "Chub-Chub" or "Fatty" and I'm mortified to the quick. But candy does taste so good and I don't see why anything that tastes so good can make you so fat!

Nobody has too much of a chance to get fat around our house because we're all so active. We have a big backyard and Dad gets in and plays baseball with us or a fast game of ping pong. During the summer we visit our neighbors and go for a cool swim in their pool. I've suggested to Dad that we ought to have a pool but he says he'd rather not because Junie Malia is still so tiny. But he forgets he said this eight years ago when Chrisie was little. Then it was because Stevie was a baby and then Bobby. Just looks like we'll never have a pool—or a redhead!

We all pitch in and help Mother with the chores. It's one of the ways we earn our allowance. And because I don't like to do the dishes, I always manage to busy myself with Junie. I'd so much rather take care of her 'cause she's such a pretty cuddly baby. But Daddy sees me and says, "Ca . . . thy," in that special way. And so I go back to the dishes.

Now that I'm in the eighth grade, I pick out my own clothes. I have an eye for a bargain, I think, and I just can't resist sales. Last summer I chose so many sleeveless dresses that Mother said I should go into the dress business myself!

But I'd be more interested in singing than going into the dress business. I think I'd like to sing and maybe, some day, be in the movies. When I was younger I was just dying to sing. I still love it—and even have made quite a few appearances—but I think I see now why Dad used to say, "Wait until you grow up, Cathy. Then you can decide." Now that I'm growing up, I'm quite content to wait and see what I really want to do.

Daddy helped write a song called "Cathy" and it's about me. I have appeared on his Club 15 program, the Peter Lind Hayes-Mary Healy TV show, Uncle Bing's program, and several others where I dueted with Dad on the song. Of course, I was a little nervous—Dad says the time to worry is when you're not—and you know, I liked television best! (Daddy says for me not to let Mr. Benny hear that! Now that Dad's with Jack Benny, he says we ought to sing "Benny's From Heaven!")

Daddy is wonderfully helpful with my singing. Although I still don't take lessons, I practice around the house. "Don't sing through your nose, Cathy," he says when I don't even think he's listening. When I appeared on his Club 15 show, Dad got Kate Starr to give me a little coaching. I was so thrilled by Kay Starr I can't remember what she told me. But I'm sure it was good, because Daddy and I got a nice round of applause.

My friends mostly forget to listen to me

when I'm on and I've even missed myself. I think it's a good thing, because there just doesn't seem to be such a word as "star" around our house. I know I'd never even been in a movie studio until a few years ago when Dad took me with him to visit at Paramount. He introduced me to people named Olivia de Havilland, Joan Fontaine, Joseph Cotten, and of course we saw Uncle Bing. I guess I was unimpressed, because Daddy recalls I asked, as we were leaving, "But where are the movie stars?" Just then I saw Sabu, the famous Elephant Boy, walking toward me. "Oh, look," I cried, "there is a movie star!"

I'm really no different from most girls my age. I have my favorites, too. I think Tony Martin, and Frankie Laine on some numbers, are just wonderful. Among the girl singers I like Patti Page and Georgia Gibbs.

Last summer "we girls," Mother, Junie Malia and I, went to Hayden Lake, Idaho, for a month's vacation. Dad and the boys joined us a week after we had gotten there. It was wonderful, as I'd never been there before. Dad used to go there when he was a boy because it was near his home, and he told me I'd like it. "But why?" I asked. "What will I do away from my friends for a whole month?"

"Don't worry," he answered, "there'll be plenty of boys there." And there were.

But I'm not really interested in boys. I think they are very nice and it's fun to swim and play baseball with them. And I like dancing with them. Well, I guess they are sort of important—you couldn't have a party without them, for instance.

On my thirteenth birthday—which really was June twenty-first, but Mother and Daddy celebrated with a birthday party for me on June eleventh before we went to Hayden Lake—I had fourteen couples over. It was dreamy! We danced and played games and then Dad fixed a big barbecue out in the backyard for us. It really was the nicest party I've ever been to—even if it was mine!

Daddy is so much fun with all my friends and they don't mind at all having him tease them. He calls my girl friend Kitty, "Pretty Kitty from the City," and her little brother Bill, "Wild Bill." He's just as much fun to have in a baseball game as any of the gang—and a lot better player, too!

I think I'm a very lucky girl that my name is Cathy Crosby. Because that makes Bob Crosby my dad!

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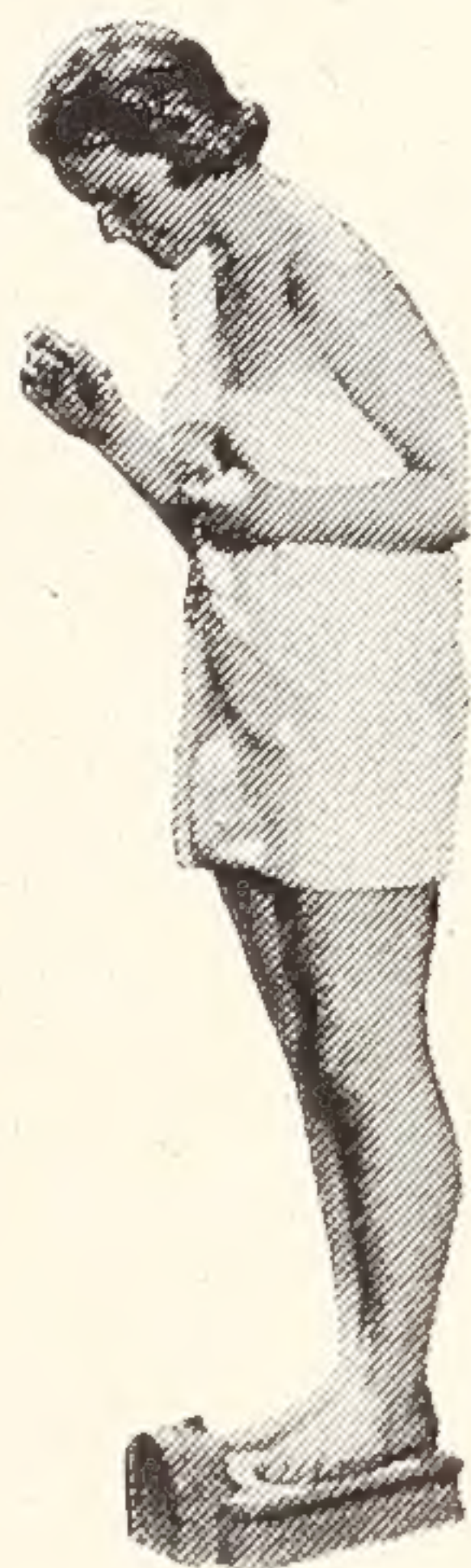
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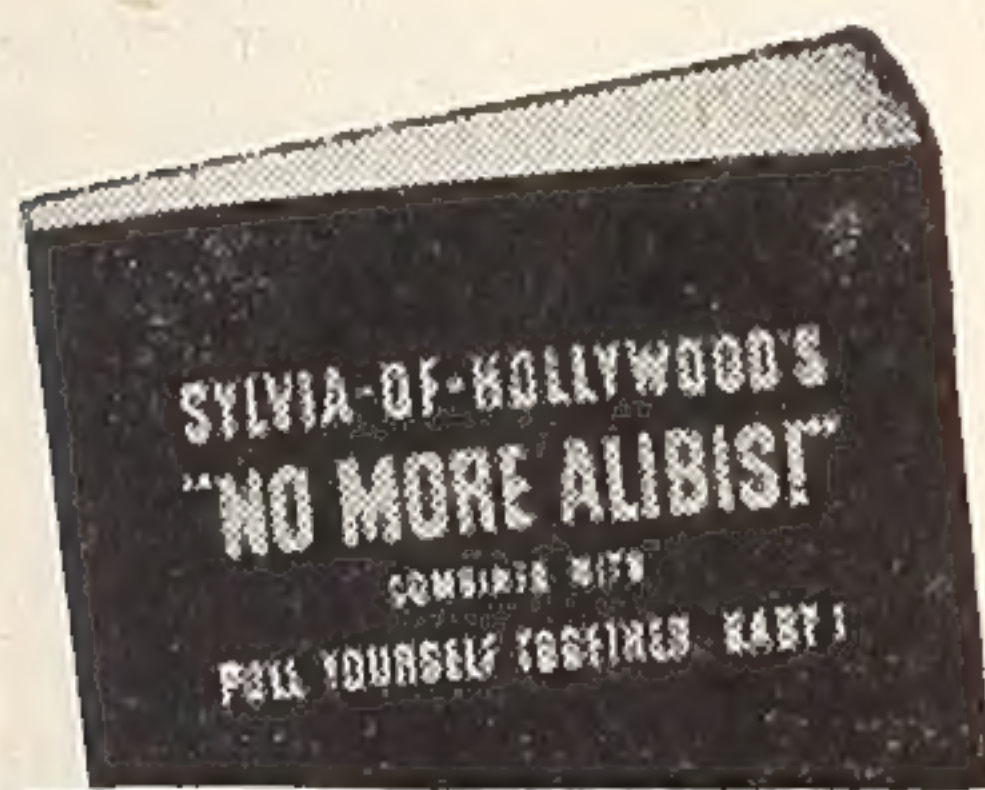
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Secret of a Joyous Life

(Continued from page 41)

I lived in hand-me-down clothes. Usually the garments were too large or too small for me; either I looked as if I had just been swallowed by a knitting mill, or I looked as if I had been caught in a shrinking rain. Sometimes I used to take root in front of a clothing store window and dream of the day when I should be able to buy a complete suit—the right size.

Years went by. During my junior year at San Diego State College, I was hired as an announcer at KGN, San Diego, and a year later I became chief announcer at the station. My regular weekly salary check did a lot for the Linkletters. As long as I live I'll never forget the Thanksgiving Day when we had turkey with all the fixings. No turkey in the land ever had our turkey's flavor; no cranberry sauce was ever as red, no dressing as rich, no potatoes as fluffy.

Another milestone was the day I strode into a San Diego sweet shop, with money in my pocket, to buy a box of candy for Lois, when we first started to date.

Great was the day when I bought a good suit of clothes, with all accessories!

I wouldn't be so corny as to declare I'm glad I went hungry as a kid, but I will say that a certain amount of privation is good for youngsters. It sets up happiness for the future. It gives a child something to dream about, something to work toward, something to relish in accomplishment. When the day of the turkey dinner arrives, or the hour of selecting a new suit, or the occasion of buying a gift for someone beloved, the joy is sharp and intense. It isn't merely another ordinary happening in a lifetime of taken-for-granted comforts.

This is the lesson I have tried to teach my youngsters. That's why they have been kept on small allowances, why they have been given definite chores to do around the house, why they have managed with fewer clothes than many of their friends, why their outgrown garments are handed down, and why it is a rule at the Linkletter table that only the emptied plate deserves dessert.

I had confirmation of my theory that yearning for a thing and postponement of a dream really pays off in kicks, during the period when my eldest son, Jack, was collecting miniature horses. He had caught sight of an especially alluring specimen in a shop window, and wanted it.

I told him he had already bought and been given several horses and that he didn't need this particular one.

He had little to say, but I noticed that whenever we passed the store he nearly fell out of the car, feasting his eyes on the horse. Finally he managed to save enough out of his allowance, and to earn enough extra by car washing, yard policing, and even dishwashing to buy the horse.

When he brought the trophy home, he looked as bright as if he'd swallowed a two-hundred-watt electric light bulb. "I earned it myself," he announced. From that day to this, it has been his favorite.

It is easy for parents to lessen the possibilities of future happiness for their children by over-indulging them. Some fathers and mothers add to their own enjoyment by stealing from youngsters their right to experience a certain amount of doing-without. I am convinced that it is only through *not* having, that a person can comprehend the full happiness of *having*.

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Amos 'n' Andy

(Continued from page 68)

Correll and Gosden both ran after a man they saw in Nashville, Tennessee, because he looked exactly like their idea of the Kingfish, even to the strut in his walk. Then, when he opened his mouth to speak, out came the thinnest, little, high, shrill voice—a voice that could never have been pitched to the Kingfish's booming tones. There was another time when Correll watched a fellow passenger on a plane bound for Los Angeles by way of a stop-over in San Francisco. He could hardly wait to approach him, recognizing the perfect Andy, but when the plane landed at San Francisco the man got off quickly and was lost in the crowd.

Just what did these characters look like to the men who created them? Well, they always pictured Andy (played by Correll) as a big, blustering fellow, romantic but impecunious, not too ambitious, and forever gullible where the Kingfish's schemes were concerned.

Amos, played by Gosden (who also played the Kingfish), had seemed a gentle but practical and hard-working family man, quiet and philosophical, and trying hard to struggle against Andy's follies and the guiles and wiles of the Kingfish.

They thought of the Kingfish as a rather lovable rogue, "with a twinkle in his eye and a devil in his heart," Gosden described him. Then there were the "battle-ax" qualities of Sapphire, the Kingfish's wife; Momma, his mother-in-law; the drawling Lightnin', piping-voiced Madame Queen, social-climbing insurance agent Henry Van Porter, and business counselor Calhoun, who was as good at getting them into scrapes as out of them.

Over more than twenty years, Correll and Gosden had pictured these people in their own minds. They began back in 1926 on a local radio program in Chicago, where the boys started out as Sam 'n' Henry, and became Amos 'n' Andy when they switched to another local Chicago station in March, 1928, and later were put on a national network, in August, 1929. Many loyal listeners could remember when Amos 'n' Andy had become the first fifteen-minute program and also the first nightly show to use the same characters, although each program covered a separate story. They could remember that it had remained a six-nights-a-week show until 1943, with the boys never missing a performance, and that year it had been changed to a once-a-week, half-hour program.

Loyal listeners could also remember the impact of Amos 'n' Andy on its early audiences. The telephone company had reported that calls fell off fifty per cent when the affairs of the Fresh Air Taxi Company were on the air. Movie houses

darkened their screen briefly and piped in the broadcast for theatre audiences.

Now America was being searched for television actors who would love these people so much that they would always play them with respect and good taste. Gosden had an idea that the right type for the deep-voiced Andy might be found among bass-fiddle players. He took a trip to his home town of Richmond, Virginia, and sent out a call for all who would like to audition. More than 700 showed up, but none qualified. Searches were going on in other cities and towns, and finally through Flournoy Miller, author of the Negro revue "Shuffle Along," and with the help of the Negro Actors' Guild, they heard of Spencer Williams. Miller hadn't seen Williams for fifteen years but he was pretty sure he would make a fine Andy, even though he had last been heard of as a screen writer and producer, rather than an actor. Miller remembered Williams' heartiness, the bluff, booming voice, the flair for comedy.

The whole South was combed, until someone traced Williams to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where CBS broadcast a request for information about him. The pastor of Williams' church heard the broadcast, and Williams liked the idea of playing Andy. He posed for pictures in clothes he thought Andy would affect, including a brown derby, and stuck a cigar in his mouth at a jaunty Andy-ish angle. The pictures turned out fine, a voice recording confirmed his rightness for the role, and a screen test cinched it. "That's Andy," Gosden and Correll chorused.

Spencer Williams' acting career had begun in Hollywood on almost the same spot where he was soon to be muttering, "I'se regusted" for the TV cameras and sound recordings. He was born in Vidalia, Louisiana, and left the University of Minnesota, where he finally landed, to join the Army, going overseas in 1917 as an intelligence sergeant in France. After an Army discharge in 1923 he began to write continuity for the movies, toured in road companies, and made movies on his own. He produced an Army Air Force training film and an all-colored religious film, starring in the latter as well as writing and directing it and supervising the sound. In Tulsa, where he was finally located by CBS, he had formed a partnership with a lawyer in a school for veterans, teaching photography and radio among other subjects.

Even before Williams was auditioned, Alvin Childress had been lined up for another of the roles. He was auditioned for the Kingfish, and when the boys saw his test they knew they had their man—but not their Kingfish. Childress, they

were sure, would make a perfect Amos. He did.

A native of Meridian, Mississippi, he had taken a pre-medical course at Rust College but, as so often happens, he became interested in college dramatics. After earning his B.A., a small role in a Broadway play finished off any idea of his becoming an M.D. He had been in half a dozen motion pictures and many stage plays when he was singled out for the role of bartender in "Anna Lucasta," which brought him considerable notice. He was well known, also, as a writer and director and a radio actor.

Finding a Kingfish turned out to be one of the hardest jobs. Even President Truman and General Eisenhower tried to help. The President suggested to Gosden and Correll that a Kingfish might be found among the students of a Southern university which was known to have a fine drama group. Tests were made, but the right Kingfish wasn't among them. Then Eisenhower, an old friend of Freeman Gosden, suggested a soldier who had been attached to his staff in Europe. He was flown to New York for testing, but again they were disappointed.

Then someone remembered Tim Moore, ex-boxer and ex-vaudevillian, who had been in the memorable "Blackbirds" show. Moore was located in Rock Island, Illinois, where he had retired, to quote his own words, "to fish and relax, and do both of them real slow." He made a voice test, went back to his fishin' and relaxin', and then was called to Hollywood for film tests. "That's the Kingfish," the boys agreed.

Moore had been in show business since he was twelve, was a jockey at fifteen and a boxer at seventeen, going back to show business in his early twenties. He had played comics in vaudeville and on Broadway, notably in "Blackbirds," which left Broadway for Paris and London. His television experience had been a couple of appearances on Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town, after which he had gone back to his fishin' and relaxin'. Now he does both in California, in between the Amos 'n' Andy shows.

Supporting roles on the television program were not as difficult to fill as the three principals—Amos, Andy and the Kingfish. Actors and actresses were found and production was now ready to begin at the Hal Roach Studios in Hollywood. Before the filming started, Gosden and Correll worked with the actors for two months to help them perfect the voices the boys had made famous, giving them the advantage of all their ideas and thoughts about the characters they had been rounding out through the years. When the time at last came for the new actors to step out on their own, with help always on tap, of course, from Gosden and Correll, the boys presented the newcomers with an "Amos 'n' Andy Testament." It read in part:

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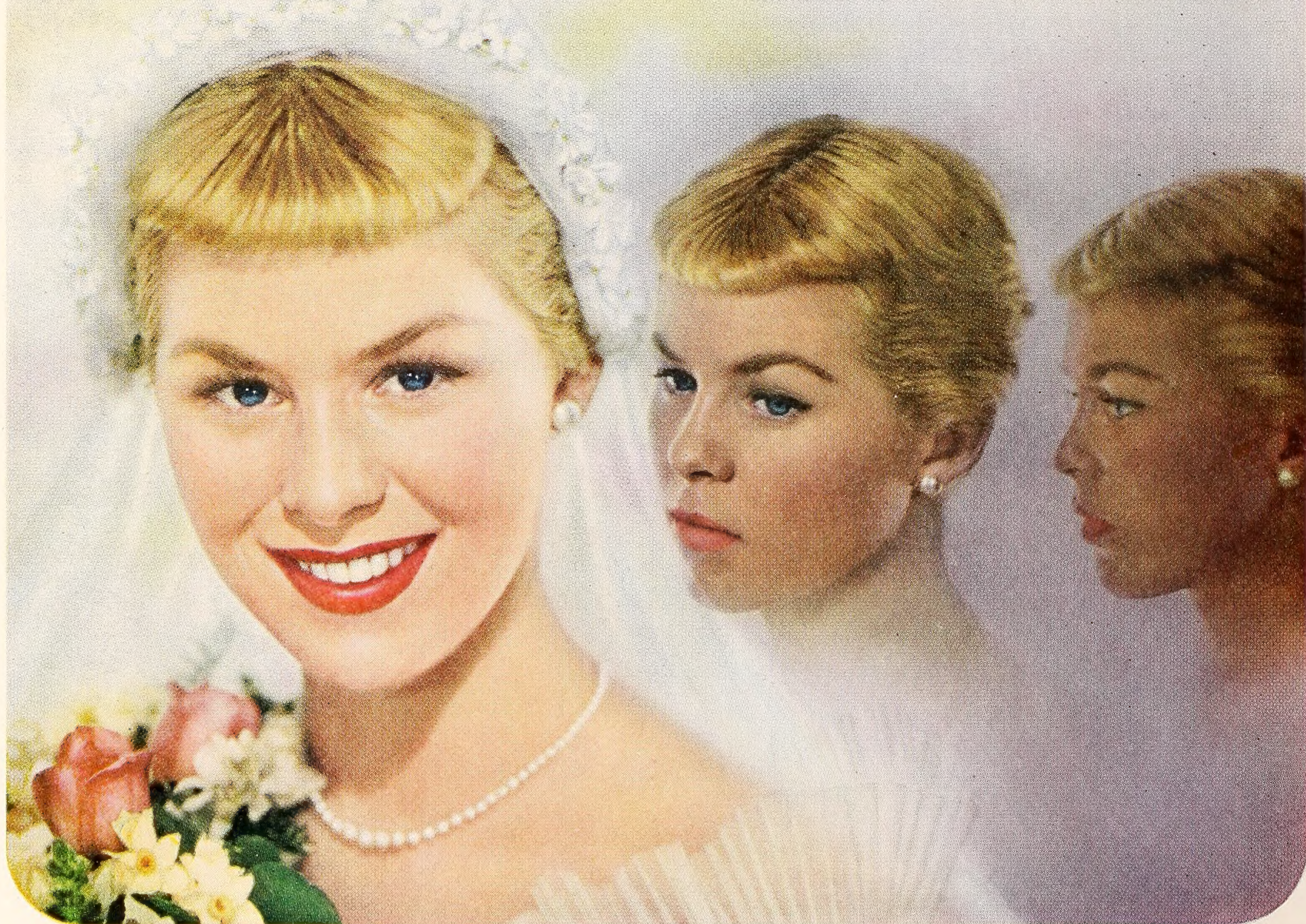
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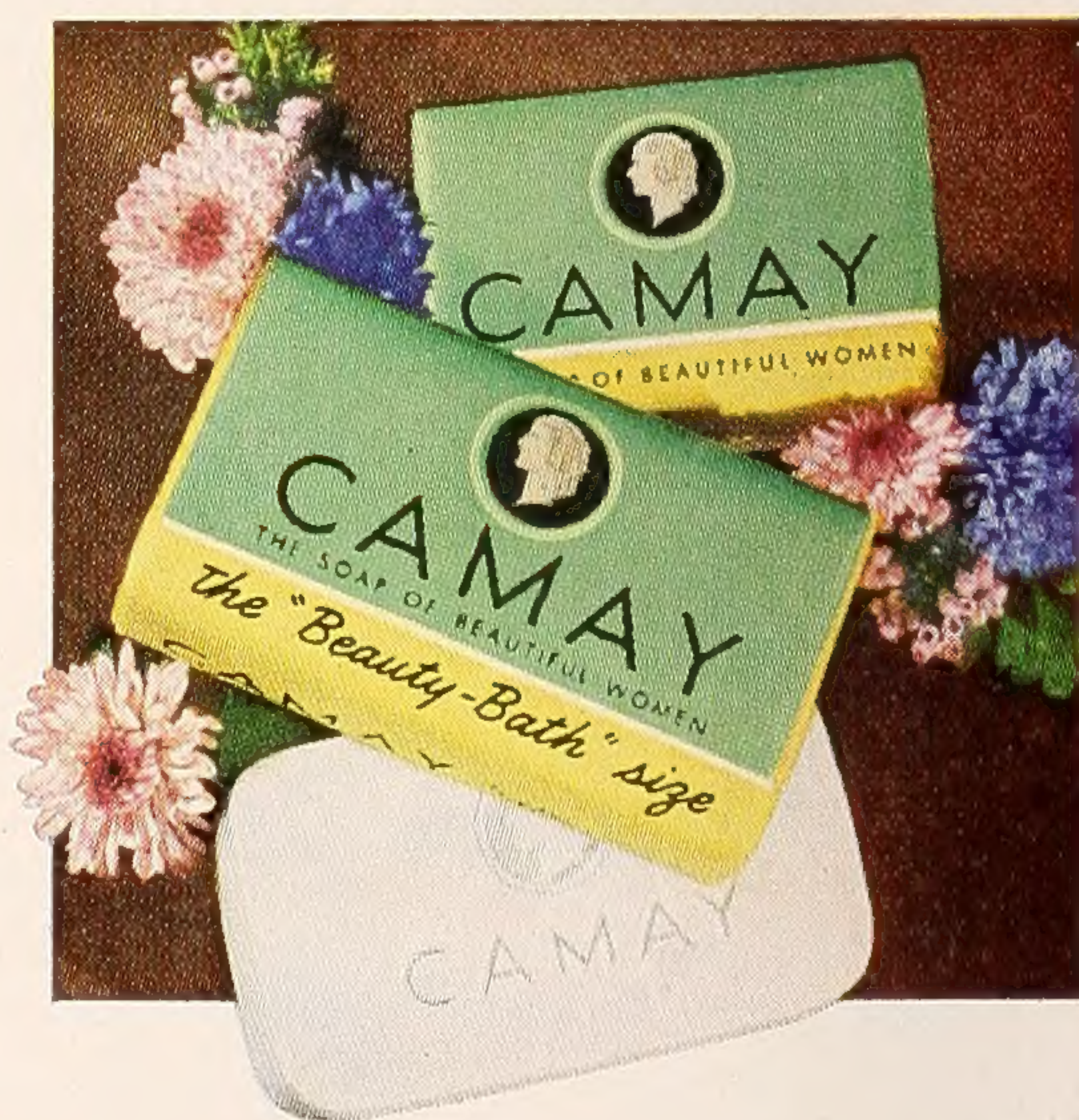
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It's a shame to let your beauty be lost in shadows! Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and a fresher, clearer complexion will be your reward—with your very *first cake* of Camay!

For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay! Camay—so gentle and mild! Camay—so free with its rich, creamy lather. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

Head to toes beauty treatment!

The daily Camay Beauty Bath takes all of your skin "out of the shadows!" It brings your arms and legs and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Buy the big, Beauty-Bath size Camay for more lather—more economy, too!



Camay



the Soap of Beautiful Women